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NEW MUSICAL EXPRESS

A labour of love.

BOY GEORGE GOES GREEN

SPECIAL ELECTION VOXPOP - PAGES 12 & 13

AZTEC CAMERA

YOUNG HOPEFULS FROM THE HIGHLANDS

RODDY FRAME INTERVIEW BY KIRSTY McNEILL

ANGRY SAMOANS
BOWIE IN COLOUR
ROBBIE ROBERTSON
JIMMY THE HOOVER

Aztec's Roddy Frame takes a duck. Pic Peter Anderson.

WHY THE UNDERTONING STOPPED ● TALKING HEADS NEW LP & FILM ● DURAN DURAN GO MENTAL ●

POISED FOR FAME, THE 'TONES SPLIT BEFORE BEING POISONED BY IT

THE UNDERTONES, *as promised, have now issued a statement on the reasons for their decision to split next month. Unfortunately, the explanation leaves us little the wiser. They do add, however, that the break-up was a spontaneous decision, and none of the members has any definite plans for the future — except it's likely that all five will continue to make records.*

In the wake of the split, the group's back-catalogue (including material released on Sire) will soon be available again on the Ardeck label, through EMI. The first release on June 20 is the single 'Teenage Kicks'/'Emergency Cases' — and the 12" version will come with a bonus of added tracks 'Smarter Than U' and 'True Confessions'. The first two albums, 'The Undertones' and 'Hypnotised', will follow inmid-July at a specially reduced price. And six more singles will be reissued at intervals over the coming months.

And the reasons for their split? Well, see what you make of this...

"We have felt in recent months that, being on the verge of international superstardom with all the trappings of wealth and the restrictions that such a predicament would bring, was not too much of an attractive proposition. The thought of having to live in luxury in exotic tax havens, lazing by the pool drinking cocktails served by lightly clad females, flying the world in private jets, and the ultimate — being interviewed on Breakfast TV by Mike Smith — would ruin our ability to continue making such great records, and would eventually even affect our position as the world's number one live group."

So now we know. Or do we?

BABEL-ON BYRNE-ING

TALKING HEADS re-emerge this month after a year of solo projects. Their new album 'Speaking In Tongues' is released by WEA next week — their first since the 1982 live set 'The Name Of This Band Is The Talking Heads', and their first studio LP since 'Remain In Light'. And they'll be featuring much of the material from the new album in a live TV special, currently being prepared for transmission by Channel 4 — full details to follow.

Produced and written by the band, the album contains nine tracks, and is issued on June 17 in conventional black vinyl form. It's followed a week later by a specially packaged limited-edition version, designed by artist Robert Rauschenberg in collaboration with the Heads — it consists of a clear vinyl disc which, when correctly aligned with the sleeve, produces an image.

The nucleus of the band remains David Byrne, Chris Frantz, Jerry Harrison and Tina Weymouth. But on the new LP they're augmented by another guitarist, a violinist and three percussionists, plus vocalist Nona Hendryx.

David Byrne. Pic Peter Anderson.

DURAN DURAN *hope to play an open-air charity concert this summer at Birmingham's Aston Villa football ground, with the estimated proceeds of around £75,000 going to MENCAP, for the purpose of establishing an open university course to deal with the problems of mental illness.*

Application for a licence has been made to Birmingham City Council's general purposes committee, who were due to make their decision shortly after NME *closed for press this week. There have been the inevitable protests from local residents, but the committee chairman has said she is in favour of the concert going ahead.*

The date won't be fixed until approval is granted, and the group would then have to choose between two alternatives. They fly home from recording in Montserrat for their Prince's Trust concert at London Dominion on July 20, and they could fit the Villa Park show into the same visit, possibly July 16 or 23 — it's short notice, but tickets would be snapped up instantly, so that would present little problem. Or they could wait until their Caribean sessions have finished, which seems less likely as it would conflict with the start of — or preparations for — the new football season.

It the committee gives the go-ahead, they would also have to fix a limit on the crowd size, and it's expected this would be around 40,000. Hopefully, all will be revealed next week.

CHELSEA *have re-formed and will be back on the road next month.*

Leader and vocalist Gene October took the decision to resurrect the band after constant pressure from Chelsea devotees, as well as a deluge of phone calls from Geoff Sewell and Peter Dimmock, who both had the same idea in mind.

The new Chelsea line-up features bassist Dimmock and guitarist John Thurlow (both ex-Chron Gen), drummer Sewell (who played in the last Chelsea before the split) and new guitarist Davey Jones from Glasgow. They are currently rehearsing in readiness for a July gig schedule.

ADRIAN THRILLS FINDS JIMMY THE HOOVER'S HOT POINTS. PENNIE SMITH DUSTS OFF HER LENS CAP.

AT last...the sun crashes into sleepy London Town on the back of a thunderstorm and, in the calm that follows, something tender and tantalising this way comes.

At last...a definitive single for the summer that lies ahead, a 'Wham Rap', or 'Dutchie' or 'Sunshine', custom cut for 1983.

At last...humpy rhythms and a bemba beat, a guitar sound somewhere Chic and the centre of Zaire,the voice of a lovelorn urban spaceman and a chorus that you will be sick of hearing by the middle of July.

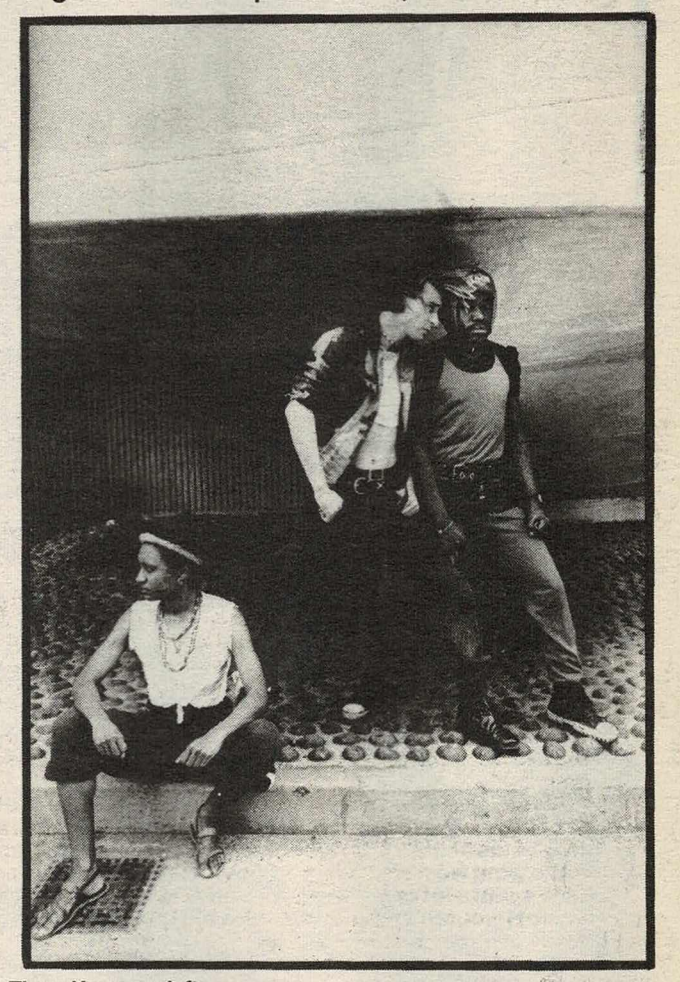
It goes *"wo woo ee yeh yeh"*, it is called 'Tantalise' and the nomad tribe behind it is known collectively as Jimmy The Hoover — five international thieves with no blue blood, but hearts that beat like a drum and cultural perms on overload. They're another major building block in the dominion of dance currently under construction at Innervision Records. It could well be a number one, but first — Jimmy The...who?

The five are Derek (vocals, Scotland) Simon (keyboards. Malta), Mark (guitar, England), Carla (drums, Los Angeles) and Flinto (bass, Zambia), and they camp just south of the river on a council tenement in Borough.

So why Jimmy?

Simon: "Everyone in the band is so different that we wanted to have one name, one character, to represent the whole group. We also wanted to get away from calling ourselves 'the' something and all those serious names like Ultravox and Mezzoforte: we wanted to give ourselves a name that people could smile about, unless they have no sense of humour, in which case they get all self-conscious when they repeat it to anyone."

That was as long ago as December 1980, when the original nucleus comprised Simon, a face from the '76



Three Hoovers: left to right — Carla, Derek and Flinto.

LIFE

NEW MUSICAL EXPRESS NME

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Readers and pop stars give their own political opinions and cast their votes on the eve of a new Victorian age. Photo montage on the right by Peter Kennard.

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That's his licence to kill — or is it to print money? — not the page number, dummy. CSM comes to grip with Octopussy and sees who's got their tentacles in the till.

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Pictured right by Jak Kilby, Bowie doing mime in 1968. Fifteen years later he has graduated to dance. Gavin Martin reports from Wembley in a Live Colour Special.

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JIMMY THE HOOVER COME CLEAN ● WOMAD & RADICAL BINGO DATES ● HOW FARNDON DIED ●

More attachments: Mark, Flinto and Simon.

IN A VACUUM

Oxford Street punk scene, and Derek, born in Aberdeen but brought up in Zambia where his father worked in the copper mines. It was in Africa that Derek met Flinto, the next to join, followed by Carla and Mark, whose influences were both more Hispanic — his from a training in Spanish classical guitar and hers from an LA upbringing.

A brief support tour with Bow Wow Wow aside, the band preferred to promote their own shows, at London venues like the Africa Centre, staying well outside the more claustrophobic established club scene. Lack of finance and rehearsal time frustrated their musical ambitions for two years before their Innervision contract was signed early this year. But haste had never been part of their plan.

Derek: "We wanted a record company eventually, but there was never any rush. When we formed the band, I had an idea of what I wanted us to sound like — something like 'Tantalise' — and it wasn't until about six months ago that we even began to realise those aims. It was better that we got the music exactly right before we signed."

The highlife influence is obviously an integral part of the Hoover sound, but the African connection is played down.

Derek: "We don't play African music. I'd be insulted if people thought of us as an African band, and I'm sure all the Pablos and Sunny Ades would be insulted by us too if that's what we were claiming. Obviously, both Flinto and I have spent a lot of time out there and I certainly learnt a lot, but I wouldn't want to make it a big thing.

Subconsciously, I suppose we were also aware of the Afro hip thing that was going on last summer and we never really wanted to be part of that. Thankfully that seems to have died down a bit now, letting people listen more to the music."

'Tantalise' is produced by Steve Levine, lauded for his work with Culture Club, but chosen not as a wizard with a wand that might wave the group into the chart, but for the crispness and clarity that we could bring to the complex rhythmic backseats of the band, rhythms that are rooted in the bemba music of Flinto's native tribe in Zambia.

Simon: "When we heard Levine's production of 'Time', the Culture Club single, we were impressed by the way he made the instruments sound so clear when a lot of other producers would have made them sound really fuzzy. There are a lot of percussion parts in 'Tantalise' and it would be easy to end up with a very cluttered sound, but Levine manages to make everything sound clean."

The single is slightly deceptive. It's gentle melodic lilt is not totally representative, the rest of their set being harder, with more emphasis on a solid rhythm. Right now, though, it looks set to be the record that makes their tracksuit togs, sparring helmets, headbands and African hearts one of the hallmarks of the summer. If the saturation play that they are currently getting from Peter Powell doesn't tantalise the nation, then the video — a low budget, low gloss affair made on film rather than cathode ray and currently being shown as a short in certain cinemas — will.

The Hoovers have it in the bag...go, Jimmy, go!

THE LATE Pete Farndon, former bassist with The Pretenders, drowned in his bath after taking drugs, it was revealed at the inquest into his death held in London recently.

Farndon, who was a registered addict, died immediately after taking a mixture of cocaine and heroin. A syringe was found lying next to his bath.

The Westminster Coroner Dr Paul Knapman (who also held the inquest on Pete's Pretender collegue James Honeyman-Scott, who died of a cocaine-induced heart attack) said: "This is perhaps not the best example to set to the youth of today. There is no evidence that Mr Farndon intended to kill himself. He was incautious and died by taking a little too much of the drugs."

Farndon's body had been discovered by his wife, who told the inquest she had "never seen any sign that Peter was addicted to drugs". She believed that he was feeling considerable pressure before his death, as he was about to cut a demo tape with his new band.

LONDON'S ICA has announced the full line-up and running order for its two major summer seasons — the week of modern cabaret called Radical Bingo (June 21-26) and the WOMAD Festival which is itself part of the five-week Capital Music Festival (July 5-17).

The Radical Bingo season has Seething Wells as caller in all six nights, and those appearing are Joolz, Fatima The Fantastic and The Joeys (June 21); Little Brother, 3 Mustapha 3, Tim Batt and The People Show (22); Yip Yip Coyote, Atilla The Stockbroker, Wild Willy Beckett, Slade The Leveller and Jim Barclay (23); The Three Johns, The Nightingales, Surfing Dave and Eddie Chippington (24); The Chevalier Brothers, Jenny Lecoat, Los Me Sombreros, Terri Rogers and Mark Miwurdz (25); and The Poison Girls, Benjamin Zephaniah, Akimbo and Tony Allen (26).

Last year's first WOMAD Fetival was staged outdoors in Somerset and, despite being widely acclaimed for its fusion of global cultures, was not a financial success. The 1983 event is slightly more slimline, and the combination of Capital Radio sponsorship and a Central London venue is bound to make it a viable proposition. There will be a number of afternoon seminars, lectures, workshops and films, but the main evening shows features:

Gasper Lawal Band plus Mark, Sean and Flash from Rip Rig & Panic (July 5); Durutti Column and Irap's Sadi Al Hadithi (6); The Marine Girls, Dick Gaughan and India's Ritwik Sanyal (7); Orchestre Jazira, Senegambia's Amadu Jobarteh and a Congolese dance troupe (8); Jah Wobble & The Invaders Of The Heart and Zaire's Kanda Bongo Man (9); Misty In Roots and Kanda Bongo Man (10); 23 Skidoo plus videos (12); David Cunningham & Peter Gordon, Scotland's Boroughloch and India's Lakshmi Jayan (13); Frank Chickens, Australian Aboriginals artists and star guest to be announced (14); Penguin Cafe Orchestra and Ekome Dance Company (15); South Africa's Malopoets and star guest to be set (16); and Final party Night with Test Department, guest DJs and surprises (17).

Nightly admissions to the ICA Theatre in The Mall is £3 (unemployed £2.50) for Radical Bingo and £3.25 for WOMAD. Non-members must also purchase a day pass for 50p — or, in the case of WOMAD, season membership for £1. The ICA box-office is on 01-930 3647.

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NME CHARTS

45s UK TOP FIFTY

1	Last Week			Weeks In	Highest
1	2	**EVERY BREATH YOU TAKE**	Police (A & M)	3	1
2	3	**BAD BOYS**	Wham (Innervision)	4	2
3	7	**NOBODY'S DIARY**	Yazoo (Mute)	4	3
4	1	**CANDY GIRL**	New Edition (London)	8	1
5	12	**JUST GOT LUCKY**	JoBoxers (RCA)	4	5
6	9	**BUFFALO SOLDIER**	Bob Marley (Island)	5	6
7	4	**CAN'T GET USED TO LOSING YOU**	The Beat (Go Feet)	6	4
8	8	**MONEY GO ROUND**	Style Council (Polydor)	3	8
9	14	**LOVE TOWN**	Booker Newbury III (Polydor)	2	9
10	5	**TRUE**	Spandau Ballet (Reformation)	8	1
11	6	**TEMPTATION**	Heaven 17 (B.E.F.)	8	2
12	10	**WHAT KINDA BOY YOU'RE LOOKING FOR**	Hot Chocolate (RAK)	4	10
13	18	**IN A BIG COUNTRY**	Big Country (Mercury)	3	13
14	25	**LADY LOVE ME (ONE MORE TIME)**	George Benson (Warner Bros)	2	14
15	13	**OUR LIPS ARE SEALED**	Fun Boy Three (Chrysalis)	7	5
16	39	**CHINA GIRL**	David Bowie (EMI-America)	2	16
17	24	**WAITING FOR A TRAIN**	Flash 'n' The Pan (Easy Beat)	3	17
18	20	**FEEL THE NEED IN ME**	Forrest (CBS)	4	18
19	15	**GLORY, GLORY MAN. UNITED**	Manchester Utd Team (EMI)	3	15
20	(—)	**FLASHDANCE...WHAT A FEELING**	Irene Cara (Casablanca)	1	20
21	11	**DANCING TIGHT**	Galaxy (Ensign)	8	4
22	35	**WE CAME TO DANCE**	Ultravox (Chrysalis)	2	22
23	(—)	**PILLS AND SOAP**	The Imposter (Demon)	1	23
24	31	**STOP AND GO**	David Grant (Chrysalis)	5	24
25	38	**BABY JANE**	Rod Stewart (Warner Bros)	2	25
26	26	**BRING ME CLOSER**	Altered Images (Epic)	2	26
27	(—)	**I GUESS THAT'S WHY THEY CALL IT THE BLUES**	Elton John (Rocket)	1	27
28	16	**BLIND VISION**	Blancmange (London)	6	9
29	19	**SHIPBUILDING**	Robert Wyatt (Rough Trade)	5	19
30	(—)	**HANG ON NOW**	Kajagoogoo (EMI)	1	30
31	22	**BLUE MONDAY**	New Order (Factory)	12	8
32	(—)	**MOONLIGHT SHADOW**	Mike Oldfield (Virgin)	1	32
33	23	**PALE SHELTER**	Tears For Fears (Mercury)	7	4
34	36	**THE KIDS ARE BACK**	Twisted Sister (Atlantic)	2	34
35	33	**JUICY FRUIT**	M'tume (Epic)	4	33
36	(—)	**TAKE THAT SITUATION**	Nick Heywood (Arista)	1	36
37	40	**LET'S LIVE IT UP**	David Joseph (Island)	2	37
38	21	**MUSIC (PART 1)**	D Train (Prelude)	6	21
39	48	**FLESH OF MY FLESH**	Orange Juice (Polydor)	2	29
40	(—)	**LOOKING AT MIDNIGHT**	Imagination (R & B)	1	40
41	27	**WORDS**	F.R. David (Carrere)	10	3
42	(—)	**SHEEPFARMING IN THE FALKLANDS**	Crass (Crass)	1	42
43	34	**THE WHEEL**	Spear Of Destiny (Epic)	2	34
44	17	**(KEEP FEELING) FASCINATION**	Human League (Virgin)	8	2
45	42	**MORNIN'**	Al Jarreau (Warner Bros)	3	42
46	(—)	**I WANNA BE STARTING SOMETHING**	Michael Jackson (Epic)	1	46
47	(—)	**WALKING THE LINE**	Brass Construction (Capitol)	1	47
48	28	**STOP THAT CRAZY RHYTHM**	Modern Romance (WEA)	5	21
49	30	**FAMILY MAN**	Hall & Oates (RCA)	6	16
50	46	**LITTLE RED CORVETTE**	Prince (Warner Bros)	2	46

LPs UK TOP FIFTY

1	Last Week			Weeks In	Highest
1	1	**THRILLER**	Michael Jackson (Epic)	25	1
2	6	**LET'S DANCE**	David Bowie (EMI)	8	1
3	2	**TRUE**	Spandau Ballet (Reformation)	13	1
4	3	**CONFRONTATION**	Bob Marley (Island)	3	3
5	5	**PIECE OF MIND**	Iron Maiden (EMI)	3	5
6	4	**THE LUXURY GAP**	Heaven 17 (Virgin)	6	1
7	7	**POWER, CORRUPTION AND LIES**	New Order (Factory)	5	5
8	8	**FEAST**	Creatures (Polydor)	3	8
9	26	**CRISES**	Mike Oldfield (Virgin)	2	9
10	9	**TWICE AS KOOL**	Kool And The Gang (Mercury)	6	9
11	21	**DUCK ROCK**	Malcolm McLaren (Charisma)	2	11
12	12	**NIGHT DUBBING**	Imagination (R&B)	5	9
13	13	**CARGO**	Men At Work (Epic)	8	3
14	11	**THE HURTING**	Tears For Fears (Mercury)	13	2
15	10	**DRESSED FOR THE OCCASION**	Cliff Richard (EMI)	4	10
16	28	**ANOTHER PERFECT DAY**	Motorhead (Bronze)	2	16
17	15	**MIDNIGHT AT THE LOST AND FOUND**	Meatloaf (Epic)	6	3
18	14	**QUICK STEP AND SIDE KICK**	Thompson Twins (Arista)	15	2
19	20	**TOTO IV**	Toto (CBS)	15	3
20	17	**CHART ENCOUNTERS OF THE HIT KIND**	Various (Ronco)	3	17
21	(—)	**TOO LATE FOR ZERO**	Elton John (Rocket)	1	21
22	19	**SWEET DREAMS (ARE MADE OF THIS)**	Eurythmics (RCA)	15	1
23	16	**FASTER THAN THE SPEED OF NIGHT**	Bonnie Tyler (CBS)	8	3
24	(—)	**IN YOUR EYES**	George Benson (WEA)	1	24
25	(—)	**WHAT IS BEAT/BEST OF**	The Beat (Arista)	1	25
26	22	**RING OF CHANGES**	Barclay James Harvest (Polydor)	3	22
27	18	**WHAMMY!**	B-52s (Island)	3	18
28	27	**THE COLLECTION**	Dionne Warwick (Arista)	3	27
29	25	**WHITE FEATHERS**	Kajagoogoo (EMI)	7	8
30	23	**THE FINAL CUT**	Pink Floyd (Harvest)	11	1
31	(—)	**HIGH DIVER**	Dio (Vertigo)	1	31
32	34	**WAITING**	Fun Boy Three (Chrysalis)	12	7
33	24	**SONGS**	Kids From Fame (BBC)	5	17
34	43	**HELLO I MUST BE GOING**	Phil Collins (Virgin)	30	2
35	40	**NAKED**	Kissing The Pink (Magnet)	2	40
36	(—)	**TUBULAR BELLS**	Mike Oldfield (Virgin)	1	36
37	33	**JARREAU**	Al Jarreau (WEA)	8	24
38	32	**HIGH LAND, HARD RAIN**	Aztec Camera (Rough Trade)	8	12
39	30	**H_2O**	Hall And Oates (RCA)	4	27
40	39	**OUTSIDE INSIDE**	Tubes (Capitol)	2	39
41	(—)	**WRAP YOUR ARMS AROUND ME**	Agnetha Faltskog (Epic)	1	41
42	(—)	**YES SIR I WILL**	Crass (Crass)	1	42
43	44	**HUNKY DORY**	David Bowie (RCA)	1	43
44	37	**PRIDE**	Robert Palmer (Island)	8	15
45	45	**THE RISE AND FALL OF ZIGGY STARDUST**	David Bowie (RCA)	5	38
46	31	**SIOGO**	Blackfoot (Atco)	4	23
47	29	**CHINERA**	Bill Nelson (Mercury)	5	13
48	41	**WE ARE ONE**	Maze (Capitol)	5	27
49	38	**LAUGHTER AND TEARS COLLECTION**	Various (WEA)	4	33
50	(—)	**MARY JANE GIRLS**	Mary Jane Girls (Gordy)	1	50

45s INDEPENDENT

1	Last Week		
1	2	**NOBODY'S DIARY**	Yazoo (Mute)
2	1	**SHIPBUILDING**	Robert Wyatt (Rough Trade)
3	(—)	**PILLS AND SOAP**	The Imposter (Demon)
4	3	**BLUE MONDAY**	New Order (Factory)
5	4	**WALK OUT TO A WINTER**	Aztec Camera (Rough Trade)
6	5	**WAITING FOR A TRAIN**	Flash and The Pan (Easy Beat)
7	7	**CAPITALISM AND CANNIBALISM**	Anthrax (Crass)
8	(—)	**SHEEP FARMING IN THE FALKLANDS**	Crass (Crass)
9	5	**CATCH 23**	GBH (Clay)
10	11	**PEPPERMINT PIG**	Cocteau Twins (4AD)
11	(—)	**QUAL**	X-Mal Deutschland (4AD)
12	8	**BAD BOY**	Adicts (Razor)
13	(—)	**WORKING ON THE GROUND**	Shriekback (Y)
14	9	**ALICE 12"**	Sisters Of Mercy (Merciful Release)
15	16	**BURNING SKIES EP**	Tones On Tail (Situation 2)
16	(—)	**THE LIONS IN MY GARDEN**	Prefab Sprouts (Kitchenware)
17	25	**LOVE WILL TEAR US APART**	Joy Division (Factory)
18	12	**CROW BABY**	March Violets (Rebirth)
19	10	**THE JET SET JUNTA**	Monochrome Set (Cherry Red)
20	19	**ZOMBIE CREEPING FLESH**	Peter & The Test Tube Babies (Trapper)
21	(—)	**LET THE VULTURES FLY**	Ikon A.D. (Radical Choice)
22	(—)	**INVADERS OF THE HEART**	Jah Wobble (Lago)
23	(—)	**STOP THAT TRAIN**	Clint Eastwood & General Saint (Greensleeves)
24	14	**EUROPEAN SONG**	Aberdeen Football Club (Aberdeen F.C.)
25	(—)	**PARIS IS BURNING**	Pallas (Cool King)
26	13	**TELECOMMUNICATION EP**	Blitz (Future)
27	(—)	**BANDWAGON TANGO**	Testcard F (Whaap)
28	24	**KINKY BOOTS**	Patrick McNee & Honor Blackman (Cherry Red)
29	26	**MEN LIKE MONKEYS**	Three Johns (CNT)
30	(—)	**OCTOBER (LOVE SONG)**	Chris and Cosey (Rough Trade)

LPs INDEPENDENT

1	Last Week		
1	1	**POWER, CORRUPTION AND LIES**	New Order (Factory)
2	2	**HIGH LAND, HARD RAIN**	Aztec Camera (Rough Trade)
3	(—)	**YES SIR I WILL**	Crass (Crass)
4	3	**FETISCH**	X-Mal Deutschland (4AD)
5	4	**THE WHIP**	Various (Kamera)
6	6	**STOP THAT TRAIN**	Clint Eastwood And General Saint (Greensleeves)
7	5	**PILLOWS AND PRAYERS**	Various (Cherry Red)
8	9	**SECOND EMPIRE JUSTICE**	Blitz (Future)
9	15	**PUNK AND DISORDERLY VOL. 3**	Various (Anagram)
10	10	**SEDUCTION**	Danse Society (Society)
11	7	**FIRST FLOWER**	Play Dead (Jungle)
12	11	**BACK TO MYSTERY CITY**	Hanoi Rocks (Lick)
13	8	**1981-82 THE MINI ALBUM**	New Order (Factory)
14	20	**REASON WHY**	Angelic Upstarts (Anagram)
15	13	**MACHINE**	1919 (Red Rhino)
16	16	**WE'VE GOT THE POWER**	Red Alert (No Future)
17	(—)	**MERCURY THEATRE OF THE AIR**	Action Pact (Fall Out)
18	19	**BEFORE HOLLYWOOD**	Go-Betweens (Rough Trade)
19	21	**GARLANDS**	Cocteau Twins (4 AD)
20	23	**VOLUME, CONTRAST, BRILLIANCE**	Monochrome Set (Cherry Red)
21	(—)	**REBEL SONGS**	Decorators (Red Flame)
22	(—)	**LAZY WAYS**	Marine Girls (Cherry Red)
23	12	**IT'S TIME TO SEE WHO'S WHO**	Conflict (Corpus Christi)
24	(—)	**LIVE AT THE VENUE**	Durutti Column (VU)
25	22	**ENFLAME**	Passage (Cherry Red)
26	(—)	**GANG WARS**	Prince Charles And The City Beat Band (Solid Platinum)
27	30	**EARTH**	Misty In Roots (People Unite)
28	(—)	**UNREHEARSED WRONGS**	Disrupters (Radical Change)
29	14	**SONG AND LEGEND**	Sex Gang Children (Illuminated)
30	26	**ONE AFTERNOON IN A HOT AIR BALLOON**	Artery (Red Flame)

45s DANCE FLOOR

1	**CANDY GIRL**	New Edition (London)
2	**DANCING TIGHT**	Galaxy (Ensign)
3	**CHINA GIRL**	David Bowie (EMI)
4	**FLASH DANCE — WHAT A FEELING**	Irene Cara (Casablanca)
5	**STOP AND GO**	David Grant (Chrysalis)
6	**NEVER GONNA STOP**	Midnight (Tivoli)
7	**MINEFIELD**	I-Level (Virgin)
8	**BAD BOYS**	Wham (Innervision)
9	**LOVE TOWN**	Booker Newberry III (Polydor)
10	**BLUE MONDAY**	New Order (Factory)
11	**LADIES NIGHT RE-MIX**	Kool & The Gang (DeLite)
12	**SMILE**	David Essex (Mercury)
13	**DO YOU WANT TO BE STARTING SOMETHING**	Michael Jackson (Epic)
14	**EUREKAKAKA**	Robin Scott (Albion)
15	**THRILLER**	Michael Jackson (Epic)
16	**COST OF LIVING**	J. Walter Negro & Nicky Tesco (Albion)
17	**DID YOU HAVE TO LOVE ME**	Coconuts (EMI)
18	**TRINI**	Combo Passe (IDS)
19	**MEDLEY**	Michael Jackson (Discomix Club)
20	**NEXT**	Richard Strange (Interslam)

Chart by — Theo Loyla — Independent DJ 02273 64806

New Edition hit the dance floor on the rebound from the top fifty.

LPs NEW YORK LATIN

1	**EL GATICO**	Anibal Bravo (Kubaney)
2	**CON GANAS**	Camilo Sesto (Pronto)
3	**15 EXITOS DE AMOR**	Camilo Sesto (Telediscos)
4	**DE COLECCION**	Menduo (Profono)
5	**LA HISTORIA DEL IDOLO**	Jose Luis Rodriguez (CBS)
6	**ARRASANDO CON TODO**	Bonny Cepeda (Algar)
7	**ENTRE EL AGUA Y EL FUEGO**	Jose Luis Perales (CBS)
8	**UNA AVENTURA LLAMADA MENUDO**	Menudo (Profono)
9	**POR AMOR**	Menudo (Profono)
10	**EN LA SOLEDAD**	Emmanuel (RCA)

Courtesy Billboard

45s AUSTRALIA

1	**TOTAL ECLIPSE OF THE HEART**	Bonnie Tyler (CBS)
2	**I WAS ONLY 19**	Redgum (Epic)
3	**BEAT IT**	Michael Jackson (Epic)
4	**BILLIE JEAN**	Michael Jackson (Epic)
5	**SAVE YOUR LOVE**	Renee & Renato (RCA)
6	**DROP THE PILOT**	Joan Armatrading (A & M)
7	**IS THERE SOMETHING I SHOULD KNOW**	Duran Duran (EMI)
8	**DER KOMMISSAR**	Falco (A & M)
9	**WHAM RAP**	Wham (Epic)
10	**1999**	Prince (Warner Bros)

Courtesy Kent Music Report/Billboard

45s REGGAE DISCO

1	**PROMISED LAND**	Dennis Brown (Simba)
2	**BUFFALO SOLDIER**	Bob Marley (Island)
3	**LOVE IS TOPS**	Alton Ellis (Body Music)
4	**LOVELINE**	Tiger (Ethnic)
5	**YOU MAKE ME FEEL**	Trevor Walters (Ital)
6	**REVOLUTION**	Dennis Brown (Taxi)
7	**WHIP IT**	Derrick Harriott (Hawkeye)
8	**YOUNG REBEL**	Johnny Clarke (Top Notch)
9	**JUST A MEMORY**	Lorna Pierre (Ital)
10	**ALL KIND OF PEOPLE**	Al Campbell (Greensleeves)

Compiled by Observer Station

45s JAMAICA

1	**HEARTBREAKER**	Dionne Warwick (Artist Music)
2	**BUFFALO SOLDIER**	Bob Marley (Tuff Gong)
3	**PENNY FOR YOUR THOUGHT**	Tavares (RCA)
4	**IT MUST BE LOVE**	Carlene Davis (Orange)
5	**REBEL TOUR**	Bare Essentials (Thunder Bolt)
6	**TRULY**	Lionel Richie (Motown)
7	**YOU LOOK LIKE LOVE**	Cynthia Schloss (Merritone)
8	**UNMETERED TAXI**	Sly & Robbie (Taxi)
9	**UP WHERE WE BELONG**	Jennifer Warnes & Joe Cocker (Arista)
10	**THE GIRL IS MINE**	Michael Jackson & Paul McCartney (Epic)

Courtesy the Gleaner

JAZZ LPs

1	JAZZ USA	Sonny Criss (Jap Imperial)
2	CHET BAKER VOL.1	Chet Baker (Pacific Jazz)
3	CHET BAKER VOL.2	Chet Baker (Pacific Jazz)
4	CAPUCHIN SWING	Jackie McLean (Blue Note)
5	ALADDIN SESSIONS VOL.1	Lester Young (Liberty)
6	ALADDIN SESSIONS VOL.2	Lester Young (Liberty)
7	SLIM GAILLARD RIDES AGAIN	Slim Gaillard (Dot)
8	JUDGEMENT	Andrew Hill (Blue Note)
9	THE SAVOY RECORDINGS	Charlie Parker (Savoy)
10	STAR PEOPLE	Miles Davis (CBS)
11	THE ALTERNATE GOODMAN VOL 8	Benny Goodman (Phontastic)
12	MINGUS AH UM	Charlie Mingus (CBS)
13	MORE DREAM DANCING	Ray Anthony (Capitol)
14	OLDE ENGYLISHE	Ted Heath (Jasmine)
15	LONDON BY NIGHT	Julie London (Liberty)
16	IN PARIS VOL.1	Bill Coleman (Swaggie)
17	IN PARIS VOL.2	Bill Coleman (Swaggie)
18	BAD PENNY BLUES	Humphrey Lyttleton (Hi-Fly)
19	BEST OF	Billy May (MFP)
20	THE BRITISH ORCHESTRA	Gil Evans (Mole)

Courtesy Dobells Jazz Shop, 21 Tower Street, London WC2. (01-240 1354)

US BLACK 45s

The Isley Brothers — dressed to kill.

1	JUICY FRUIT	Mtume (Epic)
2	SAVE THE OVERTIME FOR ME	Gladys Knight & The Pips (Columbia)
3	BETWEEN THE SHEETS	The Isley Brothers (T Neck)
4	CANDY GIRL	New Edition (Streetwise)
5	BEAT IT	Michael Jackson (Epic)
6	MY LOVE	Lionel Richie (Motown)
7	BOTTOMS UP	The Chi-Lites (Larc)
8	ALL THIS LOVE	Debarge (Gordy)
9	LOVE IS THE KEY	Maze with Frankie Beverly (Capitol)
10	FLASHDANCE...WHAT A FEELING	Irene Cara (Casablanca)
11	DO WHAT YOU FEEL	Deniece Williams (Columbia)
12	RAID	Lakeside (Solar)
13	INSIDE LOVE	George Benson (Warner Bros)
14	STYLE	Cameo (Atlanta Artists)
15	SIDE BY SIDE	Earth Wind & Fire (Columbia)

Courtesy Billboard

US BLACK LPs

1	THRILLER	Michael Jackson (Epic)
2	LOVE FOR LOVE	Whispers (Solar)
3	LIONEL RICHIE	Lionel Richie (Motown)
4	JARREAU	Al Jarreau (Warner Bros)
5	ALL THIS LOVE	De Barge (Gordy)
6	JUICY FRUIT	Mtume (Epic)
7	FLASHDANCE	Soundtrack (Casablanca)
8	VISIONS	Gladys Knight & The Pips (Columbia)
9	MODERN HEART	Champaign (Columbia)
10	UNTOUCHABLES	Lakeside (Solar)
11	COMPUTER GAMES	George Clinton (Capitol)
12	1999	Prince (Warner Bros)
13	WE ARE ONE	Maze (Capitol)
14	STYLE	Cameo (Atlanta Artists)
15	KASHIF	Kashif (Arista)

Courtesy Billboard

IMPORTS 10

Dental treatment courtesy of Einsturzende Neubauten.

1	LIAISONS DANGEREUSES	Liaisons Dangereuses (Roadrunner)
2	DAYS OF WINE AND ROSES	Dream Syndicate (Ruby)
3	INCUBUS SUCUBUS	X-Mal Deutschland (Zick Zack)
4	COLLAPSE	Einsturzende Neubauten (Zick Zack)
5	STRAFE FUR REBELLION	Strafe fur Rebellion (Peur Freud)
6	MITTAGS PAUSE	Mittags Pause (Peur Freud)
7	SCHWARZ	Einsturzende Neubauten (Zick Zack)
8	THE DOG IS BORN	Belfegore (Peur Freud)
9	DIE LETZTE RACHE	Der Plan (Attatak)
10	THIRSTY ANIMAL	Einsturzende Neubauten (Zick Zack)

Courtesy Rough Trade, 202 Kensington Park Road, London W11

MUSIC VIDEOS 20

1	1	DURAN DURAN	(EMI)
2	4	JAPAN	(Virgin)
3	6	LES COMTES D'HOFFMAN	(EMI)
4	5	LA FILLE MAL GARDEE	(EMI)
5	13	GENESIS—3 SIDES LIVE	(EMI)
6	(—)	ROXY MUSIC—THE HIGH ROAD	SPECTRUM
7	17	THE NUTCRACKER	(CBS)
8	(—)	I AM A DANCER	(EMI)
9	(—)	GRACE JONES—A ONE MAN SHOW	(Island)
10	(—)	THE STRANGLERS VIDEO COLLECTION	(EMI)
11	(—)	HOT GOSSIP	(EMI)
12	16	GISELLE	(PRT)
13	2	VIDEOTHEQUE	(EMI)
14	(—)	LA BOHEME	(Covent Garden/EMI)
15	19	ABBA — THE MOVIE	(MGM/UA)
16	20	HUMAN LEAGUE	(Palace)
17	(—)	BOB MARLEY & THE WAILERS LIVE	(Island)
18	(—)	AIDA	(Longman)
19	(—)	ROD STEWART—TONIGHT HE'S YOURS	(Embassy)
20	(—)	GARY NUMAN—MICROMUSIC	(Palace)

Courtesy of HMV Shops Limited

FRED FACT

IT'S been a hot time for old Cathay this week. As Japan's 'Canton' heads out of the singles chart, Bowie's 'China Girl' moves in. Additionally, China Crisis have a new single on the slipway, 1000 Mexicans have a cassette out called 'Chinese Whispers' and our Elton has taken Watford F.C. on a junket to junk-land, presumably to ascertain just what all the fuss is about. The Bowie involvement is understandable. Having lost interest in the music created in the shadow of one wall, he's moved to its 725km Ch'in-built counterpart for inspiration. Then, China's always effected Western pop culture throughout the years. Trumpeter Henry 'Hot Lips' Busse cottoned on to this way back in 1920. He recorded a number called 'Wang Wang Blues' and it sold a million when millions were hard to sell. Later, in the '40s, Frank Loesser demonstrated the power of Peking-pop when he penned 'On A Slow Boat To China' and saw six different versions climb into the U.S. charts, all at the same time! Not that it was one way traffic. In 1951 a girl called Hue Lee recorded 'May Kway O May Kway', a song based on a traditional Chinese melody, and turned into one of the biggest selling discs in Britain — despite the fact that she performed the number in her native tongue. Since then there's been 'Yellow River' (amazingly adjudged the best record of 1970 in Japan!), 'Kung Fu Fighting' and a score of other Ming-swingers, each and every one of them successful. Little wonder that the inscrutable Bowie has opted for a touch of the orientals. Confucius he say: "Man who sell the world, velly likely to Taiwan on."

Fred Dellar

5 YEARS AGO

1	RIVERS OF BABYLON	Boney M (Atlantic)
2	YOU'RE THE ONE THAT I WANT	John Travolta/Olivia Newton-John (RSO)
3	BOY FROM NEW YORK CITY	Darts (Magnet)
4	NIGHT FEVER	Bee Gees (RSO)
5	IF I CAN'T HAVE YOU	Yvonne Elliman (RSO)
5	WHAT A WASTE	Ian Dury (Stiff)
7	CA PLANE POUR MOI	Plastic Bertrand (Sire)
8	LOVE IS IN THE AIR	John Paul Young (Ariola)
9	OH CAROL	Smokie (RAK)
10	BECAUSE THE NIGHT	Patti Smith (Arista)

10 YEARS AGO

1	CAN THE CAN	Suzi Quatro (RAK)
2	ONE AND ONE IS ONE	Medicine Head (Polydor)
3	SEE MY BABY JIVE	Wizzard (Harvest)
4	RUBBER BULLETS	10 c.c. (UK)
5	AND I LOVE HER SO	Perry Como (RCA)
6	YOU ARE THE SUNSHINE OF MY LIFE	Stevie Wonder (Tamla Motown)
7	ALBATROSS	Fleetwood Mac (CBS)
8	STUCK IN THE MIDDLE WITH YOU	Stealers Wheel (A&M)
9	GIVE ME LOVE (GIVE ME PEACE ON EARTH)	George Harrison (Apple)
10	WALKING IN THE RAIN	Partridge Family (Bell)

15 YEARS AGO

1	YOUNG GIRL	Union Gap (CBS)
2	JUMPIN' JACK FLASH	Rolling Stones (Decca)
3	HONEY	Bobby Goldsboro (United Artists)
4	A MAN WITHOUT LOVE	Englebert Humperdinck (Decca)
5	THIS WHEEL'S ON FIRE	Julie Driscoll & The Brian Auger Trinity (Marmalade)
6	BLUE EYES	Don Partridge (Columbia)
7	ALBATROSS	Fleetwood Mac (CBS)
8	DO YOU KNOW THE WAY TO SAN JOSE	Dionne Warwick (Pye Int)
9	RAINBOW VALLEY	Love Affair (CBS)
10	I DON'T WANT OUR LOVING TO DIE	The Herd (Fontana)

20 YEARS AGO

1	I LIKE IT	Gerry and The Pacemakers (Columbia)
2	DO YOU WANT TO KNOW A SECRET	Billy J. Kramer (Parlophone)
3	FROM ME TO YOU	Beatles (Parlophone)
4	IF YOU GOTTA MAKE A FOOL OF SOMEBODY	Freddie and The Dreamers (Columbia)
5	TAKE THESE CHAINS FROM MY HEART	Ray Charles (HMV)
6	ATLANTIS	Shadows (Columbia)
7	WHEN WILL YOU SAY I LOVE YOU	Billy Fury (Decca)
8	SCARLETT O'HARA	Jet Harris and Tony Meehan (Decca)
9	DECK OF CARDS	Wink Martindale (London)
10	LUCKY LIPS	Cliff Richard (Columbia)

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THE TARTAN TEARAWAY

SCATTERED around the floor of Roddy Frame's room are the kind of wonderful moments that often come creeping out of cardboard boxes on sleepless nights.

There's some Velvet Underground, 'Ambition', 'The Pictures On My Wall', some Postcard, The Fall, 'Treason'...

An electric bar burns in the corner and the curtains are drawn. Clothes lie heaped in piles and even the dim light can't conceal the rather ghastly mixture of fabric and furnishings.

Outside, the midday sun is beating off the street, though later on stormy seaside weather will soak him to the skin.

It's been a year now since he packed his bags and left behind the home comforts of East Kilbride; a Scottish New Town similar to the Cumbernauld setting of *Gregory's Girl*. His room is a right mess and a haircut is long overdue, but otherwise, living alone in London has had no obvious ill effects.

Taller than when I last saw him, he's more confident, his gaze is direct; it's been a good year for Aztec Camera.

Their first LP 'High Land Hard Rain', and recent single 'Oblivious', went a long way to lifting them out of relative obscurity and dispelling vague notions of the group as a dishevelled bunch of wet adolescents strumming acoustic guitars to trembling wimpy ballads. 'Walk Out To Winter', their new single, should stem such an idea once and for all; though a number of television appearances confirm that Aztec Camera don't give a tinker's curse if they often *look* pretty shabby.

Roddy pulls a jacket on over his fringed leather waistcoat and stuffs a packet of Embassy tipped into the pocket.

"You'll know immediately when I'm lying!" he laughs, pushing long brown hair back out of his eyes.

WE FIRST met three years ago, in the days when Aztec Camera were little more than a faint sparkle clutching an unhealthy number of Joy Division records; The Bluebells were nothing more than an Orange Juice melody; and Robert Hodgens (better known to his public as Bobby Bluebell) was interviewing Aztec Camera for our fanzine *The Ten Commandments*.

Roddy was 16 and his songwriting was swiftly improving. Shortly afterwards the group met Alan Horne — who at that time was living on a staple diet of potatoes and chocolate — and joined with Orange Juice and Josel K as The Sound Of Young Scotland on Alan's unorthodox Postcard Records.

"When our interview was in *The Ten Commandments* I was looking at this group Orange Juice, and going, God — Americans from Bearsden! I don't believe it! I can remember the day clearly. Alan asked us to come up to 185; it was quite exciting. He was a bit nervous and I always wondered how on earth he was managing a record label. Then Edwyn and Malcolm Ross arrived with bottles of lemonade, and it was all really funny.

"Alan said some great things, like on your demo 'We Could Send Letters' could be a great song, but it sounds like The Eagles or something. He wanted good songs, but he still had this punk thing obviously quite close to him, and he didn't want any of his groups to sound bland. He never did. I don't think I got to know Alan very well. I mean he's a weird guy. He doesn't contrive to be one — he just is one!

"At the time I thought Postcard was just another little movement — you'd go to play gigs, and get people coming backstage with the checked shirts and Edwyn Collins haircuts, all saying, the only music we've ever listened to is The Beatles, The Byrds, Love... and rhyming of all those rubbishy things. But it was really great; Postcard did nothing but good for me.

"I think Alan was really pretty hip, and whether the papers thought he was an asshole or not, he still got plenty of coverage and gossip items. We got two pages in the Christmas issue of *Sounds* before we'd done *anything*."

Aztec Camera released two singles on Postcard: 'Just Like Gold' and 'Mattress Of Wire', the latter being the last record ever to appear on the label. Tired with the growing indecision, Roddy and bass player Campbell Owens left Postcard and East Kilbride last May and moved to London and signed with Rough Trade.

"Orange Juice had gone on to Polydor and we were playing Toffs lounge bar in Glasgow — it all got a bit boring," he recalls.

With the addition of the old Ruts drummer Dave Ruffy, and a 16 year-old former fan, Craig Gannon on guitar, the familiar Aztec Camera trio is now a compact foursome. Roddy has always written and arranged all the group's material, and as his recent songs show, he's sharpened up dramatically in public. There's a growing awareness of the power that often lies in more conventional song structure — a good chorus never harmed a strong melody.

However, he now seems to be at something of a crossroads — not only in his style of approach, but also in deciding whether to relinquish the title of Great Independent Hope, and leave the familiarity and petty cash box of Rough Trade, following The Pale Fountains and Scritti Politti for the lure of fatter cheque books.

There's a whole world of difference between the intriguing complexities of their first Postcard single 'Just Like Gold', and the infectious simplicity of 'Down The Dip', the last track he wrote for the LP.

"I'm really glad we did 'Just Like Gold' as our first single on Postcard; I still like it, and I don't think I could improve it in any way. I spent a long time trying to sound un-clichéd: there's no chorus in it, nothing's repeated. But 'Down The Dip' is just the most clichéd thing I've ever written. I suppose that's a form of cynicism, though all I meant there was just a gesture of saying that I don't want to be particularly arty or clever or contrived, because I recognised that a lot of things I'd been doing in the past had been quite contrived: trying to be Mark Smith when I wasn't really like Mark Smith.

"So I was just thinking that it's more important to come to terms with what's round about you, before you start pushing above that. 'Down The Dip' has got the clichés in it that I particularly like!"

THOUGH THIS might seem to be a kind of progress in reverse, it's not as deliberately contrary as it sounds. Despite the strange construction of his earlier songs often heightening their compelling nature, the intricacies were mostly due to his stubborn refusal to imitate tried and tested basic formulae.

"Remember things like 'Green Jacket Grey', just after our Joy Division period? Well, at that time I thought that to do something better than everyone else was doing, you had to do something more complicated. It's good that we went through that in a way, in that I did for a while get very involved in things that were a bit out of my depth, because it means that I've got a little bit of that behind me. I've got a slightly different perspective from a lot of people since I did play about with something that wasn't quite the pop formula.

"At the time I thought simple, simply arranged pop songs were just so standard, and decided that I'd go one step ahead of that and do something a bit different, because that was the spirit of punk: that you were going to do something a bit different from what had gone before. You were going to pioneer — and I did that. I think 'Just Like Gold' does that.

"You see, most of the time I think I'm learning to put a lot of those notions I had away; but sometimes I think, God, I'm just becoming like what I hated two or three years ago. I'm wondering what the criterion is, and how far it is between 'Just Like Gold' and Des O'Connor — you know what I mean? Sometimes I still worry about that..."

Basically, what Roddy now appears to be learning is that *knowing* every last trick in the book backwards, blindfold or blind-drunk, doesn't necessarily mean he should *use* as many of them in a matter of minutes as is humanly possible.

'Walk Out To Winter', he concedes, benefits vastly from strength and order of arrangement. Complete with snatched intro, it's sleek and bright, and not at all like Des O'Connor.

"I did just take the chords from 'Ain't No Mountain High Enough' for that little section on the record," he laughs in agreement.

"I always remembered Alan talking about that — using introductions that have been used before — and thought it was a great idea. So I thought if we want this played on the radio we should make it *more* like 'Ain't No Mountain'. The album version is a bit more intense; there's a lot more guitar on it. I suppose it's a bit less commercial. But the single is more paced, more mature I think."

Though 'High Land Hard Rain' is something of a retrospective — naturally a summary of Aztec Camera to date — is there now an onus on him to state a fresh case?

"Only you know it's old stuff — most people don't," he points out. "We'll leave it behind immediately, but it did take us a long time to get an LP out. It's the best of what we've done over those three years. Every LP should be like that: the best of what we've done.

"One of The Go-Betweens said to me, what I like about you is you over reach. And after a while I thought right enough. In a way we did over reach and we still *do*. I think I try to do things with guitar, bass and drums which maybe you shouldn't. Maybe you should get a producer in who's going to say, look forget about doing that on the guitar: that should be done on violins. Our first LP just over reached a bit in the way we did it, and the whole atmosphere was like we were striving for something and sometimes it came. A lot of the time it didn't.

"The first LP is establishing Aztec Camera, and it's got enough there to show the potential.

"To most people, it's saying here is Aztec Camera: buy the LP. They play acoustic guitars sometimes, some of it's quite wimpy, sometimes they put in a bit of that poppy rocky stuff; but there isn't a bad song on it!"

Should we then expect more of the same, or does the huge improvement on 'Walk Out To Winter' at least impress with the thrill of a big production?

"I think I've covered a wide ground with the songs, and the next LP will just be a little more in the direction of one of those songs. I don't know about production," he hesitates. "I might have opted for getting some whizz-kid producer in and go for The Big One, or just decided to go the opposite way. It's quite open, because we could do anything — go either way, I think."

Well, which way would you rather go?

"I don't know. I'm thinking about it just now. I quite fancy using a guy called Lenny Waronker, who's worked with Ry Cooder and things like that. I'm considering making a very American influenced LP, because a lot of the stuff I've been listening to just now has been like that anyway: stuff like Neil Young, early Jackson Browne, The Eagles' 'Desperado'..."

THIS WOULD seem to be an opportune moment to test his reaction to recent accusations that Aztec Camera are just a new generation of hippies.

"Yeah, I think I played on that a bit," he laughs, totally unperturbed, pushing his hair back. "I don't think we are.

"Hippies, to me, when I was younger always seemed quite glamorous. When I was about six or something and pointed out Roy Wood on the telly to my Mum, going that guy's brilliant, he's got electric guitars and long hair and it's all funny colours! She said, oh you don't want lo look like that son, that's terrible: he's just a dirty hippie. Immediately she said that I thought it was brilliant. So I probably had a really good impression of hippies when I was young, through thinking they were quite rebellious.

"It was so disappointing when you got to the stage when you realised that those people were really just disgusting and mainstream and not really rebels at all...

"By the time punk came, it was a pity because I think they wanted to push forward as well — but I think it was too late then. When you heard punk at first, and you heard the Pistols and things, you thought it was really good, really vital — which it is. But the mistake at the time was that you thought they were doing something new, and they weren't.

"Steve Jones just wanted to be Johnny Thunders, but does that distract? Because their initial credibility was that they weren't like all those boring old farts, wasn't it?..."

I suggest that obvious sources are far less of an issue than the manner in which they are interpreted.

"Yes. When you're young you tend to be very intense about certain things, but now I've reached the stage where I don't really care if things are that original or not. It's not important to me; originality doesn't really matter at all. I used to really generalise, but as I get older I get a bit slacker. Even looking back a couple of years I can listen to some of my songs and think, oh yeah, I can imagine how a 16 year-old would feel about that. But then sometimes I think he was probably right!"

RODDY HAS been playing guitar for years. When only young, he decided his earliest fascination would make an infinitely more appealing future than a regular job.

"This sounds made-up," he explains, "and you probably won't believe me, but when I was about four or five I was on Santa Claus' knee in Lewis', and I didn't just say to him, can I have a guitar? I said, can I have *an electric guitar*? Because I'd seen The Move on the telly and my sister had all The Beatles' records, and I was just taken on by that completely.

"And then when I was nine or ten, I remember seeing Bowie do 'Starman' on *Top Of The Pops*, and thinking he was different to what was going round. I thought he wasn't 'pop': what I didn't realise until my sister pointed it out, was that 'pop' is just an abbreviation of popular...

"I was never told to go out and get a job or anything; I never really caused much trouble. Well, when you reach the age of 13 or 14 you start hating this and hating that, and you hate your parents for not letting you stay out, or you hate them for not understanding you. But I don't think I was ever very 'teenage rebel'. Certainly not in the way of anything glamorous — just in quite an embarrassing way."

WHILE RODDY works on the eventual follow-up to 'Walk Out To Winter', there is growing speculation as to what label it will be on — not least at Rough Trade. Although it's happened to them with repeated regularity, it must be rather disheartening for them to see their prize groups whiffing the charts and hightailing it into town.

Roddy is aware of that, and reluctant to make any firm decision right now.

"I'll be very sad if we do leave Rough Trade; we've always had a brilliant relationship with them. But I can see their bad points obviously. Like I wouldn't mind if they sold 4,000 LPs in Germany and got depressed about it; but they sell 4,000 LPs and think it's really good. I mean, if Bowie sold 4,000 LPs in Germany he'd probably shoot himself through the head!

"I think you've got to be realistic," he reflects. "There's no basic fault of theirs or ours; they're just out of time.

"I don't mind being on £40 a week, I just mind that I turn out things that are just as viable as Duran Duran or even Echo And The Bunnymen, but we don't have an equal opportunity — there's no way we can even compete."

If Aztec Camera do leave Rough Trade — and it seems fairly likely they will — at least they won't be so readily classed along with their sad impersonators; a grouping that he finds particularly offensive.

"Even when we were abroad last month, people were saying, oh you're part of a New British Scene: Tracey Thorn, The Pale Fountains, The Farmer's Boys... I was really affronted — I thought it was terrible for people to say that!

"I remember playing Nightmoves in Glasgow, and the sound guy asked Alan Horne what kind of group Aztec Camera were, and Alan said, they're just mainstream rock. At the time I thought, how dare he call us mainstream rock? But I see now that we are. I don't think we're folk-rock or new wave sentimental romanticism or whatever — it is quite mainstream.

"Those post-Postcard groups always picked up on the wrong end really — the acoustic guitars, being quite untogether and listening to Love. But some of the stuff on those LPs is just the worst ever. They probably don't get an impression of what timing's about, and think everything should be quite loose and easy. It's all a bit misguided.

"I'm trying to find a recipe for goodness or inspiration or whatever you want to call it; that peak where you feel totally good without outside stimulation. But that's a real chase — it's really hard."

What inspires you most?

"Well, I think one of the most natural inspirations is love. That tends to supersede everything else that's going on. I used to think that you only got inspired by the love you had for a certain girl; like, not really far removed from what *Gregory's Girl* was about — you use them as a little symbol of your ideals, and in the end you get disappointed.

"But there's loads of different kinds of love that are inspiring. It doesn't have to be that sort of big romantic Ultravox thing with your collar turned up and the rain hitting off your head. It can be quite civil.

"I don't think that we're particularly unique. But it's not as important to be unique as to be different in your time. That can even mean the way you dress..."

Do you think, then, that you are valid in your time?

"I don't know. I doubt myself more as I go on. I sometimes think that what we did *was* good in its time.

"You've got to try and keep your head above water, and the only way we can do that is by trying to keep our faces in the charts or something. Because underground is just a word for unpopular. Like 23 Skidoo or Psychic TV probably think they're underground, but in effect all they're doing is getting the chance to put out records which really shouldn't be put out.

"I used to be more naive about it and think I could recreate what the Pistols had or something; that out of the way thing. Like acoustic guitars when everyone else was getting into the Banshees and doing that whole bleak thing — which we'd already done anyway.

"But maybe it would have meant more if we'd had acoustic guitars on CBS. We'd have got knocked into shape a lot more then."

AT 19, Roddy Frame's doubts have nothing on his aspirations. He's staking a claim on the best of both worlds, and it's all well within his grasp.

"No matter what I do, I hope I do it in a different way. Not necessarily different from what's been before — because you can't be that — but just different from what's going on at the time.

"Just always to have something a little bit subversive within a potential number one."

What can I say? It's there until that gold just slips away.

Hippies or hopefuls? AZTEC CAMERA are a bewildering mixture of both. KIRSTY McNEILL interviews Roddy Frame and discovers they are about to abandon independent cult status for national success. Cameraman: PETER ANDERSON.

SHORT SHARP SHOCKING SAMOANS ●

THE ANGRY BRIGADE

Pic Ed Colver

ONE of the singular charms of 'Back From Samoa' by L.A.'s Angry Samoans is that it's over before you even realise you've put it on the deck. With each side of the record clocking in at under eight minutes, the thoughtful Samoans allow you more time than any other contemporary rock group to watch TV, feed the dog, darn your socks or just about anything.

'The only risk is that you'll flip the' stylus back to the beginning of the LP to check that music is actually secreted within its grooves. Then you might believe your ears. You might start to enjoy yourself.

Because from the totally ripped opening chords of 'Gas Chamber' to the last dazed groans of 'Not Of This Earth', it's clear that what the Samoans do is re-trash what others fear to recall. Back from a timeless zone of stupor and vagrancy, this music is retrogression of the first order.

Actually, the Angry Samoans aren't Samoan at all. They are the warped dreamchild of Metal Mike Saunders and Gregg Turner, two infamous rock scribes who claim their common musical denominator is the crazed Texan acid casualty Roky Erickson. In appearance a kind of shrunken David Letterman, Metal Mike in 1974 was still having his head forced down toilets by redneck hippies for listening to the Stooges when he had a review of 'Billion Dollar Babies' published in *Rolling Stone*. He subsequently became their resident expert on the Dictators, Black Sabbath, and Slade.

Five years later, after disbanding Vom (a trio with fellow writer/L.A. loon Richard Meltzer), Saunders and Turner conceived the Samoans and enlisted Todd "the Hippie Stabber" Homer on bass, horticulturalist Billy Vockeroth on drums, and airplane fanatic P.J. Galligan on third guitar. The group quickly made headlines with their 1980 tribute to Hollywood DJ and new wave personality Rodney Bingenheimer, entitled simply 'Get Off The Air'. The song, which described this small, rodent-like creature as a "pathetic male groupie", outraged not only Bingenheimer but even such groups as Black Flag, who had a song in his *Rodney On The Roq* compilation.

The Samoans claimed their message was "mental psychosis — basic hatred", but Rodney threatened legal action and clubs mysteriously ceased booking them. Even L.A.'s own equivalent of Charlie Harper, veteran Lee Ving of Fear, fearing the mighty midget's displeasure, asked to have his production credit scratched from the record. Moral: hardcore inconoclasm is a fine and healthy thing until it gets to Rodney Bingenheimer.

Turner says: "We thought at the time, what could be funnier than making fun of some guy who was just a total nurd but at the same time was presenting himself as king of whatever fad came along."

Amidst rumours of mafia contracts, the Samoans' indispensable 'Inside My Brain' EP appeared. A frantic blend of mash metal and garage speedcore, it erupted on Hollywood's anaemic facepak of a music scene like a dermal inferno. Yet beneath the record's hard surface lurked a humorous snarl which alerted your average zombie skinhead to the fact that these buys didn't take themselves as seriously as The Germs.

Without gigs, or indeed any following whatever, the Samoan vilification of new wave *mores* was prematurely silenced. The Metal one went into Prospero-like hibernation in Northern California, the others returned gloomily to their day jobs. With Metal Mike temporarily replaced by Jeff Dahl (now of Power Trip), they cut a terminal testament to trash, the 'Queer Pills' EP, but live performances were no less irregular.

Now the original lineup has miraculously resurfaced with 'Back From Samoa', a real album-style elpee on Bad Trip Records. While 'Back' lacks the grungy, sawn-off quality of 'Brain' (which was closer to The Saints than to The Circle Jerks), its scenarios of psychosis are like the visions of Roky Erickson condensed into mind-shattering spurts of hardcore. Cross The Ramones with The 13th Floor Elevators, or 'Tyranny and Mutation' with 'Group Sex', and out spew 'Coffin Case', 'Haizman's Brain is Calling', and 'Not Of This Earth'. Also included are classic Saunders blowouts like 'Steak Knife', 'You Stupid Jerk' (exactly 25 seconds long), and 'Homo-Sexual' (credited to one J. Falwell). Todd's comparatively epic 'Ballad Of Jerry Curlan' (over three minutes!) tells of a "social type" who drives a Ferrari, sleeps with midgets, and eats arseholes. As Gregg says, "with Todd's post-adolescent *gestalt*, it's so real, we don't *need* to worry about whether we're posing..."

'Back From Samoa' is naturally pointless as a cultural exercise but it's a healthy, heady dose of the cretin hops when you've got a minute or 14. It's been said that the Samoans are the dark side of the Dictator's sopor-ific dream, but along with The Ramones they're also one of the only honest "punk" groups left in America: less streamlined, less teenage than The Ramones, but like 'Commando' (which they used to cover) combining cynicism with a certain moronic humour. "The point", says Gregg, "is to recycle typical things in a context of mental psychosis. The whole sound and accent of Mike's voice has a Roky Erickson aspect to it." In Saunders' absence, Todd confirms that "the real Metal Mike" is "a Texas psychopath", and says it was through Mike that he "discovered" the sound which he swears by today.

Having been fanatical garage buffs for so long, is it difficult to escape the obvious influences? Can you get beyond being a nihilistic pastiche band?

Gregg: "Right, one has prototypes that are so obvious, so maybe you take the best of what each of your models has to offer and synthesize them into something a little different which we don't do but that's OK too, or you pick one out and just sorta permute it, just really mutate it to the point where it's stamped by you even though you're using a format.

"I always hated The Germs, how anybody could look at that and say they represented any sort of scene was just assinine, but at the same time it was a perfect commentary on L.A. Here was some guy who was just regurgitating Bowie and every single rock-star move and it was grotesque and funny.

"That's why we don't pay much credence to what we do. When people eat up that kind of shit, which recycles everything that was dumb, there aren't any more standards to worry about. You can't really believe people take the time to wonder whether something's different or not."

I wonder. Lines like *"they saved Hitler's cock/and now it wants to talk"*, or *"my old man's a fatso/but you know he owns this house"*, may not resound with the thunder of the ten commandments, but The Angry Samoans will do for me. As the *L.A. Reader* once commented, "nothing in this life is completely gratuitous, except perhaps the Wilshire subway, Jerry Dunphy, and The Angry Samoans."

Metal Mike Saunders is today alive and dead and making a comfortable living as an accountant in a mental hospital. Reports Gregg, "he's real happy in the field of mental health".

BARNEY HOSKYNS

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WORKING IN THE DARK ● READING BETWEEN THE LINES ● SPANDAU IN THE MAKING ●

UPHILL MANOEUVRES

Pic Peter Anderson

IF EVERY picture tells a story, this one tells you all you need to know about Orchestral Manoeuvres In The Dark. Observe Andy McCluskey and Paul Humphreys re-staging the myth of Sisyphus — whom the Gods condemned to heave a rock up a hill, over and over, for ever and ever. The rock that threatens to roll back on them is their half-assed intelligence, which serves nothing except the identification of the impossibility of their task.

"I don't think you can convey things very precisely in music," reasons Andy. "It's very difficult not to be misunderstood. It's a very lousy medium for communication, I think. We have a lot of ideas that are very important to us, but you can't hope to capture them in what you're doing. We never have done yet. The only time we got close to sounding like what we want is on some of 'Architecture and Morality'."

The endless incline up which they must push the stone is their declining fortune, a state of affairs heralded by the poor reception of their recent LP 'Dazzleships' — a tentative venture into more experimental waters. Collages, loops and "found voices" nestle sullenly alongside the sort of pretty pop tunes that OMD do well. But to what point? Nothing is resolved.

"The nature of the people in OMD is that we're never convinced enough of the rightness or wrongness of certain things. We have begun to be, and that's why this album reflects some of those changes in attitudes. But surely you don't go making sweeping statements unless you are quite sure of the facts or the outcome."

Who's got time to sit there reasoning things out when the stone threatens to roll back and crush you? Stop pushing the stone! Smash it! Get angry!

"But it doesn't get anywhere most of the time," despairs Andy. "You just have to calm down, apologise and carry on with the work."

What else to say, except keep knocking that rock?

CHRIS BOHN

PORTRAIT OF THE

ARTIST

AS A CONSUMER

THE GO-BETWEENS

GRANT W. McLENNAN, LINDY MORRISON, ROBERT VICKERS, ROBERT FORSTER

LIKES

GWM: Carole Lombard, Jimmy Stewart, cognac, Pierro Della Francesca, jeans, Christmas

RV: Monet, Degas, Renoir, Bonnard, Gramercy Park, Singapore, CBGB's

RF: Girls that wear glasses, *Widows*, Katherine Hepburn, history

READING

GWM: *Duino Elegies* — Rilke
Collected Stories — Katherine Mansfield
Great Expectations — Dickens
Playboy Of The Western World — J M Synge
Modigliani — William Firfield

RV: Joseph Conrad, Kingsley Amis, Grahame Greene, Hemingway

RF: *A Confederacy of Dunces* — John Kennedy Toole
Picture — Lilian Ross
Nick Kent
Newspapers

MUSIC

GWM: Creedence Clearwater Revival, Birthday Party, Mamas And The Papas, Blue Orchids, Velvet Underground

LM: (drum tracks): Jet Black on Stranglers' 'Golden Brown'; Ringo Starr on Beatles' 'Come Together'; Budgie on Slits' 'Typical Girls'; Martin Hughes on Robert Wyatt's 'Shipbuilding'; Tony Thompson on Diana Ross's 'Upside Down'

RV: 'Brown Eyed Girl' — Van Morrison
'I Want You' — Dylan
'Up The Ladder To The Roof' — Supremes
'Oh Sweet Nothing' — Velvets
'How Does That Grab You Darling' — Nancy and Lee

RF: 'Walking On Thin Ice' — Yoko Ono
'I Can't Stop Loving You' — Ray Charles
Buddy Holly
Talking Heads as a three-piece
'Funhouse' — Iggy And The Stooges

FILMS

GWM: *Masculin/Feminin* (Godard)
Beat The Devil (Huston)
The Mother And The Whore (Eustache)
Love In The Afternoon (Wilder)
Vampyr (Dreyer)

RV: *Notorious* (Hitchcock)
Treasure Of The Sierra Madre (Houston)
Strangers On A Train (Hitchcock)
Chinatown (Polanski)

RF: *The Apartment* (Wilder)
Fury (Lang)
The Late Show (Benton)
Jackson County Jail (Miller)

So true... funny how it seems that the nation's number one heart-throbs and arbiters of new soul style were once just a bunch of pub-gigging hipster-wearing hobos whose idea of a good night out was a drive down to the Global Village disco in Charing Cross at the weekend.

Yes, as we delve deep into the vaults of our resident North London pub rock historian Arthur Bitter, we arrive somewhere around the year 1978 PB (pre-Blitz) and find five handsome lads hot on the trail of the power-pop trend. The band went by the name of The Makers and they were (left to right) drummer John Keeble, crooner Tony Hadley, guitarist Steve 'Spiny' Norman, bassist Richard Miller and — yeah! — yet another guitarist, Gary Kemp.

The hapless Miller was, of course, later replaced by Kemp's younger brother Martin, and the band went on to become first The Gentry and then Spandau Ballet. But back in the summer of '78, it was the Rochester Castle rather than the Royal Albert Hall where you would have caught Islington's soul-boy visionaries strutting their funky (?) stuff.

VOX POP

THIS THURSDAY IS EITHER YOUR LAST DAY OF FREEDOM AND ANOTHER STEP TOWARDS 1984 OR A NEW AGE OF SOCIALISM. IT ALL DEPENDS ON THE ELECTION RESULTS. IN THIS VOXPOP SPECIAL WE CANVASSED A CROSS SECTION OF TEENAGERS AND POP PERSONALITIES FROM DIFFERENT AREAS OF THE COUNTRY TO SEE WHICH WAY THEY'D CAST THEIR VOTES.

INTERVIEWS: GAVIN MARTIN, PAOLO HEWITT, X. MOORE, DAVID DORRELL, BILLY MAN, AMANDA ROOT AND ANDREA MILLER.

LEEE JOHN IMAGINATION CONSERVATIVE

"Old Maggie seems to have done very well — she has a glamorous image, great presentation and is obviously a star. I don't agree with all her points, she needs to get her arse moving regards unemployment, and I wish she'd leave school dinners alone. But I'll probably stick by the old girl."

ASHLEY INGRAM IMAGINATION NOT VOTING

"I hate politics, there are too many other important things in my life. If there was a Jamacian Labour Party I'd probably vote. But as it stands I'll abstain.

ERROL IMAGINATION CONSERVATIVE

"So far Maggie has really earned her name as the Iron Lady because she's the only one that has stuck to her guns and really tackled inflation and if it takes another four to five year term to complete her objectives then she should be given the chance to do so."

SALLY EROTIC CABARET ARTISTE? LABOUR

"I'll definitely be voting Labour. I think Michael Foot is the wisest leader this country has had since I've been able to vote. The SDP are just chasing their own careers, and Thatcher . . . well, I agree we should bring back hanging, for her."

LINTON KWESI JOHNSON MUSICIAN POET

"I won't be voting, I never have voted because none of the parties appeal to me. I don't believe in the election system because it reinforces the status quo and the ruling class."

JOHN FILM PRODUCTION ASSISTANT CONSERVATIVE

"I'll be voting Conservative because I get taxed a lot anyway, but if Labour get in I'll get taxed even more. So it's purely selfish."

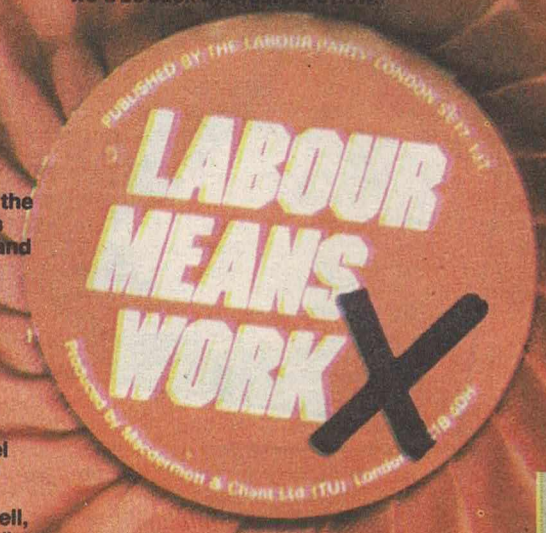
CAROLINE FOX STUDENT CONSERVATIVE

"I'm in favour of disarmament, but not in the way suggested by the Labour Party. I think it would be daft to disarm totally without negotiation. I also think that the Conservatives have done what they said they would do. As for unemployment, I don't think that anyone could do much to help that just now."

MARK INNES UNEMPLOYED CONSERVATIVE

"I'm voting Conservative. Two main reasons: one is that the Labour Party is getting that close to Communism, they're doing that to try to get the unemployed to vote for them. Two, the Conservatives are weeding out the weak businesses. It's got to be done to put the country back on its feet. For example, how many people are unemployed? But you don't see anybody on the edge of suicide or depression. There's only going to be two or three years before the country will be back in a job.

"The Labour Party would keep us in work while they were in power, but after five years we'd be back where we are now."



BOB HOSKINS ACTOR CONFIDENTIAL

"Nah, I don't want to be involved in anything like that, whenever I do I get loads of people phoning me up asking me to represent their pressure groups. But I think it's pretty obvious where my political sympathies lie."

STEVE HARLEY FORMER POP STAR NOT VOTING

"I have no intention of voting, the Alliance is too far left, the Tories are heartless and cruel, and you can stuff socialism. In fact, I've grown to believe that politics is a dishonest profession packed with dishonourable people."

BEN WATT EVERYTHING BUT THE GIRL LABOUR

"We're (Ben and Tracey Thorn) voting Labour, they're the only party worth voting for . . . wait a bit I'll have to talk to Tracey . . . we both think it's a bit fatuous to say why in one sentence. Give us your number and we'll get back to you if we think of anything else."

STEVE SEVERIN THE BANSHEES LABOUR

"I'll probably vote Labour only because I don't want Thatcher to get back in again because I don't think that would work."

PAUL WELLER STYLE COUNCIL LABOUR

"I'll be voting Labour simply to keep the other idiots out."

MICK TALBOT STYLE COUNCIL LABOUR

"Labour. Why? The same reason I voted for them the last time. I don't like Margaret."

JAYNE CASEY PINK INDUSTRY LABOUR

"The last four years in Thatcher's monetary wasteland has taught people in Liverpool a hard lesson. 'Mass Unemployment' has become just an empty phrase that get bandied about, the reality of which can be seen on the streets of Liverpool, and it's frightening, it feels like a time bomb that's about to go off.

"No matter how hard she trys to uphold law and order, no matter what concessions she gives to the police, Thatcher is crazy if she thinks people are *that* down they will just accept it. I don't think they will just accept it and I think she's going to have a long hard fight on her hands *if* she gets in."

LEMMY MOTORHEAD WEREWOLF

"I'm going to vote werewolf because it would make a change."

EDDIE AND SUNSHINE LABOUR

Eddie: "Normally I spoil my vote as a protest against the whole stupid so-called democratic system. But this time I've decided to vote for Labour, partly in support of their pro-CND stand, but mostly because the increasingly fascist character of Thatcher and her men really scares me. They must be stopped."

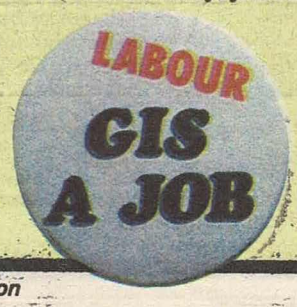
Sunshine: "I'll be voting Labour in this election so I don't have to decide whether to emigrate or not. This is the first time I've ever voted — it's against my religion."

LEROI JONES-HEMMINGS BAND MANAGER NOT VOTING

"I think that calling this election now was a ploy. I haven't been able to register. I've been working in different places and you're never told you can't vote until it's too late. It's the plebs that haven't bothered to register, it's not the bourgeois that haven't registered. It'll be a pity if Thatcher gets in again. They'll just be more chaos."

ERROL GUNZI UNEMPLOYED NOT VOTING

"Whatever we say makes no difference at all. The Government always just does what it wants."



GARY KEMP SPANDAU BALLET LABOUR

"I'm voting Labour."

MARI WILSON POP SINGER LABOUR

"Probably Labour. I think they'll do something about unemployment and they're probably closer to doing something about disarmament. It definitely won't be Tory. You don't have to be too politically minded to figure out that Thatcher and her mob do not have very fair policies. Conservatives widen the gap between the have and the have nots."

TREVOR BOW SONS OF JAH LABOUR

"Voting Labour because people can't face another four years of Thatcher with unemployment for the poor and more tax relief for the rich and very rich."

ASTRO AND ROBIN CAMPBELL UB40 LABOUR

"We will be voting Labour in desperation. It's the lesser of two evils as it is a vote against the Tories."

GENESIS P-ORRIDGE PROFESSIONAL MUSICIAN ALLIANCE

"We're going to vote for the Liberal / SDP Alliance simply because we want proportional representation. For that reason alone, and also because there is no way I'm going to give my vote to Thatcher or Labour. I think the Alliance is shit, too, but I'd rather vote for something that might break the two party system. Not that they will. Paula (Mrs. P-Orridge) says Ken Livingstone should be Prime Minister because he's the only person to get things done. In that sense he is the perfect man for PM. His low fares scheme was brilliant."

DARREN STEWART DRIVER CONSERVATIVE

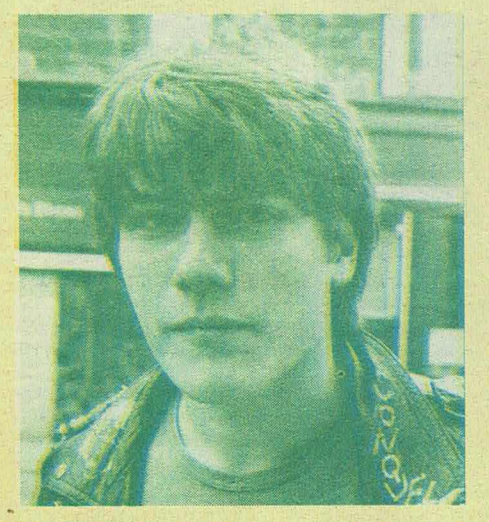
"Well, quite frankly, I'm going to vote Conservative, vote for Maggie. Maggie for two reasons. The first is that I don't believe in Labour's policy of doing away with the nuclear arms cos they're sending the country up. I don't believe that they could do away with nuclear arms and Britain would still be a free state. Secondly, I don't believe that Labour could create more jobs without putting the country into another recession. I don't think the Conservatives will help me *personally*. I know a lot of people think I've got no money and all that about themselves and their interests, but I'm thinking about what's best for the *country*.

"I can't see the future for me though, no promotion. Years ago you'd get a job and you'd think of promotion. Now you're humble with that job."

Election Ephemera pics by Peter Anderson

MARIETTE CLARE
STUDENT AND MOTHER
LABOUR

"When I can't sleep at night, I think about how I would kill my children — quickly and painlessly — if there was a nuclear war. I couldn't bear it to let them suffer lingering and agonising deaths from the fallout. I think that this is a recurrent fantasy amongst women who've got kids. I'm voting Labour because the nuclear issue haunts me."



MALCOLM McKAY
UNEMPLOYED
LABOUR

"They are the best of a bad bunch. I don't want Roy Jenkins to hold Hillhead (Malcolm's constituency) because I think he's a carpetbagger and that the middle of the road policies of the SDP won't help anybody. The Tories, on the other hand, aren't helping me get a job and aren't giving me much money in the meantime."

PAUL COWAN
PAINTSPRAYER
LABOUR

"Ah, I'll vote Labour, not because I believe in the Labour Party. I've only voted Labour to get the Tories out. I believe in Tony Benn, Livingstone and Tatchell and Shore. I believe them to be *true* socialists. Those who vote Tory are the biggest shower of idiots I've known in me life. I don't believe we should just give up on the Labour Party — the only way to get rid of them (rightwing Labour politicians) is to work to get rid of the wankers.

"I joined the Labour Party because I don't think its right that people have given up on them. But they are the only future for young people. Good socialists shouldn't be privileged. Now look at the Tories! Do you know what Tory means? It means loyal to the Crown. Conservatism is another flag to make out they're *so good*, to con people. To vote for Thatcher is to vote for a dictatorship."

MARC ALMOND
SOFT CELL
LABOUR

"I'm definitely going to vote Labour, not that I have a lot of faith in any of the parties though. A lot of people seem to feel like that. All they see is parties slagging each other off in political broadcasts, never telling you what they think — you just don't know which way to turn. But anyone who's going to vote Conservative must be absolutely mad, especially now they're giving the police absolute control. If the Conservatives get in with an absolute majority, what with 1984 looming up next year, maybe George Orwell's book should be given more thought. Maybe his prophesies might come true . . . Something's in the air. I don't know what, but you can feel it . . . 1984, total control, something has to explode. Either that or you get to the stage where you just don't care anymore."

ROD STEWART
ROCK CELEBRITY
NOT VOTING

"I won't vote. Why should I? I've been away too long. It's not up to me now. I don't think anyone is going to get in the way of Margaret Thatcher. I think she's here to stay and I think she does deserve another period. Inflation is down, productivity is up, unemployment's up but that will be the last thing to come down. I think Britain is turning the tide a little bit. That's how it looks from a distance especially as Reagan has copied her economic plan completely and America is just turning the tide."

DENISE DUFORT
GIRLSCHOOL
MONSTER RAVING LOONY

"I'd vote Monster Raving Loony providing their policies include more drink for the workers."

BOB BERESFORD
PUBLIC HEALTH OFFICER
LABOUR

"During Mrs Thatcher's term of office her heartless monetarist theme has caused a serious contraction of public services. Local authority rate support grants, so important in the maintenance of adequate public services, have been slashed. Civil servants are trying to cope with ever increasing workloads with fewer and fewer staff.

"Against the backdrop of high unemployment and an increasing percentage of the elderly it is most important that there are adequate levels of services. Good public services are symbolic of a caring society; Mrs T is symbolic of an uncaring profit motivated regime offering only glib sympathies to the needy.

"As someone who works for the public I'm voting Labour for your sakes as well as mine."

RODDY FRAME
AZTEC CAMERA
LABOUR

"I'm going to vote Labour as a token effort to get the Conservatives out. But it doesn't matter which way you vote because the Conservatives are still going to get in."

STEVE JONES
CIVIL SERVANT
NOT CONSERVATIVE

"Sadly most people vote primarily with themselves in mind, and despite the disastrous level of unemployment, the vast majority of people are still in work, and they want (for themselves) lower direct taxation, a chance to own their own (council) home, the facility to have medical treatment when and where they want...

ALISON BERRY
UNEMPLOYED
LABOUR

"The Labour party simply contains a far greater proportion of human beings to monsters."

HILARY CORR
CLERK
LABOUR

"The Conservatives are making it more difficult for women to claim dole, aren't they? I'm voting Labour. Soon you'll have to have a sex-change to claim dole. The Tories are trying to force women back into the home as well. And they've got plans to abolish the family allowance."

MICK BOX
URIAH HEEP
CONSERVATIVE

"I'll vote Tory because Maggie Thatcher sticks to her guns and, of the three leaders, is the one best suited in the long term to fight unemployment which is the single most important issue."

DAVE COLLINS
JOBCENTRE CLERK
LABOUR

"In my capacity as a Jobcentre clerk, I witness at first hand the effects of unemployment on people and the despair it causes. The policy of non-intervention by the Tory government in creating jobs is a recipe for social disaster. The Labour party offers hope to the unemployed "

WINSTON
STREET CLEANER
NOT VOTING

"I neither vote for he, she nor the old lady. You vote for them you suffer; you don't vote for them you still suffer."

HAYSI FANTAYZEE
POP GROUP
NOT VOTING

Paul Camplin: "I'm not voting because there is nobody to vote *positively* for."
Kate: "I'll be away on June, but I've given my proxy vote to an American and he's going to vote Labour."
Jeremy: "I'm not voting — hasn't it been fixed already?"

BOY GEORGE
CULTURE CLUB
ABSENT ON TOUR

"I lean more towards the views of the Ecology Party — improving the country by preserving old buildings and demolitioning council estates."

ADE MOYSE
PROJECT ADMINISTRATOR
LABOUR

"Unemployment is the main issue of this election and the Tories have completely ignored the problem. They have created a more stratified society — a Them and Us situation — with greater class distinction and I think that should be opposed. I *am* a bit dubious of Labour's Defence Policy, but I don't think it will turn out as radical as its current proposals suggest."

BETTY
SINGER
CONSERVATIVE

"I'm voting Conservative because I want a choice. Looking at the Labour Manifesto it doesn't seem as if we'll get a choice in certain things like what happens to savings, schools and the NHS."

MARK BEDFORD
MADNESS
LABOUR

"I'll be voting Labour because I feel strongly about the fact that the Falklands Crisis should have been avoided, and I don't trust Thatcher when she tries to introduce things like the Police Bill."

STEVE 'SCAR' TOMBIE
CONSTRUCTION WORKER
NOT VOTING

"I ain't gonna vote. Labour wanna destroy this country by getting rid of arms and all that, obvious innit? CND are a bunch of Commies and I ain't gonna vote Tory cos that stands for the rich getting richer and the poor getting poorer. The SDP are just a bunch of fuckin' plums. The NF can't get in, but I reckon they'd do a good job if they did."

JOHN PEEL
DISC JOCKEY
UNDECIDED

"In the past I've always voted Labour, but I've never been quite sure whether it was just a romantic token gesture cos I live in one of those rural constituencies — our MP is the faintly appalling John Selwyn Gummer — and voting Labour out there is just like spoiling your ballot really because the Conservative candidate is always elected by a whopping majority. I would imagine the Social Democrats or Liberals, whichever we've got — I can't remember, to be honest, which shows how fascinated I am by the whole proceeding — will probably come second with the Labour man a poor third.

"But this year I actually feel, having read a piece by Paul Gilroy in *City Limits*, that I may not bother to vote or just spoil my ballot — in a way it's like more of a political gesture than actually voting.

"Y'know, what I think we *are* witnessing if it doesn't sound like a ludicrous thing to say from some kind of pamphlet, is the collapse of capitalism — and not just the collapse of capitalism because similar things are happening in the Communist world. We're reaching a stage at which the old games just simply won't work anymore, y'know."

DAVID JENSEN
DISC JOCKEY
CONFIDENTIAL

I always vote but I don't like the idea of tactical

voting — I'd like to see the system changed to Proportional Representation. I live in an area heavily dominated by Conservative voters and because of the system Labour know they've got very little chance of getting in; the Tories know they'll get a landslide. But I want to vote for the party of my choice.

Really I'd like to see a system similar to that in the United States where you have Congress and the Senate. That's the other thing I feel strongly, that the House of Lords should be reformed. It seems crazy that people should be there because they're born with titles.

I *will* vote, I do believe in exercising your vote, but the system should be changed.

EDWYN COLLINS
ORANGE JUICE
NOT VOTING

"I'm going to abstain from voting this year as there is no Marxist candidate for the borough of Hackney and I feel it would be a personal compromise to vote Labour."

JOHN CURD
CONCERT PROMOTER
NOT VOTING

"I ain't voting for anybody — I ain't voting on principle. I'll vote for Screaming Lord Sutch, Monster Raving Loony Party. I would possibly vote for the Conservatives if Skipper Ted (Heath) was in charge. Bring back Skipper Ted and smuggle more hasish into the country on board the Morning Cloud."

RED ROCKERS TAKE THEIR CHANCES ● FLYING DARTS ● NORTHERN CLOUT ●

SEEING RED IS BELIEVING

JAZZ is often said to have been born in New Orleans, and the city still boasts a lively R&B scene in its clubs and bars. With such a rich soil to till, it's odd to imagine the youth of New Orleans going out and forming English-influenced punk rock bands, but that's exactly what they were doing back in '79. The Red Rockers started out as a garage band called the Rat Finks, learning by playing along with early records by The Clash. The Damned, Stiff Little Fingers and Buzzcocks. Their first album, last year's 'Condition Red', was a fair approximation of the sound of the first Clash album, featuring buzzsaw riffing and politicized lyrics, but not enough distinction.

On 'Good As Gold', their second album, Red Rockers have found a voice of their own. In a blindfold test, you'd have trouble identifying both albums as having been made by the same band.

'Good As Gold' is far more sophisticated musically, developing a sensuous rock style tinged with country touches here and there, and a far more subtle lyrical approach. This record deals with personal politics, dreams and dilemmas more than with the affairs of the world. It's not a work of genius but it is a good, solid rock album. But there's some worry in the Red Rockers camp about how the punk purists among their hometown following are going to receive it.

"We were trying to think of ways to defend ourselves because we kept thinking that people were gonna give us a lot of grief for changing so much," says Darren Hill, the group's boyish-looking bass player. "And finally we said, we don't have to explain ourselves to anybody. It's just us and it's coming out this way. You have to keep changing to survive."

"To keep your own peace of mind," adds vocalist/guitarist John Griffith "you've got to do something different."

Darren and John make up the band's very kinetic frontline, charging around the stage (the way they no doubt once saw The Clash do). James Singletary, the tall and lanky lead guitarist hangs out in the background. Hard and muscular drumming is provided by Jim Reilly, the newest member, an Irish boy who used to drum with Darren and John's idols Stiff Little Fingers.

Darren: "We were on tour, and we called up Howie (Kline, president of the band's label, 415 Records) and told him we had to get rid of this guy, our old drummer, 'cause he was causing too many problems. And Howie said 'You'll never believe what just happened' because Jim had just been in his office asking Howie if he knew of any work."

Jim says he feels quite at home playing the band's occasional rocked-up covers of Johnny Cash tunes.

"My father's still a big country fan. Ireland is the biggest country and western market in the world, after America. There were always Elvis Presley records around the house, and Slim Whitman, Hank Williams, all that stuff. My father yodels beter than Slim Whitman."

Red Rockers are a refreshingly new kind of American rock band — idealistic but not starry-eyed, not shallow but not pretentious either.

Though their label is now distributed by CBS, who are getting ready to push them, they don't seem like a band getting ready to "go pop star". It's that they are undefensive and honest and have a genuine belief in what they do and say.

Our conversation ranges from the voodoo tradition they tell me is still being practised out in the Louisiana swamps to the racism of Southern society to the fact that the American State Department won't let the widow of Salvador Allende (the deposed leader of Chile) into the country because they're afraid of what she'll say.

Darren: "That really scares me. And the average person has no idea what's going on. And if they do know what's going on they're convinced that it's right."

But don't you find as much apathy among young music fans as among anyone else?

"Exactly. That's what we're saying. The future is in the hands of the kids and it's disgusting to see them thinking like those people. Because kids have always been rebellious, but what went on in the '60s, you don't see that happening today at all. And music is the best medium for getting the word out. 'Cause face it, how many people actually sit down and read a book. But everybody listens to music."

What about people who say that rock is tired, dead.

John: "That's corporate rock. Aerosmith, Journey, all of that. That's all washed up."

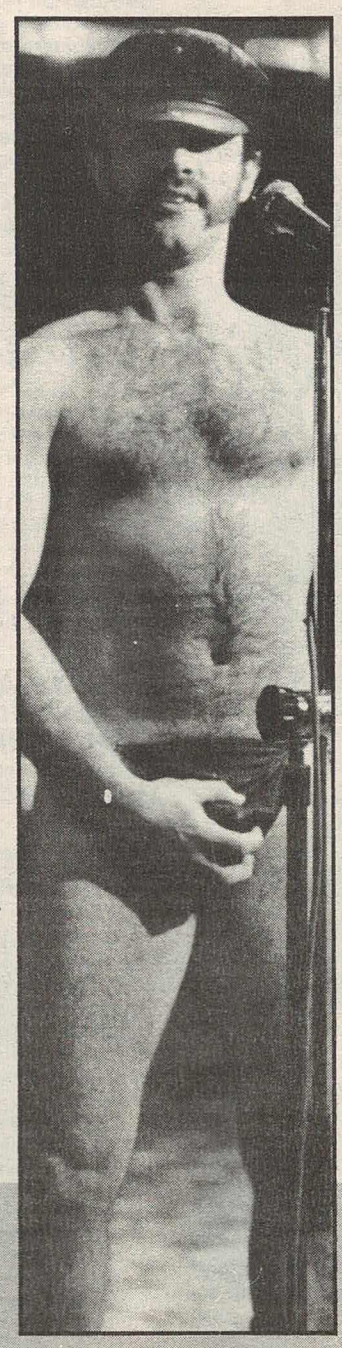
So you believe in rock as a medium through which you can say something vital.

Darren: "Oh yeah. Maybe the people that are saying that are old, and have grown out of it or something. But to us it's a whole new thing. It's where you make it.

"I don't see how anybody can say that if they're really a part of it. Because a kid growing up now, he hasn't heard all of that stuff before. That's why I think the Stray Cats are popular. Because a lot of kids hadn't gone through that, it's new to them. I think it will just keep going. As long as bands are willing to take chances, keep expanding the horizon."

RICHARD GRABEL

Red Rockers good as gold? (left to right) James, John, Darren and Jim.



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HOLED-UP in a two-bit hotel in London's seedy Kings Cross was where I found Gerry Arkwright, Channel 4's 'secret' star. He's 'down south' to prepare for a show on his life for Channel 4 — to go out live on Election night.

Something of an enigma, Gerry was recently pictured on our *T-Zer* page, performing as the "Northern Industrial Gay". He's still very annoyed about the caption which reported that he was in fact C4 exile Keith Allen. "He's trying to cash in on my bloody name, it's a typical southerner's trick."

His last trip to London was to promote his 'soon come' single on Rinka Records, 'The North's Gonna Rise Again'. This time it's to work on the TV show. Gerry works as a night watchman in a disused factory somewhere on the Lancs/Yorks border. In the programme he'll be giving us his views on the election, although he reckons "they're all the bloody same mother, up here it's work and oil and sweat that counts, not bloody poncy words."

For some reason C4 have kept the whole event shrouded in secrecy — any requests for information are refused for "security reasons". Gerry too, is remaining tight-lipped about the show, telling me that if I want to know more I should "tune in on the bloody night, woman".

The fact that it's going out live is, I expect, the main reason for all the silence — with a character like Gerry, you don't leave too much to chance. Make sure your set is tuned to C4 late on June 9th, for what'll probably be the most exciting television you'll see this year.

LEIGH KELLY

4.30
Rowan's Report
NICK ROWAN
Peter Murphy
Nick talks to Peter Murphy, one of Britain's leading young show jumpers, and watches him in action at the Great Yorkshire Show.
DIRECTOR/PRODUCER
ALISTER HALLUM
Yorkshire Television Production

●●●

JUST a postcard, really...Thing is, darts are flying again. Fresh from their successful run in the London run of Leiber/Stoller musical *Yakkety Yak*, Britain's best beloved doowoppers are out and about once more and looking to re-establish their old supremacy in the field of unashamed R&B based good times-a-gogo. First step in the campaign was to negotiate a parting of the ways with record company Magnet — with whom relations became less than close-harmony. And first release on their very own Choice Cuts label was the recent single 'The Mystery Of Ragoula' — a nutty cross of Kid Creole-style tropicana with vintage Darts dementia. The follow-up, 'Lorraine', takes a bow within the week. Of course, with no major money backing (and nine mouths to feed), Darts harbour no illusions about an easy or imminent return to the glory days of chart success ('Daddy Cool', 'It's Raining', 'Boy From New York City' etc). But the current return to regular live work around the country should prove if their aim is true. Singer Rita Ray tells me the next few months could be crucial. But at the same time: "Nothing's impossible — not if you want it badly enough."

PAUL DU NOYER

lowry

A MAN OF MANY FACES

NOT SO much a case of 'She's In Parties', suggests reader Don Morris-Vincent — more like a load of hunt balls. Bauhaus take a run and jump, courtesy of *TV Times*.

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24 JUNE
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SWANSEA
25 JUNE
STAGE THREE
LEYSDOWN
26 JUNE
DERNGATE
NORTHAMPTON

27 JUNE
ROMEO'S &
JULIET'S DERBY
28 JUNE
ROMEO'S &
JULIET'S
DONCASTER
29 JUNE
THE APOLLO
OXFORD
30 JUNE
DOMINION
LONDON
1/2 JULY
CIRCUS TAVERN
PURFLEET

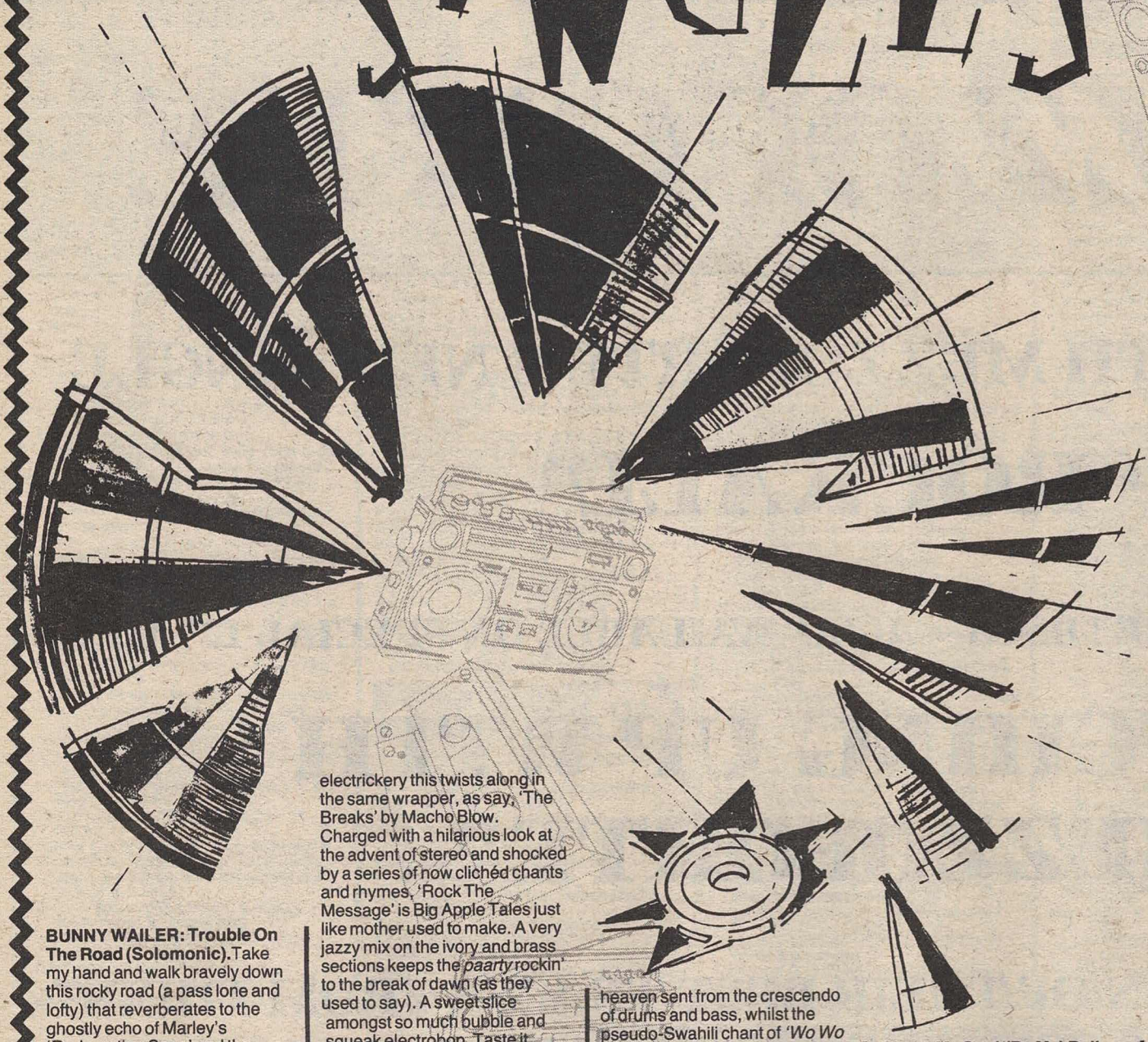
3 JULY
THE APOLLO
MANCHESTER
5 JULY
PICKWICK
LIVERPOOL
6 JULY
DINGWALLS
NEWCASTLE
7 JULY
DINGWALLS HULL
8 JULY
CABARET CLUB
NEWMARKET

9 JULY
ESSEX BARN
BRAINTREE
10/16 JULY
BLAZERS
WINDSOR

REVIEWED THIS WEEK BY: DAVID DORRELL

SINGLES

GRAPHICS BY: JILL MUMFORD AND TOM DIXON



BUNNY WAILER: Trouble On The Road (Solomonic). Take my hand and walk bravely down this rocky road (a pass lone and lofty) that reverberates to the ghostly echo of Marley's 'Redemption Song' and the barefoot steps of a world population plagued by oppression. We are two years further along this sad path that is the '80s and Wailer highlights that with the disturbing clarity only the great can muster. And in the wake (I presume) of another Tory Government, the Great of this ilk are rarely glimpsed. However, there is a buoyancy here that suggests Wailer, Heron and Costello as constant confederates in this reactionary climate.

"It is the beginning of sorrows which storms the ending of joy/We are now facing a sad tomorrow where human lives are treated like toys."

'Trouble On The Road' seems to capture the plaintive cry of the Third World's collective soul, turning it slowly into a rousing chorus of pride and indignation. Whilst others contend with so much slick fuckery, Wailer triumphs with space, simplicity and a modicum of production. The vocals march sure-footed, abreast of the taut drummer-boy dub; the lyrics are (as ever) stark and depressing, holding communion with 'Shipbuilding' rather than 'Pills And Soap', yet keep loose faith with the tenet that the worst is yet to come. With Wailer the despair of the refugee is only momentary, whereas the hope is resolute in its durability. Grasp his hand and stand firm.

GRANDMASTER FLASH WITH CHILLI-T AND STEVIE-G: Rock The Message (Eclipse). Now this is history. What at first sight appears to be *another* re-working of the 'poor-black-gay-with-a-wife-and-seven-cockroaches-to-support-theme' from the fabled sable MC is in fact an archive's piece. Recorded some three years ago by The Man the project was shelved only to be discovered and dusted by some intrepid engineer. And just to remind you that RAP can spell FUN, the 'Message' is 'Love' not poverty.

Spliced in the days before Arthur Baker discovered electrickery this twists along in the same wrapper, as say, 'The Breaks' by Macho Blow. Charged with a hilarious look at the advent of stereo and shocked by a series of now clichéd chants and rhymes, 'Rock The Message' is Big Apple Tales just like mother used to make. A very jazzy mix on the ivory and brass sections keeps the *paarty* rockin' to the break of dawn (as they used to say). A sweet slice amongst so much bubble and squeak electrobop. Taste it.

JONZUN CREW: Space Cowboy (Tommy Boy).
FREEZ: I.O.U. (Beggars Banquet).
STEVE HARVEY: Something Special (London). Just to prove that I'm an enormous hypocrite here are three of the best, the boldest and the brassiest electrofunk filaments to short the circuit since 'Looking For The Perfect Beat'. Of course, (can you imagine otherwise?) two of them have jumped from the wand of Grand Wizard Baker and his magician's apprentices, Robie and 'Jellybean' Benitez.

The Jonzun Crew apologise for their blatantly unoriginal 'Pack Jam' effort with a Spaghetti Western vs Jedi Knight number that virtually ropes your feet onto the dance floor. *The Magnificent Seven* will never be quite the same again.

Whilst Ennio Morricone falls foul of these Cosmic Cowboys, Freez find themselves and their fairly average North London soft soul shuffle transported from these redundant shores to the enclaves of Baker's megamix Utopia. Diamond dogs and gold plated cuts find themselves joined by moaning sluts and a language lab of vocoders in an ending that makes Armageddon sound positively tame. Who said that the Colonies were worthless?

Steve Harvey meanwhile opts for a more familiar format reminiscent of Michael 'Mannequin' Jackson. And although the ingredients are plain enough — with plenty of resonant syn-toms and resident falsettos — the final beat is the creme de la creme. 'Beat it'? Boy... this stuff was WHIPPED into shape.

JIMMY THE HOOVER: Tantalise (Wo Wo Ee Yeh Yeh) (Innervision). So finally someone remembers summer and the sun. And at last the sound of the Drum Oro from the dark continent shines through the rain forest of British pop.

Steel guitars seem to spring heaven sent from the crescendo of drums and bass, whilst the pseudo-Swahili chant of *'Wo Wo Ee Yeh Yeh'* smiles gloriously across the face of the record.

The apparent dilution of the Ivory Coast sound will plague purist Afrophiles for years but the fact remains — 'Tantalise' is a warm embrace, a dance in the tropical sun, filtered through the sound system of a Soho club. And it's glorious. I've only to hear it and my heart beats like a...

JANE: It's A Fine Day (Cherry Red). With their usual genius for finding contemporary 'folk' singers — and I use the term loosely — Cherry Red present Jane. Jane pure and simple. In some respects plain Jane. But whatever way you look at it, it is just Jane. Moreover, it is Jane alone, singing with a spectral ethereality to herself. The two songs border on nursery rhyme in their repetition, but ultimately transcend the kindergarten and its nonsensical poesy for something far more prosaic...and beautiful. The silence is pierced by random observations and forget-me-nots that read like an innocent's diary of the day, yet the culminative effect is one of wholesomeness and wistful remembrance rather than childish prattle.

But there — I've spoilt it all by adding complexities. As a belated introduction to a sentient soul I shall say...here is Jane. Now listen.

PETER DUNCAN: Cold As Ice (Deb Records). Anyhow, as we're near the playground, let me introduce you to my friend Peter. Peter is the presenter of *Blue Peter* and a jolly helpful friend to have when you need to make Aunty Edna an Easter Egg holder or Uncle Jeff a jacuzzi for Christmas. Sadly, I fear his talents are limited to messing about with empty cornflake packets and the kittens, Jack and Jill. Is it too late to start a 'Bring Back John Noakes' campaign?

THE SMITHS: Hand In Glove (Rough Trade).
SEONA DANCING: More To Lose (London).
THE ORSON FAMILY: You Shake My Soul/(Be My) Ball And Chain (Orson Enterprises). Three dissimilar numbers that all scream the same message that Jane sings: *"We're young, fresh and simple/Love us."* (Or some such cliché!) What *is* really young, fresh and simple about it all is that they have the gall to get away with it. Worse still, I found myself clapping them on! Just as I was ready to slip the noose around the quite limp neck of that wicked child molester Pop Muzak, The Smiths ride up, 'Hand In Glove', to knock me from my own gallows. With a paucity of effects they seem to pierce the cool of a Julian Cope/Teardrop sensitivity with a certain vigour that only we young ones can adopt. Morrisey's vocal invocations just RISE above the fuzz of treble. Truly a new Bunnyman.

Seona Dancing escape the pitfalls of a thousand claptrap and synths duos by sticking to the basics of melody and forfeiting the the perpetual motion of heavy rhythms. In its brevity, 'More To Lose' glints like the last rays of a moonlight sonata, finding its fountainhead in the crystal sparkle of 'Atmosphere'. The fond solace of Ricky Gervais' vocals are complemented perfectly by the distance of Bill Macrae's oddly classical keyboard arrangement. All of which is a far cry from the visions of Dixie that beset The Orson Family.

Hailing from the southern comfort of Ealing, The Orsons regale us with what could be 'Goo Goo Muck' by The Cramps but turns out to be Gene Vincent. An unprecedented onslaught of pure Bourbon and blues. Dontcha just lurv these bastard 'billy idioms? I know I do. Rise! And remember Gettysburg!

THE MAIN T POSSEE: Fickle Public Speakin' (Respond). If, as they suspect, the landslide win is to cover us all in the blue mud of Tory politics, then we have no one left to blame for our own choking but ourselves.

Undoubtedly the hardest arrangement to storm from the gates of the Respond farm, 'Fickle Public Speakin' opens with the laughter of the music hall and closes with obvious disdain for the show on stage. Us.

Vaughan has been off the scene for a long time now but manages to swing us where Weller shoves us. The heartfelt emotion comes rapped in a John Wayne on Quaaludes throatiness, that offsets the bass and refrain with continual amazement and amusement. And although the production job has erased some of the rough edged mistakes, it's still not too shiny to dance on.

Joe and Joanne Public may be slapstick to some of you but to the Main T Possee they're tragi-comics. If only a few hear the word then *we* might not hear so much 'Fickle Public Speakin'. A Hit...depending on whether Joe and Joanne like it...

LEISURE PROCESS: Anxiety (Epic). Anything finding itself daubed 'neurotica Mix' should hold cause for concern, but fortunately 'Anxiety' steers clear of the furrowed brow that wasted 'Cash Flow' and hearkens back to those orgiastic days of 'Love Cascade'. Ross proves that his ability for vocal arrangement is as agile as ever and turns round a rare torrent of ebullience. A hit? Nothing to worry about here Mr Middleton...

SPECIMEN: Returning (From A Journey) (London).
BRILLIANT: Colours (Risk). Ah! Old friends breaking dark territories. And in this case it's not just the bar area of The Batcave.

Now, in all honesty (and before you shout "hypocrite!" again) I've never put hand to jugular and actually said I liked either Specimen or Brilliant. I like the 'Cave as much as the next ghoul, but I'm afraid both of these leave me fairly cold (which is probably *exactly* what they set out to do). Maybe Mr Punter the producer (of the Specimen 'specimen') is not actually in tune with his name thus lacking the necessary tenacity and venom that Ollie and the Gang spit with such lust from the PA. Maybe *they* were looking for the perfect beat . . . whatever the answer it cuts no dry ice with me. Uurggh! It's all clean and sanitised. Sorry Ollie, but I much prefer the sleaze and the glam that you deal with live.

Brilliant, meanwhile, open with that lust for orgasmic groans and then produce an overblown line in bathos; in a way it's as if they've jumped into a sea of Page Three girls and discovered that they can't swim. In fact, the 'Monster-Mix' on the flipside drowns by its own hand in a tidal wave of plucked bass riffs. Still, there is something there but only if they can get away from that pile of K.I.S.S. tapes in Youth's flat. There is *something* there...isn't there Youth...Youth? Come back, I was only joking...

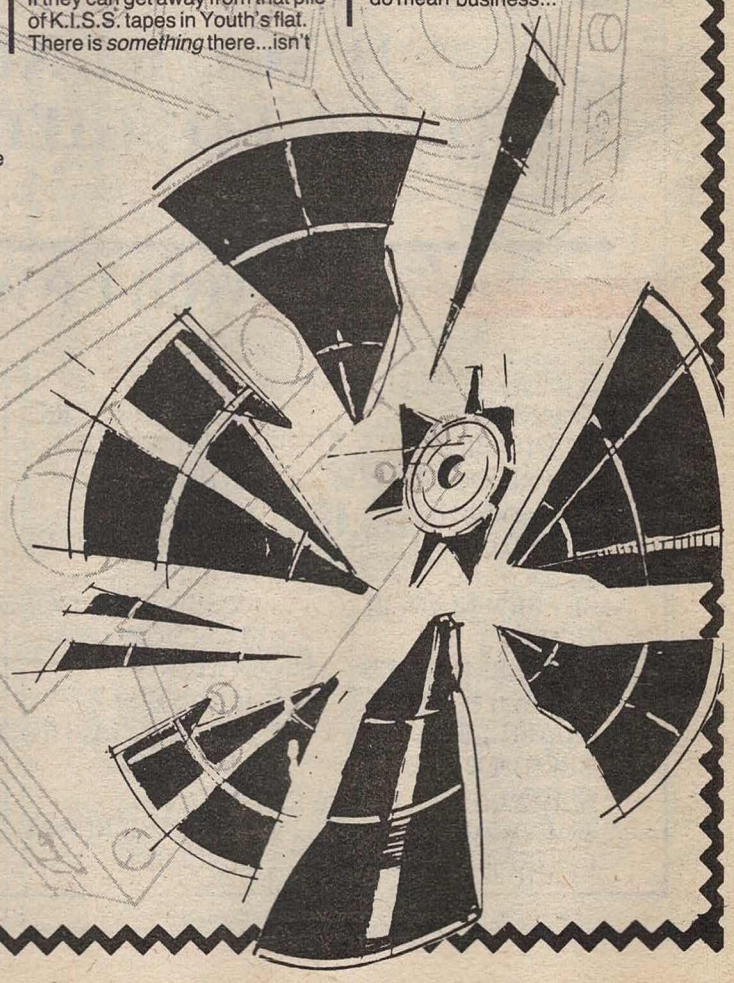
ZAZOU AND WEMBA: Malimba (Crammed Discs).
THE HONEYMOON KILLERS: Subtitled Remix (Crammed Discs). Now I'm the last person to ask. I really am. How should I know why people see Belgique as an inescapable pit of banality? Here you have two fairly fine slates, both immaculately packaged and both brimful of snappy ideas. Indeed, it's probably enough to make your average denizen of Brussels sprout (sorry) pommes frites from every orifice.

Zazou (was he in your French text books as well?) And Wemba compose a PanAfrican sketchbook outlined in Zazou's Satie influenced background and coloured with Wemba's natural Zairean fecundity. All lush colours and airy sound, like. I suppose you'd call it African furniture sound — but then you haven't heard it yet, have you?

The Killers also toy with text book teaching, escaping their usual mono-linguistic bind by adding vocal 'Subtitles' to their native French tongue. Of course the tongue and the French have always been inextricably linked, so it seems quite sad that they have foregone their native lick of language for an indeterminable series of English scripts. The humour is pure arthouse irony and aural slapstick in a peculiarly Belgian vein; probably green as in innoccent (though I do not rule out the chance that it's blue as in dumb, lewd, conservative etc...) Weird maybe...Boring? Never.

THE EX: Gonna Rob The Spermbank (Sneeelleeer). Donated by the Dutch, 'Rob The Spermbank', is the dealing of uncertainty that most bands never find in their hands. Screech guitars speed through the womb of drumming that offers some certainty to the casual listener, yet in the final throes even that sanctuary is denied. Instead, we find the goosestep of some vaguely Teutonic figure grinding the song into its untimely end. cf Holy Toy on 'Soldier Toy'.

The second track on this four track EP is a positively anarchic litany on the construction and destruction of Molotov Cocktails. Whether this is indeed a sublime Dutch funny or an ardent call to arms is difficult to tell, but as Lester Del Ray once said (and I think rightly): "Writing for the trunk (bottom draw) is masturbation." As The Ex point out on the cover, "Spermbanks ain't worth a fuck! (Do-it-yourself is still the melody)" Somehow I think that The Ex really do mean business...



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SILVER SCREEN

The Year Of Living Dangerously

DIRECTOR: Peter Weir
STARRING: Mel Gibson, Sigourney Weaver, Linda Hunt (UIP)

Linda Hunt patches up Mel Gibson

A ROMANTIC DRIFT

PETER WEIR'S new film is his first mature work.

The curiously joyless *Gallipoli,* carefully staged as his international breakthrough, appeared to betray poor dramatic judgement by a director whose first films *(The Cars That Ate Paris, The Last Wave, Picnic At Hanging Rock)* inhabited the more discrete shadows of the multi-faceted thriller medium. *The Year Of Living Dangerously,* while flawed, has a much finer and striking grasp on matters.

To a degree, Weir has returned to his earlier preoccupations: the sparks struck among an isolated and estranged community of journalists and diplomats in the Indonesia of 1965 — a year of brooding unrest, when politicians and revolutionaries constantly lived dangerously — seem to come from the anvil that hollowed out the queer folk of Paris and a rain-sodden Sydney.

To this fractious little gathering comes Guy Hamilton, unfearing Australian correspondent on his first overseas assignment; he finds an unexpected ally in the dwarfish half-caste cameraman Billy Kwan, and when the two scoop a hot interview with the Communist leader, Hamilton wins his spurs and the mixed admiration and jealousy of the typewriter corps.

Billy is also the part-narrator of the story, and he is played by the diminutive actress Linda Hunt in a wholly remarkable performance. Weir makes him our enigmatic tour guide to the maze of social and political intrigue that Guy runs himself breathless in, and we never really learn where Kwan's allegiances lie, or why he keeps files on his workmates and acquaintances, or why he is so eager to fix a romance between Guy and Jill Bryant, PA to the British Embassy's military attache.

The film pivots on Billy: his conflicting loyalties to his friends, his people and the President he idolises reflect the awkward tug of ideas at the movie's centre. It's characteristic of Weir to make this peculiar little man so important to a clan of dislikable Westerners.

But the film is not *about* Billy. Its heart is led elsewhere, to the relationship between Hamilton and Jill, and here it comes a little apart. Having set up this romance between two strong-willed outsiders — one a terse, pugnaciously naive liberal, the other a sympathetic and compromised expatriate — any clear currents of message and direction are dispersed by the aimless drift of the courtship.

Yet the film is still absorbing. Besides Hunt's almost virtuosic craft in her lizard-voiced portrayal, and the attendant cameos by splendid veterans like Noel Ferrier and Bill Kerr, Mel Gibson is irrefutably winning as the phlegmatic Hamilton.

Gibson is choosing his parts well, and if he continues to perform with this kind of understated bravado we may have another Eastwood on our screens. He reads Hamilton's confusions with a surly energy, a brusque indifference to decorum that has an engaging charm about it.

When he clambers into a crumpled tuxedo to arrive at the eleventh hour of an Embassy ball, every inch the gatecrasher, he still sweeps Jill off her feet. When he takes off his shades to get past a guard at the Presidential palace, the darkest, suavest eyes melt us pitilessly into submission.

Sigourney Weaver has much less to do as Jill — Weir casts her as a spunky, rather windblown ex-deb with only a perfunctory entanglement to offer. What interests him more is the play of unusual people in an impeccably composed series of alien landscapes, an Eastern world tugged out of its orbit of corruption and poverty by insurrection. And it's depicted with such genuine life and vigour that one tends to forget the opacity and be swept along, like Guy Hamilton, by a rushing romantic impulse. Peter Weir is becoming a master of his craft.

Richard Cook

Octopussy

DIRECTOR: John Glen
STARRING: Roger Moore, Maude Adams, Louis Jourdan, Kabir Bedi (UIP)

TWENTY YEARS ago, the James Bond movie series was launched as simple upbeat fun: Ian Fleming's '50s consumerist coldwar glam reinterpreted as kicky, decadent swinging '60s entertainment around the sardonic, vulpine figure of Sean Connery.

In the '80s, they have degenerated into racist, sexist bombast in which a dummy Western Civilisation is regularly rescued by a dummy Bond, hardware takes priority to such an extent that it makes the average Lucasfilm seem like an intimate little teledrama and the predictability rating rises as high as an elephant's eye (the elephant crops up about forty minutes in, by the way).

Octopussy is based on little more than one of Fleming's titles: the title character (Maude Adams) is the daughter of the central figure in Fleming's original novella, and the auction scene that starts the ball rolling is lifted from another Fleming throwaway entitled *The Property Of A Lady.*

The screenplay (by George MacDonald Fraser, Richard Maibaum and Michael G. Wilson) cobbles together assorted bits from other Bond artefacts: Octopussy's all-girl circus-cum-crime cartel is a dead steal from the one operated by Pussy Galore in *Goldfinger,* the villain's chief heavy (Kabir Bedi) is the latest in the line that stretches from Oddjob to Jaws, the needle match over the gambling table (backgammon, this time) has its antecedents in *Moonraker, Casino Royale, Goldfinger* and *Diamonds Are Forever.* Even the villain's punchline — "I should spend the money quickly, Commander Bond" — is straight from stock.

In other words, Bond by numbers, which is how Roger Moore has been playing him ever since he took over from the highly underrated George Lazenby.

No appreciation of Moore can top this exquisite pen-portrait by Pauline Kael, from *Reeling:* 'Dimply suavity is Moore's speciality, and his smoothness seems to have gone to his throat, his refined velvety diction makes

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Roger Moore as James Bland 007

OH BONDAGE! UP YOURS!

John Forsythe sound like a Newark truck driver . . . Moore confers blase weightlessness on all his roles impartially. As Bond, he stood in for Sean Connery; as The Saint, he stood in for George Sanders. Moore wasn't born, he was recycled . . . Physically, he's large, but his personality is small, pink and shiny."

In other words, Moore struggles through all his running, jumping, fighting and shooting with great aplomb, though he has a little difficulty with the acting. His three basic modes — bland self-satisfaction, mild irritation and slight puzzlement — are applied to the basic situations in the usual manner, but since nobody else (with the possible exception of Louis Jourdan as a rather pettish villain) does much better, he gets away with it much more easily than in *The Man With The Golden Gun,* where the incomparable Christopher Lee acted him right off the screen.

What there is of the plot takes in a renegade Soviet general who decides to smuggle a nuke onto a US base in West Germany in order to blow it up, thereby tricking all us brainwashed CND peace freaks into demanding the withdrawal of all US missiles from Europe and leaving us defenceless against the might of the USSR. However, *Octopussy* hedges its political bets by having the General's colleagues and bosses override him with a solemn bromide about how "world socialism will be achieved by peaceful means."

Most of the front half of the film takes place in India, which provides opportunities for both an entertainingly chaotic chase scene through a Delhi Street market and for Bond to distribute his backgammon winnings to the menials from the Service's Indian branch with a smirking "That should keep you in curry for a couple of weeks." The entire film takes on Moore's smirk when we are expected to laugh at the effect of the ageing process on the ever-pining Miss Moneypenny (Lois Maxwell), but ignore Moore's increasingly blurred jawline.

The reason why recent James Bond films are only worth catching when they show up on TV is twofold: the hew films lack the freshness and genuine verve of the old Bond films, despite their increasing dependence on bits from the originals (even the precredits sequence is a rerun from a similar shtick in either *Goldfinger* or *Thunderball)* and they also lack a credible Bond. Roger Moore is a big stuffed dummy, whereas Sean Connery was — and is — an immensely sophisticated actor with a more genuine screen presence than anybody else in his price range. He animated Bond, and even managed to suggest that the character had some sort of off-screen existence. Moore always looks as if he'd been

CONTINUES PAGE 24

ON THE BOX

THURSDAY JUNE 9

Decision day! Should you watch the full complement of Election coverage (a whopping five or six hours' worth on either **BBC1** or **ITV**) or try to avoid it at all costs?

Early evening's no problem: **Car 54 Where Are You? (C4)** and **Get Smart (C4)** provide a light run-up to Hitchcock's **North By Northwest (ITV)** or Lumet's **Murder On The Orient Express (BBC1).** The latter's hardly up there with the prime Lumet of *The Pawnbroker, Prince Of The City* or *The Verdict* — and anyway, it's been screened so often (or so it seems) that only the proverbial Antarctic explorer could fail to know whodunnit — but on the other hand, the sublime *North By Northwest* will probably suffer from ad-laceration and cack-handed cutting (the last time round, ITV displayed the killer touch by axeing Cary Grant's arrival at the crop-dusting sequence, about as vicious a case of philistinism as one could find). Flip a coin to decide, or be swayed by the way they come across on TV.

Alternatively, leap into the past with **Do You Remember? (C4)** for the spectacle of early '60s poppers like Del Shannon, Tommy Bruce, Heinz, Screaming Lord Sutch (him again?), Kathy Kirby and Billie Davis growing old disgracefully (and why not?), before catching the last of the repeats of **The Young Ones (BBC2)** or the nowhere-near-the-last of the repeats of **Soap (C4).**

After that, **Britain In The Thirties (BBC2)** — on the creation of a Garden City — looks interesting, as do **What The Papers Say (C4)** and **The Nightwatchman (C4),** a late-night live satirical thing featuring Keith Allen. Apart from that, it's all movies:

Nelly's Version (Directed by Maurice Hatton 1983). Early TV showing for a film which only opened a week or two ago at the ICA. Film and documentary maker Hatton's story starts with a middle-aged amnesiac (Eileen Atkins) booking into a hotel as "Nelly Dean", then finding her suitcase stuffed with money. Burglary, mugging and arson follow before the mystery is finally "solved". Looks promising. **(C4)**

Room At The Top (Jack Clayton 1959). Timely re-screening of John Braine's tale of self-serving social climbers in the '50s. Dour, early example of the social realism which monopolised British cinema in the '60s. **(C4)**

Steelyard Blues (Alan Myerson 1973). Daft but engaging "alternative" comedy starring Jane Fonda and Donald Sutherland as misfit bohos hooked on Demolition Derby who devise a scheme to renovate an old aircraft and fly away from it all. Crystallises the naive hope of the time as well as any film from the late '60s/early '70s; Peter Boyle steals the show as the enigmatic Eagle. **(BBC2)**

Klute (Alan J. Pakula 1971). Second half of the Fonda/Sutherland double-bill; low-life private dick Sutherland gets embroiled in murder-mystery shenanigans involving call-girl Fonda (her best performance) and a pervo client. Well worth seeing again **(BBC2)**

Alternatively, of course, you might prefer to ignore all the above, go out to the pub and get shitfaced drunk, fall asleep half-way through the election results and wake up at four in the morning to watch:

Bullitt (Peter Yates 1968). The chase movie *par excellence*, just the thing to keep you blinking till Breakfast TV. Steve McQueen is fine as the tough, anti-hero 'tec caught up in political intrigue and mafia manipulation, but the real star is San Francisco. **(ITV)**

FRIDAY JUNE 10

Lots of post-mortems, lightened here and there by **The Hollywood Greats (BBC2)** on Errol Flynn, **Switch (C4)** featuring The Bluebells, Spear Of Destiny, Style Council, First Light, Aztec Camera and Eddy Grant, with archive footage of Otis Redding doing 'Shake', Peggy Lee in **Jazz On Four (C4),** the wonderful **Cheers (C4),** and a few films:

Scum (Alan Clarke 1979). Salutary life-in-Borstal lesson for the young survivor, starring Ray Winstone as the new boy who won't take orders. Hard-hitting, nasty stuff, and not a threatened female in sight. The moral appears to be: if your heart's set on a life of crime, make sure you're a tough guy or can do a convincing impersonation of a loony. **(C4)**

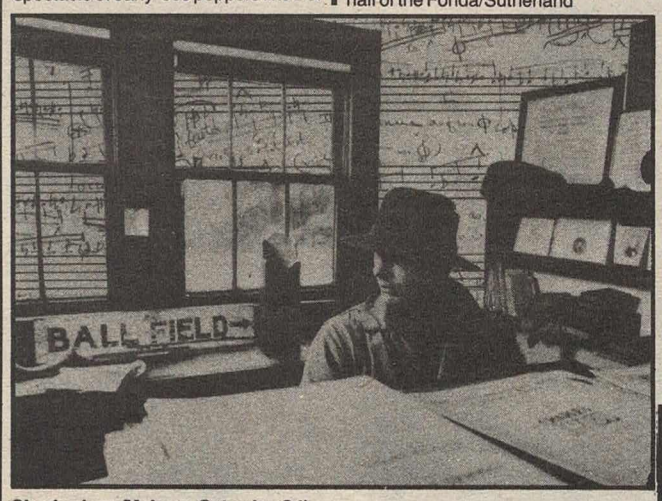
The Sleeping Tiger (Joseph Losey as Victor Hanbury 1954). Bogarde vehicle of no great distinction; a psychiatric *menage à trois* directed by a pseudonymous Losey during his blacklist period. **(BBC1)**

Crooks Anonymous (Ken Annakin 1962). British screwball comedy about an Alcoholics Anonymous-style organisation for would-be reformed crooks. Stars Leslie Phillips, Stanley Baxter, Wilfrid Hyde White, James Robertson Justice and Julie Christie, making her big screen debut as Babette the Stripper. She hasn't changed a bit, has she? **(BBC1)**

SATURDAY JUNE 11

The Consultant. First of a four-part suspense story about computer theft,

CONTINUES PAGE 24



Charles Ives **(Makers,** *Saturday C4)*

IN THE CAN

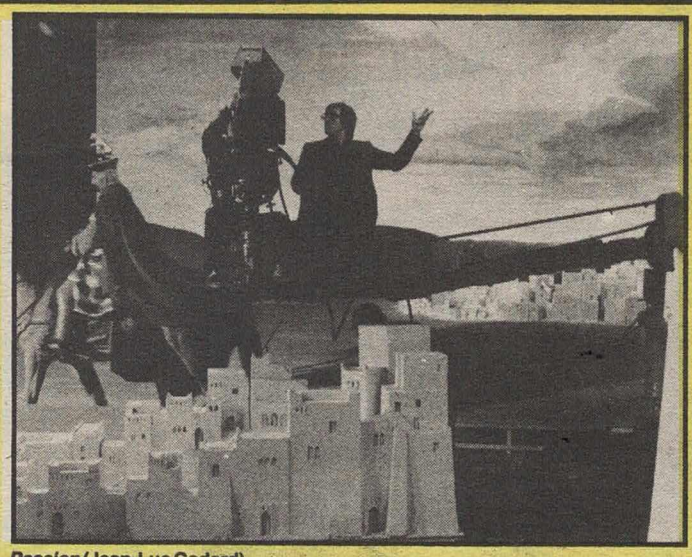
Six Weeks (Directed by Tony Bill). An utter farrago that suggests that Dudley Moore vehicles aren't going to establish a worthwile Hollywood innovation. His sister Mary Tyler is as improbable as ageing soft-hearted tycoons come and Katharine Healy dies the most sanitised death since *Love Story.* Feels more like six years. **(Rank)**

Bad Boys (Rick Rosenthal). Sean Penn, last seen as the radishbrain goof who was the only interesting thing about *Fast Times*, turns in a superbly ugly performance as the anti-hero of this reformatory meller. Rosenthal's direction is uselessly cack-handed but it's not hard to see why this is a big American hit — it's *An Officer And A Gentleman* turned rancid and rowdy with enough vicarious kicks to sweep up an across-the-board appeal. **(EMI)**

Friday The Thirteenth Part 111 (Steve Miner). I can deal with this one chop-chop. **(UIP)**

That Championship Season (Jason Miller). Put back several weeks, Miller's indigestible stew of rhetoric comes glossed with gigantic cast credibility — Mitchum, Dern, Keach, Sheen, Sorvino — only to choke on indiscriminate masculine anguish. Not enough ketchup. **(Cannon)**

Tootsie (Sydney Pollack). The best fun on the circuit even if, as with Forsyth's overrated *Local Hero*, a modest little idea is finally overstretched. Hoffman's terrifically energised playing overcomes the shortfall of an erratic script and his teamwork with Bill Murray hints at an explosively effective partnership which some enterprising producer should look into immediately. **(Columbia)**



Passion **(Jean-Luc Godard)**

Android (Aaron Lipstadt). New World's patchwork look at Asimovian theory bears close resemblance to Carpenter's *Dark Star* but is not quite so neatly under-achieved. Kinski is amusingly loopy as the boss of a remote space station which fleeing bandits stumble upon, although like everyone else he doesn't seem to get enough to do. **(Miracle)**

Passion (Jean-Luc Godard). The best film released so far this year, and contrary to the dismissive incomprehension displayed in such journals as *Melody Maker* eyes and ears will suffice to enjoy the richest cinematic experience in town. Godard fragments some of his most absorbing reflections on the business of living across the borders of work (in the studio and at the factory) and amorous interplay (between friends and strangers). Despite the persistently non-linear form it's as lucid and frank as one might expect from a director who is drawing together the essences of his art. **(Artificial Eye)**

Richard Cook

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+ HEARTBEAT 3.35, 7.15
Thursday 16
Ferreri Double
BLOW OUT (La Grande Bouffe) 4.25, 8.40
+ THE LAST WOMAN 2.25, 6.45

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27th MAY – NEWCASTLE, DINGWALLS
28th MAY – GLASGOW, STRATHCLYDE UNIVERSITY
29th MAY – EDINBURGH, NITE CLUB
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3rd JUNE – EAST RETFORD, PORTERHOUSE
4th JUNE – COVENTRY, GENERAL WOOLFE
6th JUNE – BRADFORD, UNIVERSITY
7th JUNE – MANCHESTER, GALLERY
9th JUNE – BRISTOL, DINGWALLS
10th JUNE – LOUGHBOROUGH, UNIVERSITY
12th JUNE – DUNSTABLE, QUEENSWAY HALL
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Robbie goes WAY

Since America's most dignified and American group The Band danced The Last Waltz in 1978, their leader **Robbie Robertson** has successfully branched out into movies. He's already starred in the cult classic *Carny* and scored Scorsese's latest *King Of Comedy*. Here, he talks to **Kristine McKenna** about The Band, the American Bandstand, movies and rock videos that should be banned. Photo **Bonnie Shiffman.**

OUT WEST

ROBBIE ROBERTSON was born in Toronto, Canada in 1944. A self-taught musician, he began playing guitar and writing songs when he was 13, and at 15, left home and became a member of Ronnie Hawkins' backing band, The Hawks.

They put him in contact with other like-minded musicians and in 1961 Robertson, along with Garth Hudson, Richard Manuel, Levon Helm and Rick Danko formed a group and named it The Band.

The Band made music that touched on a variety of ideas, people and feelings, but the central character in all of its songs was America. Along with Randy Newman's best work ('Sail Away', 'Good Old Boys'), no other contemporary music has better captured America's bittersweet sense of its own past.

The bulk of The Band's material was written by Robertson, and like the boy who runs away from home to join the circus, he saw America as a wild frontier, a place of lurid folklore and unlimited possibilities. Most of Robertson's songs were written as third person narratives and frequently took the form of fables.

As with much of Dylan's work, there was a biblical undercurrent to Robertson's morality plays, which often examined the plight of the good man, living in a complex world that won't allow him to survive on goodness alone.

The Band's music was as vibrant as the stories it told and incorporated the essence of many American styles: the melodic grace of Tin Pan Alley; the colorful storytelling of country & western; the leering bump and grind of rhythm and blues; the raucous swing of dixieland; the kick-ass swagger of rockabilly. Traces of folk, gospel and bluegrass were also in this eclectic mix, which was played on an unorthodox array of instruments that included the tuba and accordian.

They cut thin musical teeth playing juke joints on the eastern seaboard and in the south. Reflecting on those early days Robertson laughs. "We had one thing on our minds — Stomp!"

They shaped up to be such a firecracking live act that Dylan recruited them to be his backing band, and they toured with him in 1966 and 1974 in addition to writing songs and recording with him.

While the Band may have been hellions on stage, the albums were marvels of elegance and depth. Beginning with their debut LP of 1968, 'Music From Big Pink', and culminating ten years later with their eleventh and final album, 'Anthology', they produced a body of work of unequalled scope, innovation and dignity. Their records — and the group — were phenomenally successful considering that The Band never pandered to the teenybop audience supposedly responsible for making albums go platinum. They put out intelligent, complex, challenging music and the rock audience rose to the occasion. (Kinda makes your heart swell with pride don't it?)

In 1976 The Band decided to quit touring and staged a last hurrah on Thanksgiving in San Francisco. Numerous rock luminaries came to pay their respects, and the proceedings were filmed by Martin Scorsese, who turned the footage into the movie *The Last Waltz*.

Robertson's compelling presence in the film showed him to have definite matinee idol potential, and it swept him into a film career and partnership with Scorsese (ironic considering that Robertson never seemed to crave the spotlight and had always been content to have other members of The Band sing his songs).

Robertson's only subsequent film appearance has been in *Carny*, a story set in the carnival milieu which he wrote and produced, however, he has been busily at work on a variety of multi-media projects.

Recent work includes the production of the soundtrack for Scorsese's new film, *King Of Comedy*, for which Robertson juxtaposed new wave upstarts The Pretenders and The Cars against seasoned veterans Ray Charles, Van Morrison and B.B. King.

The soundtrack also includes a new song by Robertson which he performs with vocal backing by former Bandmate Richard Manuel. Robertson has completed a script co-written with Mardik Martin (author of screenplays for *Raging Bull* and *Mean Streets*) for a film in which he plans to star.

He's presently involved in pre-production work for a series of music specials for cable TV which will be produced by Robertson and directed by Scorsese. The shows will run 45-50 minutes, feature one artist per segment, and be shot on a soundstage without an audience and, says Robertson, "without any little kid shit in the background."

He is not a fan of rock video.

Now 39, Robertson has been married for 16 years, has three kids, and lives in a house in Pacific Palisades which a mutual acquaintance describes as looking like a southern mansion. He even has a chef. Robbie Robertson, country squire. Perfect, huh?

I recently interviewed Robertson at a recording studio in Santa Monica and came away extremely impressed. Why? Because Robertson takes life seriously enough that he's worked to make his own have some kind of positive meaning, but he doesn't take life so seriously that he can't laugh at it.

Robertson is a *very* funny man (this surprised me), one of those people with a knack for cutting through the bullshit and sizing up any situation with a brief, blunt quip. He has no burning points or particular impressions he's bent on making and has a relaxed, natural manner that's irresistibly appealing. And he wrote all those exquisite songs to boot.

Robbie, if you're out there, you are the coolest.

IN GREIL Marcus' book *Mystery Train*, he implies that you arrived in America from Canada hoping to change America, but that it changed you instead, and that your ideas about America became progressively darker the more time you spent here. Is there any truth to that?

(*Laughing*) According to Greil. I don't know what he's talking about. I read his book a long time ago and thought it was brilliantly written and that he nailed some things wonderfully. But a lot of the time I didn't know what or who he was talking about.

Marcus also implied that your first visit to the American south was a revelatory experience for you. Was there in fact a time when you were enchanted with a mythical idea of America?

Yeah, and I found there to be a lot of truth behind the myth once I got here. To come from Canada and go down to where Huckleberry Finn and Tom Sawyer and the Mississippi River were — just the sound of those things seemed so cool to me. In Canada you don't have names and expressions that feel good to say and it was like a goldmine of songwriting for me.

It was so different from what I'd grown up with that it made me think to write 'The Night They Drove Old Dixie Down'. I mean, why didn't somebody from Tennessee write that song? Because they're so close to it and it's so taken for granted that they'd never think of it.

What sort of music was in the house you grew up in?

Country music. When I was around eight years old I can remember uncles and cousins playing country music.

You once commented that Canada has no distinct musical heritage of its own.

It does, but it's a lot like the music of the British Isles, Louisiana Zydeco music is rooted in Acadia, and in Canada there's a music called Acadian that's comparable to Zydeco. Acadian music features accordian and fiddle and is comparable to Irish jigs.

You once described 'Northern Lights, Southern Cross' as being The Band's most Canadian record. How so?

(*Laughing*) I don't know, maybe because it had 'Acadian Driftwood' on it. I said that? Jesus, I said a lot of things! Goes to show, you'll just say anything!

***Village Voice* critic Robert Christgau once commented that "The Band seemed overly worried about the passing of the world as they knew it, and always looked backwards because the future presents itself as a vacuum." Is that an accurate observation?**

He might have been talking about something specific, but on the chance that he wasn't, I don't know anything about the future so how could I write about it? I do know about what's happened and I've had a chance to understand it.

As to the band's music being obsessed with the past, things about the past *do* stand out. And, there was a challenge to writing something about the past that had a timeless quality to it, to create the feeling that the song could've been written a hundred years ago, or now, or anytime.

We did do one record that sort of posed the question, what are things coming to? 'Cahoots' dealt with extinction, and that was the record that had 'Life Is A Carnival' on it. It's sad, you know, when you see things like carnivals and blacksmiths vanishing, but I think everyone feels sad to see those things go, and that feeling isn't something that was unique to The Band. (*Laughing*) I mean, you never hear anybody say, fuck the blacksmiths!

Have you ever formally researched American history and traditional music styles, or did you just pick up a feel for those things by playing juke joints in the south and whatnot?

Most of what I've learned came from the folk music people that I knew. Bob Dylan in particular told me about a lot of things and played songs for me. I learned a lot through him.

YOU ONCE made the comment "when you get very close to mythology you get very close to insanity". Can you elaborate on that?

(*Laughing*) No, I can't. Where did I say that? It sounds good! It's true. At the time I was obviously thinking about something.

You've always downplayed yourself as a vocalist. How do you feel about yourself as a singer?

I was with a group that I think was an unusually legitimate band, in terms of being a band. Everybody did something, like a little workshop. You know, one guy fixed the electricity, one guy repaired the window, and everybody had their little job. If I had been writing the songs, playing lead guitar *and* doing the singing, it wouldn't have been a band anymore. The Band was like spokes in a wheel. It had real balance and everybody felt good about what they were doing and knew they weren't expendable.

So, that was the reason why I didn't sing. Now that I don't have those guys around all the time, I don't have any choice but to sing my songs.

Are you still in contact with the other members of The Band?

I see them every once in a while. Rick (Danko) and Levon (Helm) are living in Woodstock again. Richard (Manuel) sang on a few tracks on the *King Of Comedy* soundtrack. He still lives in LA and he's in great shape, seems real calm.

Why was an authorised version of 'The Basement Tapes' finally released?

That was really initiated by the public. That was the first big bootleg and we felt it was a bit of history, so rather than have it coming out on nineteenth generation pressings, we thought we'd do it decently.

The songs were recorded as songwriters demos and the idea was to send them around and see if anybody wanted to record them. At that time the songs just kept coming and we all felt there was something amazing going on. Somebody would figure something out, we'd run down to the basement and record it, and a little later there'd be another one. I'd be in the bedroom with the guitar, Bob would be at the typewriter, and somebody else would be in the corner working on something. It was definitely happening and it was really exhilarating.

Have you enjoyed being famous?

At first it was enjoyable, but then it got crazed. You could see that when you take regular, half decent people and put them in that situation, they invariably become totally fucked up. It's that same old Elvis Presley story. It's as if there's some kind of disease that lurks around fame.

What's been your biggest disappointment in life?

I don't know if I've had a big disappointment in life, and if I have, I try not to think about it too much. I don't know, I always thought about being the King of France but it never came up, so what can you do? Seriously, I don't have many gripes. I've always thought of myself as being very lucky in that nobody tells me I can't make music or movies or whatever seems to be a good idea at the moment. There are a lot of talented people who can't get the time of day.

How autobiographical is your writing?

I like to think of myself more as a storyteller than as someone who writes about themselves all the time. I don't think that I spill my heart and soul out.

Do you like writing that does that?

It's OK, but it embarrasses me a little bit, me, me, me, me. I did this, I went there, look at me. (Sings the first line of 'Misty') *"Look at me!"* (*Laughing*) Can you imagine writing a song with a first line of *"look at me!?"*

ROCKABILLY and American roots music were founding stones for The Band. What do you think of The Stray Cats, The Blasters and the rest of the groups currently popularising rockabilly? Do you think they capture the spirit of that music?

I went and saw The Blasters the other night and they're very good, but they have a problem in that...it's campy. They're dealing with a problem, I'd hate to be trying to do Gene Vincent's routine now. But I'm not one of those people who only listens to the old things. I love what a lot of people are right now and you'd probably be surprised at some of the stuff in my record collection. I have two daughters, 12 and 14 years-old, and they turn me on to a lot of things. They took me to see Devo, Peter Gabriel, Neil Young.

In talking about the filmed music projects you're working on with Martin Scorsese, you described them as "specials devoted to artists that are really classy and devastating to look at". Who fits that bill?

A lot of people. We're talking to several people right now and it's still a bit early to be name dropping. But I can tell you who I think fits that bill: David Bowie, Springsteen, The Police.

In recent interviews you've commented on how bad you find most rock videos to be. What do you think is the central flaw in most of them?

If there is a central flaw it would probably be that they don't have enough money to do them right. You can tell that some of them had a fairly substantial budget, but most of them are approached as little record promo items. Basically they're made as commercials, and *look* like commercials. And they're silly. You see somebody riding around in a boat pretending that they're singing. Am I supposed to take that seriously?

Would they be more effective if the people who performed the music didn't appear in them at all?

Possibly, but that's not what I'm interested in. If it's a performer that I'm interested in, I want to see them singing the song with real theatre and drama, and they should look incredible while they're singing without having to resort to cosmetic effects. I want to see music shot in a classic style using everything that's been handed down to us from *The Threepenny Opera* to *The Red Shoes* to some things that Scorsese did in *The Last Waltz*. He shot the Staple Singers and 'The Theme From The Last Waltz' like a movie with set-ups. I don't want to see anybody pretending they're singing. I mean, we're going back to *American Bandstand* here.

What's the most effective combination of music and film you've ever seen, an instance where the music and the visuals really enhanced each other?

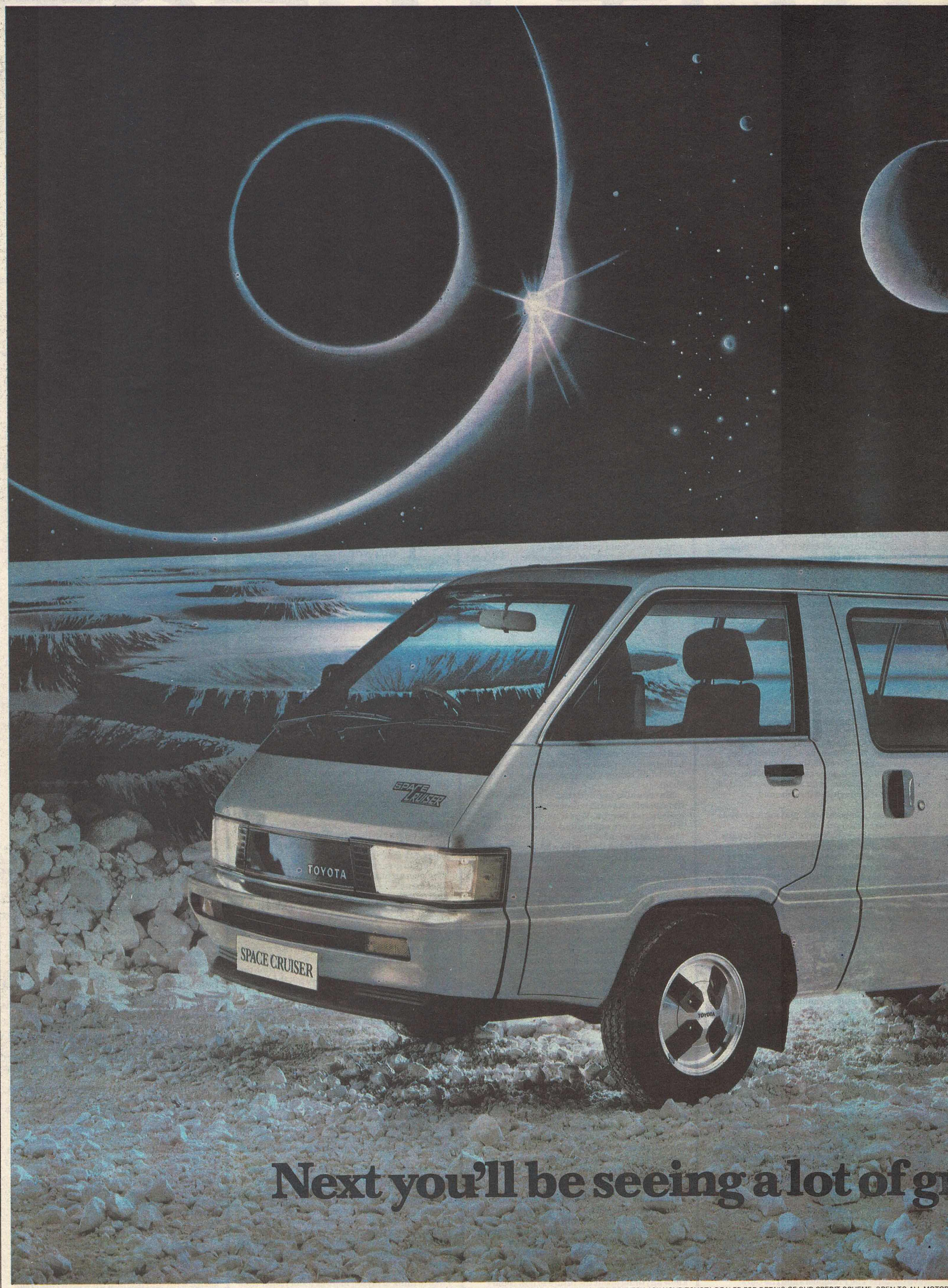
I hate rockumentaries or whatever they're called. I really can't watch them. They bore me to death. I like musicals, but I generally don't like music films or rock'n'roll movies. One exception was *The Girl Can't Help It*, which was shot in scope. It has this great scene where the camera goes from the street up into the window of some apartment and Gene Vincent is inside the apartment singing. Little Richard was also terrific in that film. That was a good rock'n'roll movie but it's very rare that they come off well.

If you dislike the genre so much why did you make *The Last Waltz*?

Because I wanted to see it done better. The artists involved, Martin Scorsese and the cinematographers he used — we were all experimenting and trying to make it more like a movie, rather than a bunch of cameras winging it, trying to shoot a concert. It usually stinks the way they do it on the screen. I'll hear a record and think it's great, and then I'll see the person on some television show or something, and I invariably think, that's it? It's *always* disappointing.

YOU RECENTLY completed a script with Mardik Martin who wrote *Mean Streets* and *Raging Bull*. What's that about?

CONTINUES PAGE 34



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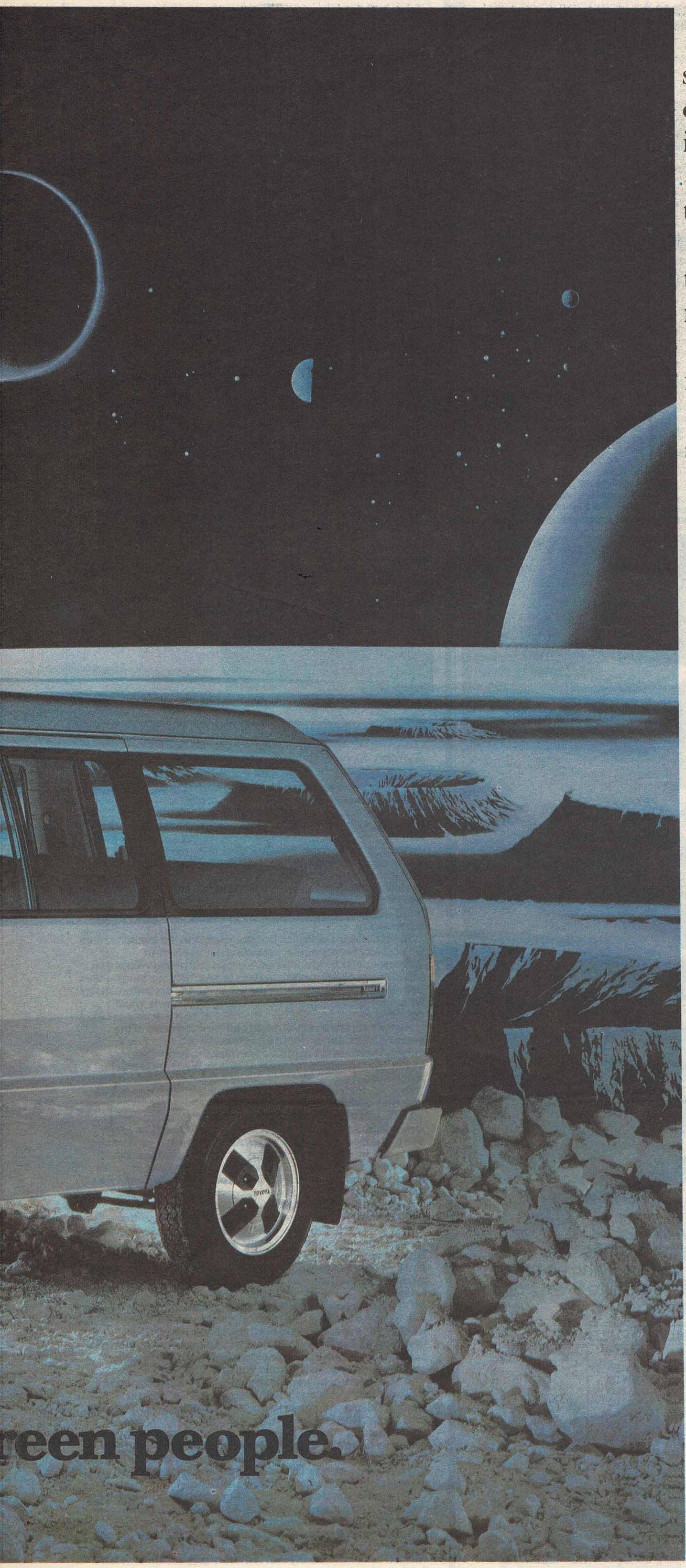

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BONDAGE!

FROM PAGE 19

freshly unpacked.

Connery is, in fact, returning to the role of Bond in something called *Never Say Never Again*, which I await with keen interest.

Other disappointments include an extremely pedestrian new M (Robert Brown in the role created by the late Bernard Lee) and a rather characterless bad guy in the shape of the aforementioned Louis Jourdan, who doesn't even get to sing 'Caldonia' or even a few bars of 'Is You Is Or Is You Ain't My Baby'. The best that can be said for director John Glen is that he locomotes the action along at a fairly sustained pace, manipulating the props with sufficient energy to keep the film from collapsing in its tracks every few minutes.

He doesn't seem to have bothered much with the actors: Maude Adams doesn't even seem ot have been given a character to play: simply a name, a wardrobe and a few lines of dialogue that have no other function than to tell other characters bits of information that they need to keep the plot moving. When she calls Moore "a paid assassin" he rapes her, and she is then utterly loyal to him for the remaining duration of the movie.

Octopussy is, of course, merely 'fluff' or 'entertainment.' Even by those carefully adjusted and garbage-compensated standards, it is determinedly third-rate. James Bond has, in the manicured hands of Roger Moore, declined to the point where even Indiana Jones and the *Star Wars* cast are comparatively well-rounded characters.

By comparison, Arnold Schwarzenegger's performance as Conan was *acting,* and when one thinks back to other '60s spy cycles such as James Coburn's *Flint* films and Michael Caine's Len Deighton trilogy, one wishes that producer Albert Broccoli had knocked it on the head when Connery quit.

(On the other hand, maybe things could have been worse. They might still be making Matt Helm films with Dean Martin.)

Charles Shaar Murray

ON THE BOX

FROM PAGE 19

scripted by Alan Plater and starring Hywel Bennet. Watch for a few hints on contemporary career opportunities. **(BBC1)**

The War Wagon (Burt Kennedy 1967). Light-hearted western caper starring John Wayne, Kirk Douglas and a young Bruce Dern. **(BBC1)**

The Owl And The Pussycat (Herbert Ross 1970). Mouthy call-girl Barbra Streisand links up with schlemiel bookstore clerk George Segal. Lotsa laffs for a romantic comedy. **(BBC1)**

There Was A War When I Was A Child (Sadaro Saito 1982). Recent Japanese film, set in the later stages of WW2, about the greening of an evacuee child in a remote village. Sounds like a first cousin to Ishiguro's *Pale View Of Hills.* **(BBC2)**

Square Pegs. Easy-going, sporadically amusing teen sitcom about life in an American high school. **(C4)**

Makers. The second of this series of arts documentaries focuses on the work of American composer Charles Ives. **(C4)**

Jane Eyre (Robert Stevenson 1944). The definitive screen version, dominated by Orson Welles' portrayal of Rochester. Can't keep a good ham down, eh? **(C4)**

SUNDAY JUNE 12

These Three (William Wyler 1936). The first of Wyler's two versions of the Lillian Hellman play *The Children's Hour,* about two schoolteachers whose lives are ruined by a pupil's accusations of lesbianism. in this version, starring Miriam Hopkins and Merle Oberon, the lesbian theme is transposed to heterosexual action. This *was* the '30s, after all. **(C4)**

The South Bank Show: Ken Russell's View Of The Planets. Ken being well-known for his subtle, sensitive approach to The Arts, maybe we can expect a few out-takes from *Altered States* in this cross-cultural exercise. **(ITV)**

Summer Wishes, Winter Dreams (Gilbert Cates 1973). Earnest attempt at an American *Wild Strawberries;* Joanne Woodward and Martin Balsam take a tour of European battle scenes in an attempt to sort out their marriage (or America, if you want to go for the allegory). Not a lot of fun. **(BBC2)**

TUESDAY JUNE 14

Mutiny On The Bounty (Lewis Milestone 1962). A short Brando season opens with his, ah, *eccentric* portrayal of Fletcher Christian. Over the next few weeks, however, we get *On The Waterfront, One-Eyed Jacks, A Streetcar Named Desire, Reflections In A Golden Eye, Teahouse Of The August Moon* and Brando's film debut *The Men.* Time to buy another box of E180s. **(BBC2)**

The Dick Van Dyke Show. Funny. **(C4)**

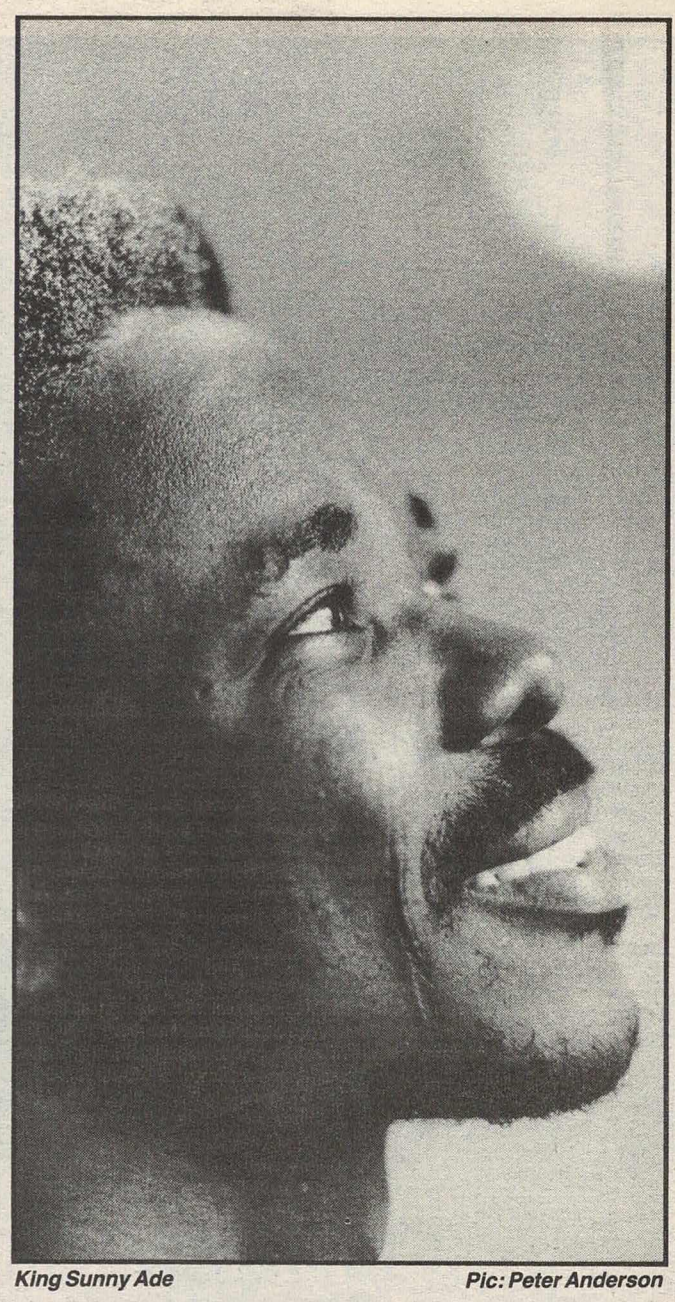
First You Cry (George Schaefer 1978). Not so funny. Mary Tyler Moore in her "I am a serious actress" period (which has lasted from the late '70s to the present day): here she tries to come to terms with her life after a mastectomy. Based on the real-life experiences of TV news correspondent Betty Rollin. **(C4)**

WEDNESDAY JUNE 15

The Black Adder. First of six new sitcoms starring Rowan Atkinson as the eponymous Adder, a purulent prince of the Dark Ages. In this episode, we get the added bonus of Peter Cook as Richard III. Miss this and you either have no taste or no TV. **(BBC1)**

The Munsters. Having tried his hand at wrestling, movies, hot-rods and robbery, Herman now gets involved with bronco-busting. Will he never learn? **(C4)**

Harlan County USA (Barbara Kopple 1976). Critically-acclaimed, Oscar-winning documentary about a miner's strike in Kentucky. **(C4)**



King Sunny Ade *Pic: Peter Anderson*

KING SUNNY ADE AND HIS AFRICAN BEATS

Synchro System (Island)

IN A threadbare year for outstanding pop records, 'Synchro System' is something to set excitement aflame — a torch song for the powers of rhythm. It's the most scintillant and perfectly honed African record to be customised for European ears to date.

It scores touchdown first by dismantling most of the sacrosanct preconceptions and rules knotted around the idea of 'African pop'. Ade's group is gigantic — all eighteen of them are singularly depicted on the cover, a roll-call that signals the King's democratic party line — and they are all constantly involved; yet the record sounds as breezily open and airy as a summer sky.

Great batteries of drums boom and click in the machine room without any burdensome, excluding atmosphere of unknowable tribalism. Voices — grand and proud voices that traverse a scale from opulent bass to mischievous tenor — wait between this massed rank of pulsebeats and exultantly call the lyrics. A mixture of chant, talk and singing: a newly *vocal* sound.

Repetition, which some might call the cul-de-sac of the greatest black music, is outside close detection in Ade's music. There are the hypnotic shuffles, the booting circular swing, the regular bounce in the rhythm: but there is no stuck-needle groove. I would guess Ade has a low boredom threshold, for he permits no step to outstay its welcome. Every time they double back a fresh leaf has been turned.

Of course there are mannerisms and callsigns that punctuate the African Beats' language. Ade's wistful, heartsore voice, one of the most affecting sounds African pop has yet revealed, leads call and response systems with his other singers that layer every song. The guitars have the sparkly tang, the bass the supple and unpredictable vibration — that much anyone of the briefest acquaintance will recognise.

Ade's inspiration as a composer doesn't flag over forty minutes. 'Mo Ti Mo', 'Synchro System' and 'Tolango' have the vitality of instantly written ideas and the grace and wisdom of real melodic imagination. Melody, a currency deflated to an impoverished wallet of recycled tricks by Western pop, grows and breathes in Ade's music. It evolves out of rhythm as it was meant to, instead of being grafted clumsily to an artificial thrash.

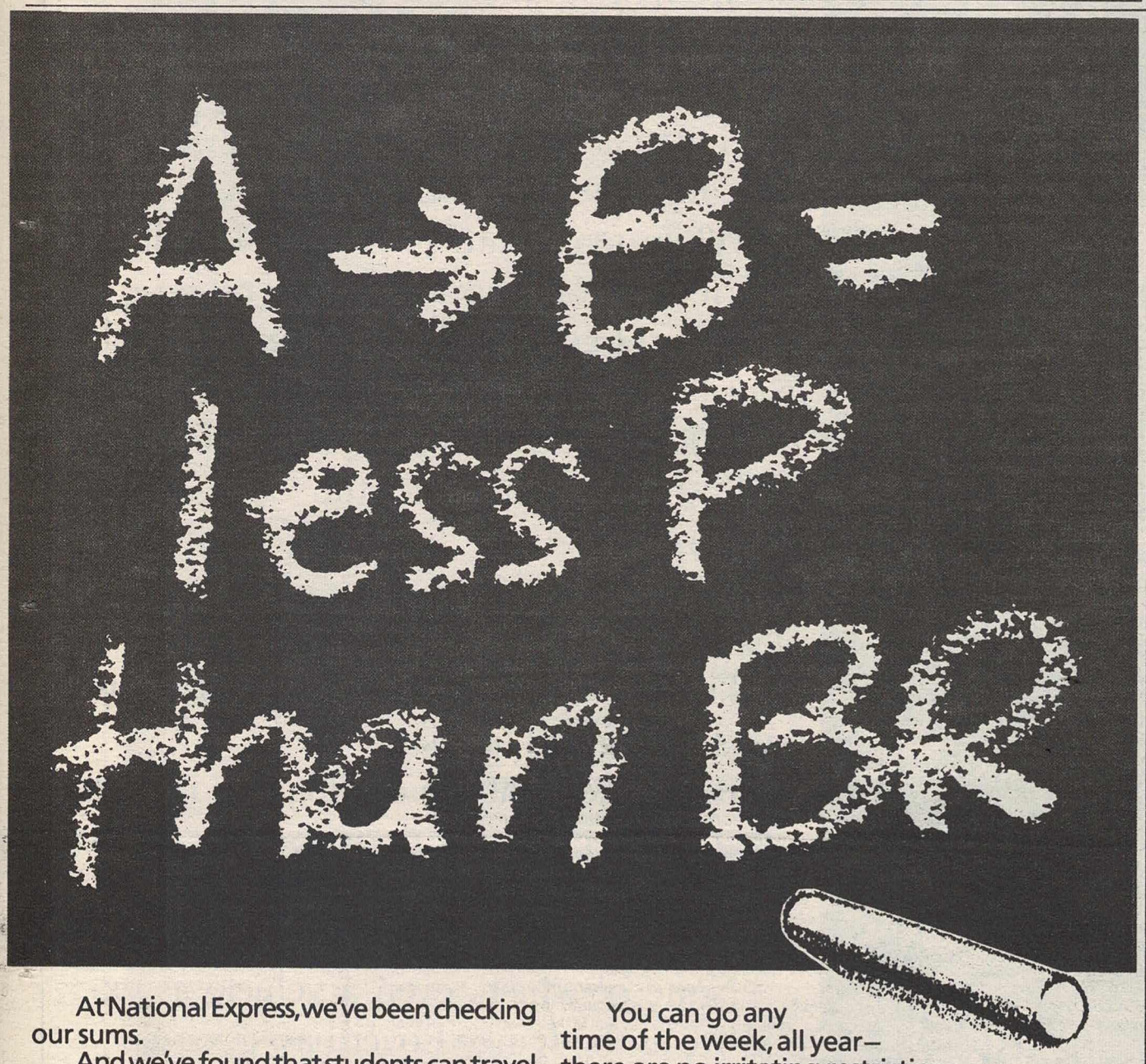
On top of this natural gift comes a sophistication that marks out 'Synchro System' as a major step forward. Martin Meissonier's production is a rethink of JuJu music that transfigures Ade's group without betraying it. Percussion has scarcely ever sounded so kaleidoscopically diverse, so simultaneously deep and solid and bright as here.

'Maajo' opens with a vocal shout that is dropped for a drum work-out that's gloriously self-sustaining — all we hear is beating skins and an occasional electronic flash and it's still a total music. Nothing seems to be missing.

That character infuses everything here. When a synthesiser suddenly pops into 'E Saiye Re' it sounds like a magical new instrument has just been discovered. The only worry is that in this glistening wonderland of skilled recording the truest complexion of Ade's group may go missing.

But what you remember most is a gentleness, something no producer's streamlining can fake. As joyous as 'Synchro System' is, there is a vulnerability in the King's orchestra that still softens the hardest sheen Meissonier could have put on them. A long, almost endless dance — a song of life-enhancing delight — and a humanity that is more than a backbeat. It is a living soul.

Richard Cook



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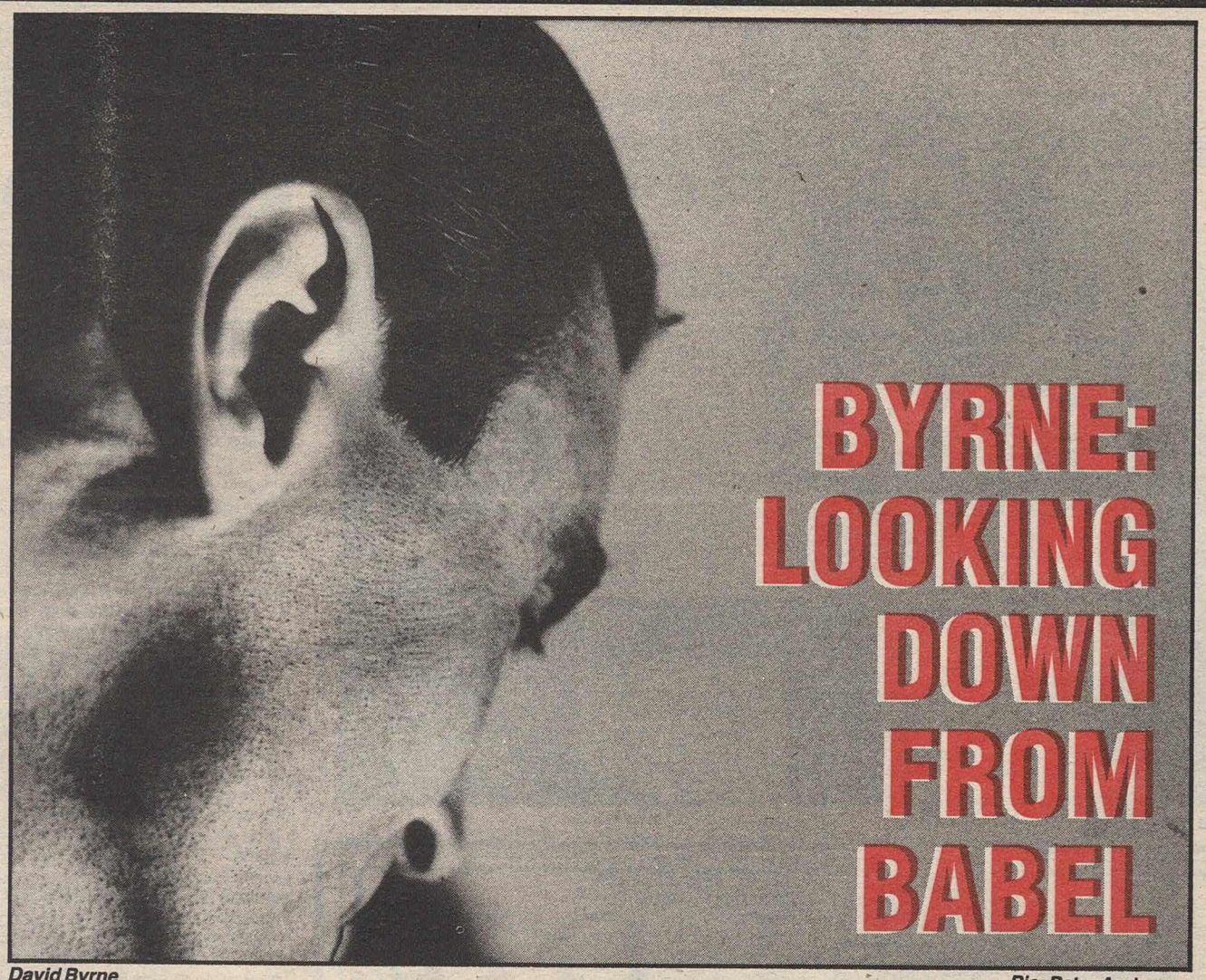

BYRNE: LOOKING DOWN FROM BABEL

David Byrne *Pic: Peter Anderson*

TALKING HEADS

Speaking in Tongues (Sire)

DAVID BYRNE is a man with a moon in his throat, is an intellect nervously filling out a fool's cap and greasepaint, is the writer and strategist of 'Speaking In Tongues'.

The dialects of the record are housed in Byrne's trenchant voice; it is to Byrne's step and mood that the music murmurs. Whether you take to it or not depends mostly on your tolerance for his civilised anguish. 'Speaking In Tongues' is passion organised to the most urbane ends.

The long wait for the record, a couple of years after 'Remain In Light' first set up an Afro-New York hotline (for artists only, naturally) has wrought no dramatic change on Byrne's fascinations.

All that panstylistic jostling boiled down to so much dilettante hootch, anyway: the symptoms of a mind spreading out and netting figments of selected 'random' phenomena. Talking Heads' interest in Third World cultures seemed to miss both the affectionate curiosity of a Don Cherry or the braggart delirium of something like McLaren's 'Duck Rock'. It was diagrammatic, manicured.

So Byrne has cut away his experiments to a waterline of succinct, edgy pop — the pop zip of '77, in fact — with only periodical blushers of other activity applied to it. The urban darkness of 'Fear Of Music', which reached its apogee in the interesting clutter of Jerry Harrison's 'Red And The Black' solo record, is sometimes at hand; but Byrne has cooled out some. There are certain melting moments to be encountered.

To start at the end, Byrne admits 'This Must Be The Place' (wryly subtitled 'Naive Melody') to be his first personal love song. There is something familiar about it that won't reveal its source.

A rickety-tick munchkin rhythm propels what is proposed as a ballad — a drifting, domestic love that's sung directly into someone's mouth — and Byrne has pulled his old trick of hiding his heart. One is scarcely warmed by such a departure, and so does the rest of the record unreel.

Intimations of the flesh of Byrne's feelings are scattered like shredded love letters through these stories of towns that disappeared completely, burning houses and girlfriends with smoke in their eyes: a crowded, astonishing world that is richly tactile, cinematically visual. Byrne sees a million opportunities for love — *"It's a wonderful place...and I can't wait to be there!"* — and they prove to be outside his reach.

A cogent parallel to the sound of 'Speaking In Tongues'. All the tracks sound flushed out, as if they were out-takes from 'Remain In Light' subsequently cleared of their excess cultural baggage.

Sometimes it works brilliantly: 'Slippery People' has a terrific chorus that intercuts Byrne's most deranged accents with a mighty gospel chorus (*"He's alright! The Lord won't mind!"*), and the music is lucid and clever in its spare polyrhythms and electronics. A piano plays a little figure in the mix that is shamelessly lovely, and small touches like that accost the ear time and again.

Fuse that with Talking Heads' knack for the artful hook and the record starts to seem genuinely impressive. But Byrne's neatness has demilitarised the Heads' music. Staving off the rushing globalism they were moving into hasn't resulted in a return to the explosive tension of 'Fear Of Music'; it has instead disjointed some strong ideas and squeezed others into narrow and inappropriate frames.

'I Get Wild/Wild Gravity' is a tantrum with nowhere to go, a sluggish hysteria; 'Burning Down The House' is a queer mixture of muted atmospherics and brute percussive force that can't decide its course; and the soul of 'Swamp' is about as convincing as you might expect David Byrne singing delta blues to be.

While hardly a failure — there is still enough in 'Slippery People', 'This Must Be The Place' and the tremendous drive of 'Making Flippy-Floppy' and 'Girlfriend Is Better' to sustain any record, and as a white dance collection it plays a creditable cousin to 'Let's Dance' — 'Speaking In Tongues' treads too much water too often. Although Talking Heads records have always been bloodless, for all their paranoid rage, Byrne has now retreated instead of refined.

The most disappointing aspect is that the suggestion of a sprawling, intoxicated systems music in 'Listening Wind' and 'Once In A Lifetime' has been reined in to these much plainer pastures. The irony must be that in getting back to proper Talking Heads music, Byrne has all but dissolved the group's character. The tongues spoken here are all his own.

Richard Cook

CULT DEATH THROES

THE SOUTHERN DEATH CULT

The Southern Death Cult (Beggar's Banquet)

NOW THAT the disorder has been realised and The Southern Death Cult are no more at least it is possible to look back on the band with the rigour of constructive criticism without being nailed to some spurious 'backlash' charge.

Last winter The Southern Death Cult had become inflamed out of all proportion. They realised it themselves, but their more feverish followers stuck with a fierce defensiveness to the image that had been created around the increasingly out-of-control quartet.

That the first incarnation of the Death Cult was ultimately a failure is a conclusion of startling obviousness. But, as I tried to point out in a much misunderstood live review some months ago, the failure was only partly theirs.

SDC were a band too much in their time, arriving precisely as the search for a new set of noble braves reached its peak. The result was that they were stretched beyond the power of their initial ideas too soon. Thankfully they've realised this and called it a day in a split which can only end up as creative.

Meanwhile, with hope for the new Death Cult running high, this product is released as the last remnanst of the old, ten tracks constructed from session material, alternative recordings and three tracks from a live performance at Manchester Rafters at the end of last year.

Herein are the strengths and the weaknesses of the old band. You could see this release as the last legacy of the last project, in which case it has a disconsolate ring indeed. Or, to strike a hopeful stance, you could see its power as a force which bodes well for the new incarnation.

Ultimately it's the strength of the spirit which endures, through the vastly improved versions of 'Fatman' and 'Moya' and even the lyrical immaturity of 'Crow' making this collection enjoyable if flawed.

The major fault, if one must be picked out, lies in the lack of control which the band appeared to have over their all important dynamics; there's something in the instrumentation which huffs and puffs a great deal, smoulders a little and smokes a lot but never releases its immaculate promise and bursts into glory. Too much that should be sheer quicksilver sounds strained, sluggish and overstretched.

In the end this album is nothing more than the skeletons cleared from the closet of the new project. It stands as a corrective lesson to The Death Cult and clears the ground for future creation — but there's a fire at its core that keeps the promise burning.

Don Watson

Buzz *Pic: Shrike*

IN AT THE DEEP END TOO SOON?

INDEEP

Last Night A DJ Saved My Life (Sound Of New York)

ONE OF the greatest pitfalls of the brilliant debut single is its too frequent culmination in the dud debut album.

Indeep's 'Last Night...' 45 of early this year — the dancefloor's golden retort to appraisals of disco's inanity — cut a deeper groove than any dance track since 'The Message', updating the concept of a story-in-song with rap and humour and guiding the whole thing through with that meandering bass line and irresistable guitar refrain.

You either loved it or hated it to death — no half measures — which sadly is what this album seems to be made up of. Although occasional splinters of magic glint through the cuts, that essential fusion of elements occurs so rarely that of the seven tracks — total length less than half an hour — no more than three stand out. The rest don't really take off for one reason or another.

'Buffalo Bill' starts with a lot of noise and steam but Reggi Magloire's rodeo rant — *"Buffalo boys when they come to town/They like to jam and get on down"* — hardly breaks new ground lyrically in the wake of Malcolm McLaren's furious buff(oon)alo jiving of late, and the underlying guitar doodle is too limp to perk things up much. 'Lipstick Politics' is no more than a sax solo in disguise, and 'There It Is' is too cluttered to find its own feet, leave alone move anyone else's.

'When Boys Talk', the last single, is fairly incisive and features a nifty nettled diatribe against cheap-talkin' boyos, but being one of the only two tracks here featuring Mike Cleveland's steely rap proper, it's a pity that more isn't made of it with mix, scratch, edits, sound effects and the rest.

Of the three gems, the most obvious is the title track which still pounds a vital pulse half a year after its release. The other two are 'real' singing cuts. 'Slow Down' is a dreamy soulful love song in the best tradition sung by sweet-voiced Rose Marie Ramsey, while 'Love Is Like A Gun' is a blast of pure vitality with some dynamo A1-class vocals from Reggi Magloire and real razor-sharp claws: *"I wake up in the morning there's another girl in bed/You say it's alright she's just resting her head/Love is like a gun — it's just a weapon in your hands"*.

Three tracks well worth buying — it seems a pity you can't get them on 12". There are plenty of sparks in Indeep, it's just a pity they've jumped on the LP synthesis conveyor belt too soon.

Leyla Sanai

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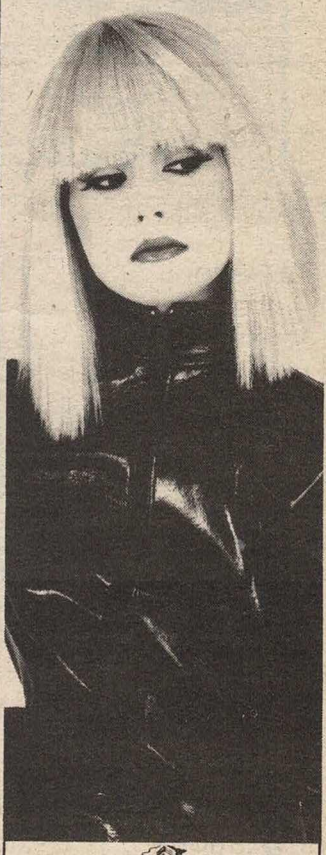
VIRNA LINDT



THE COMPACT ORGANIZATION

King Austin has surely come. Pic: Kevin Burke.

PUT A SOCA IN IT

EXPLAINER

Nature

KING AUSTIN

This World *(Charlie's U.S. Import)*

KING AUSTIN'S brand of Trinidadian soca combines incisive lyrics with a more mellow musical approach than is usual in this generally hopped-up genre. He uses an easy, relaxed groove, but a deep one.

This is confident, expertly crafted music, satisfying on every level. There are unexpected guitars that pick away with an African accent reminiscent of another King, Sunny Ade, organs that glide along like magic carpets, horns that sing sweetly.

King Austin's voice is instantly likeable, familiar, friendly. But the lyrics it wraps itself around are serious.

'The World Today', set to a cooled-out reggae-soca hybird beat, is a look at violence and destruction that bristles with righteous indignation while its musical track bubbles with good feeling. It reminds me of The Beat's best work in its approach and effect — it's a song that you feel good about playing and makes you feel good while it's playing.

The other stand-out is 'Guardian', which takes up from where the Mighty Diamonds' 'Bodyguard' left off. It asks a *"Question for the Lords / Who are to guard these guards?"* It mentions the usual villians — the CIA, KGB, Scotland Yard, and some unusual ones, like the people busily surpressing freedom in the newly independent ex-Colonies, the *"Ministers of State Defense and many heads of Intellegence."* 'Guardian' is a song with something to say and a musical method to gently and persuasively put its message over.

Not all of King Austin's songs have such import. 'Can't Please All The People' seems to be about the perils of judging a talent contest. But on the whole this is an intelligent album with some very seductive music.

While King Austin takes the political side of soca a step further, Explainer continues to push the form's musical expansion. His reputation as a hit maker is an advantage — Explainer gets the pick of the Trinidadian session players to work with. The result is that 'Nature' is full of musical invention, a sound that jumps up and comes alive.

The bad news is that nothing here combines a jumping dance track with clever and funny lyrics as perfectly as 'Lorraine' did. The best dance track here, 'Gettin' Down', doesn't have lyrics you'd notice. And 'Have Mercy', the most interesting song lyrically, is a slower, reggae-derived rhythm made more for listening than dancing.

'Gettin' Down' celebrates the internationalization of soca. It's the kind of song that makes people smile and move their bodies and ask "what's that?". Its rhythm is upful, the horn arrangements blissfully smooth, and the chorus is the kind you'll walk around singing after hearing it once.

'Have Mercy' is the kind of "message" song on which Explainer originally made his reputation. It's a spiritual prayer to the Heavenly Father asking for mercy and justice for the world's downtrodden, and it is framed with a lyrical sincerity and a haunting musical delicacy that are truly touching.

Every Explainer album has one song on a feminist theme, and the one here is variously titled 'Rasta Chick' on the album jacket and 'Rasta Sister' (which makes more sense) on the record label. It has to do with the right and proper way for a man to deal with the sistren and also makes a great party number. On the slower side, but lyrically engaging, is 'Heroes', which deals with the cultural inferiority complex Explainer sees in Trinidad, a typical post-colonial hangover.

Both these records show soca expanding its topical concerns and musical horizons, becoming an international Caribbean music and a universal music, without surrendering its Trinidadian identity.

For the English or American listener, soca can be a refreshing change, a Caribbean sound that's lighter than reggae, colourful and clever. It's not looking to become the next bandwagon. It's just looking for a place at the party. Treat yourself.

Richard Grabel

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CBS

SPARKS FLY

SPARKS

Sparks In Outer Space (*Atlantic*)

RON AND Russell have just got up. While Ron fixes breakfast, bro Russell flicks through the papers. He reads the funnies first, then sees a travel feature about Belgium. It sounds real nice. "Hey, Ron!" he calls, "Let's make our new album in Belgium!"

Five years ago, Ron — malicious, *weird* Ron — would have fixed Russ with a red-veined eye and strolled off in contempt. But he's a lot better now, and, rubbing arms still stiff from his special jacket, he grins. "Belgium! Gee, Russ, that's a good idea!"

So Ron and Russell go to Belgium. Both of them are pretty happy. Their pal Jane Wiedkin of The Go-Go's is coming along to do a couple of duets with Russell, and Ron's got these new synthesisers that sound kind of space age. Russ was worried in case Ron went funny on him again, but everything's OK. Sure, some of those lyrics are about, well *doing* it, and there's this song about being really ugly, but mostly it's family material. And if Ron does keep snickering when he writes stuff like *"I'm so glad that we met, and I like you so much/And I'm also glad that I got all those friends"*, well Russ'll just make Ron stand at the back on the videos. So he relaxes and lets Ron play his European synthesiser things over some tunes that are on the good side of melodic. The record shapes up; it's kinda like those Giorgio Moroder things they did, but Jane Wiedkin says *she* like it because it's like a Go-Go's album. Ron just sucks his thumb and grins a lot.

Eventually, it's time to fly home. On the plane, Russ plays the album back on his Walkman. Those lyrics are *getting* to him a little... *"And you're the only girl I ever met who hates 'Hey Jude"* ... *"I got a real ugly mom/I got a real ugly*

LONDON CALLING

JULIE LONDON

Julie Is Her Name *(Edsel)*

CONTRARY TO recent myth, just because performers don't concoct their own words and music, it doesn't render them any less talented. As with actors, often the true skill is their *interpretive* prowess. Before insignificant egos ran rampant through pop's playpen, it mattered not that a number of different singers simultaneously elected to cover the newest doddlin' from a chart-hot tunesmith. Ultimately, the fate of each record depended entirely upon who best delivered the goods.

When, in 1955, Julie London set about programming her debut album, she had at her disposal the collective output of the greatest contemporary songwriters from which to make her selection. Save for the custom-composed 'Cry Me A River' — the one song that has sustained the longest running pop cult — all the remaining 12 titles had been extensively covered elsewhere. But it was the persuasive late-hour intimacy with which Julie London confided in the attentive listener that transformed these lost and found love songs into an eternal torching glow.

Chosen as much for their poignant lyrics as their attractive tunes, La London didn't play it safe by presenting each song against fail-safe widescreen crushed velvet backdrops. She preferred the make-or-break challenge of showcasing her sultry sable husk against the skeletal support offered by a high bar-stool, Barney Kessel's muted electric guitar and occasional double bass figures.

Throughout, Kessel's melodic invention and rhythmic suppleness complement London's casual underplaying of her lead role and, in doing so, they achieve a more tender perspective. In dealing with the most fragile of human situations under varying degrees of emotional stress, London avoids the tired theatrical angst and neurotic overkill which, currently, has become commonplace. Here each song is invested with subtle ironic twists, wry word games and the kind of detailed realism which so few self-obsessed lyricists now even attempt to emulate.

On the subject of loneliness, it's not the shriek or the sob that highlights the predicament — the personal and private sense of loss in 'It Never Entered My Mind' is depicted as *"...and now I have to scratch my back myself."* At the other extreme, 'No Moon At All' forever junks the most cliched romantic assumption, *"...this is nothing like they told us of/just to think we fell in love/and there's no moon at all."*

Over the years, this LP has become something of a highly-desirable period icon, perhaps second only to original items of Frederick's Of Hollywood corsetry. Unfortunately, such irrelevance can divert attention away from the album's genuine worth. 'Julie Is Her Name' constitutes a debut brimming with clear artistic judgement and simple elegance — when ingenuity was of equal importance as image and a singer such as Julie London was confident enough to record without feeling obliged to name-check her cosmetician, coiffeur and costumier.

Roy Carr

SKANKS FOR THE MEMORY

VARIOUS ARTISTS

The Trojan Story — Volume Two (*Trojan*)

CERTAINLY AN array of styles expresses this box of three albums and four dozen titles spanning the decade 1971-1981! The collection compares favourably too with predecessor 'The Trojan Story', itself already a decade old.

Of course, Trojan relinquishes its virtual monopoly on the UK release of reggae during the mid '70s and this reflects here in a general slackening of quality towards the set's end, illuminating in its own certain way as each of the 48 tracks of this meticulous compilation is.

"This verse will quench your musical thirst," says I Roy riding an early Moodisc recording by way of introduction, and our odyssey begins.

The first side is of especial quality. It includes The Ethiopians' 'The Selah' and Niney's 'Blood And Fire', the two best tracks from 'Tighten Up Volume 4', itself the best of the series, and Delroy's 'Better Must Come' from Volume Five.

'The Selah' is a rumbling bass psalm in grounation style, while 'Blood And Fire' merits that adjective overworked in reggae currency, *crucial*. I remember it being sung with particular venom by one prominent black power character aghast at the liberal encampments he encounters during patrol of a Windsor festival in the early '70s, while Niney himself tells me the song's militance caused him much personal and indirect grief following its release. 'Better Must Come' of course was the PNP rallying call during the Joshua elections of the same era.

Also on side one is the Eternals 'Push Me In The Corner', a lovely melodic harmony vocal that harks back to the then defunct rock steady style, Little Roy's struggler lyric 'Hard Fighter', U Roy on an Upsetter excursion and Alcapone toasting the praises of his sound system 'El Paso'.

The second side is similar excellent fare, if not quite the same extreme peak. We hear the great Dennis Brown's plaintive 'What About The Half' and the great Alton Ellis exact a superb disgruntled performance on 'Big Bad Boy', perforce a quirky rhythm featuring the hand of Keith Hudson somewhere in the mix. Also some strong DJ lyrics, Shortie's rocking yama 'President Mash Up The Resident', one of a handful of releases from Winston Scotland's shortlived career 'My Little Filly': *"Introducing for this skank herealong with the man called Noel Brown, along with the man called Pat Satchmo and the little brother called Scotty"* — ie The Chosen Few interpreting 'Playgirl' — and Scotty's own brilliant 'Skank In Bed'. What more can I say of a record I wore out two copies of than what you fixing for me girl, ackee and saltfish?

Sides three and four reflect Trojan's beginning decline. During this period the best Jamaican reggae was coming out here on Bamboo, Banana and a growing number of smaller labels like Count Shelley, Lord Koos, Magnet, Atra, Ethnic, Black Wax in Birmingham and others.

I Roy's 'Highjacking' contains the immortal word "mell" and a young Prince Hammer as Berry Simpson toasts Glen Brown's 'Wedding March' amid some more ordinary tracks from Delroy Wilson, Freddie Mckay and Upsetters on side three, while the flip improves some for Gregory's 'Ba Da', Big Youth bringing a new dimension to Ray Charles, Johnnie Clarke's shrugged 'Cold I Up' and from the same Striker Lee stable U-Brown in hilarious form suggesting 'Don't You Cut Off Your Dreadlocks' as an ethereal Linval Thompson wails the sentiment's echo somewhere between the flying cymbals. Not forgetting contributions from Horace Andy, Heptones, John Holt and Ken Boothe in fine style.

The last two sides introduce another era, though Clive Hunt's 'Milk And Honey' which begins the fifth belongs to both. Enlightening material too from Sugar Minott, Michael Rose, more Linval, all showing the sparser style that was shortly to become so pronounced, and by way of a significant closer the familiar nasal tones of Mikey Dread announcing *"musical disc called the 'Barber Saloon and I'm a Gemini and I was born in June..."*

The final side contains names currently prolific, including one of Ranking Joe's soaring inspirations 'Choice Of Colour', a typically determined Barrington Levy song, Bim Sherman in there, The Viceroys, another amazing heartfelt performance from Ken Boothe...

Penny Reel

The modern Mael. *Pic: Paul Canty.*

***dad"*...and all that stuff about sex. Russell starts to giggle nervously. He wishes he hadn't, because it sets Ron's cackle off. And while Russell's reaching for Ron's pills, Ron's doing that thing with his fingernails again. His moustache is throbbing on his lip, and he chortles through foam-flecked lips, "I have created a MONSTER!".**

David Quantick

IRON MAIDEN

Piece Of Mind *(EMI)*

IRON MAIDEN'S 'Number Of The Beast' LP has sold two million copies worldwide since its release a year ago. HM may languish in the shadow of media deprivation, but its sheer size demands attention.

Iron Maiden's preoccupations epitomise all the cliches about Metal. On the cover, their mascot Eddie, now shorn to reveal his pulsating brain ('Piece Of Mind', geddit?), leers at you in his struggle to escape chains, straitjacket, and padded cell. The grotesqueries continue within. Iron Maiden's world is populated with figures from Judge Dredd style comix, pulp sci-fi and gung-ho action movies.

On the face of it these represent vulgar macho fantasies, reprehensibly wallowing in gore, brutality and apocalypse. But a tongue waggles ambiguously in the cheek, and, as Paul Morley once pointed out, Iron Maiden's world is an adolescent playroom where nobody comes to grief.

As it happens, Iron Maiden aren't very witty — certainly not in Blue Oyster Cult's league with such hilarious gross-outs as 'Joan Crawford' or 'Harvester Of Eyes'. But then again, words run a very poor second to the music.

Iron Maiden punch clean and hard. Riffs are fair to middling, and solos are models of economy, although Dave Murray and Adrian Smith's guitar tones are limited to fuzzy grunt or stellar note-bender. Steve Harris and Nicko McBrain play bass and drums with surprising inventiveness, and Bruce Dickinson screams and bellows just as you'd imagine.

Maidenheads may be disappointed at the absence of a stand-out anthem like 'Run To The Hills', but the epic pounding of 'To Tame A Land' will probably be hailed as a classic of its kind.

So, situation normal. Fans will buy in huge quantities and everyone else will totally ignore it. Isn't pop just one big happy family?

Mat Snow

THE DECORATORS

Rebel Songs (*Red Flame*)

THE DECORATORS: not exactly an *exciting* name for a group. In fact, an overall shortage in the "image" department may have worked against this West London band in the past. With a 1982 LP already out, various singles and numerous live dates to their credit, it's only now that The Decorators are shaping into a more marketable commodity.

'Rebel Songs' is a six-song mini-thing; while it still lacks something in the way of spine-tingling brilliance and immediacy, it *is* rich in promise, and suggests The Decorators are, at least, possessed of a vision of their own.

The recruitment of Pete Saunders (ex-Dexy) on keyboards, brings their line-up to six and fills out the sound rather well, complementing the sax and guitar work. Vocalist Mick Bevan, meanwhile, tends towards that dry and nasal school of English singing, *a la* Peter Perrett. In fact, this approach suits the material, the lyrics to which are intelligent in a sly and understated way. And funny with it, in places.

You'll find many groups whose sum supply of imagination and wit goes into thinking of a name for themselves — so much so that there's none left over for the music. The Decorators appear to have reversed the syndrome.

Paul Du Noyer

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Thursday 16th June
IAN STEWART — JOHN PICARD BAND
Featuring Rolling Stones Pianist, Drummer & other Special Guests
Saturday 16th & Sunday 17th July
MARIA MULDAUR BAND
"Midnight At The Oasis"
Bookings Now

ROCK CITY

Talbot Street, Nottingham
Tel: 0602 412544
Open 8pm—2am

Wednesday 8th June £3.00 Adv
JoBOXERS
New date — original tickets still valid
Tuesday 21st June £3.00 Adv
THE HIGSONS + FARMERS BOYS
SERIOUS DRINKING/ POPULAR VOICE
Wednesday 29th June £3.00 Adv
BIG COUNTRY
Wednesday 27th July £3.00 Adv
KILLING JOKE

Must be over 18 years of age. Tickets from Rock City Box Office. Selectadisc Victoria Box Office, Nottingham — Re-cords & Way Ahead Derby — Revolver, Mansfield — Pride, Newark — Mirage, Leicester. The Box Office, Lincoln — or by post from Rock City enclosing S.A.E.

Hell Fire Club

Heppys, Radcliffe Place, Wakefield
EGS +1919+ PROMOTIONS
Weds 15th June — 8 p.m. — Tel: 0924 383328

HAMMERSMITH ODEON

THE RESIDENTS
OUTLAW AND some bizzare PRESENT
MOLE SHOW
TUESDAY 28th JUNE
7-30pm
All Tickets £4.00
FROM BOX OFFICE & USUAL AGENTS

MCP presents

EURYTHMICS EURYTHMICS

Plus Special Guests

SOUTHEND CLIFFS PAVILLION
SATURDAY 18TH JUNE 7.30 P.M.
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Available from B/O Tel: 0702 351135

GREAT YARMOUTH TIFFANYS
SUNDAY 19TH JUNE 7.30 P.M.
Tickets £4.00
Available from Tiffanys, Wolsey Wolsey Records Gt Yarmouth South Pier Lowestoft and Andys Records Norwich

SCARBOROUGH FUTURIST THEATRE
TUESDAY 21ST JUNE 7.30 P.M.
Tickets £4.00 £3.50
Available from B/O Tel: 0723 60644

SOUTHPORT THEATRE
WEDNESDAY 22ND JUNE 8.00 P.M.
Tickets £4.00 £3.50
Available from B/O Tel: 0704 40404

MARGATE WINTER GARDENS
FRIDAY 24TH JUNE 7.30 P.M.
Tickets £4.00
Available from B/O Tel: 0843 21348

POOLE ARTS CENTRE
SATURDAY 25TH JUNE 7.30 P.M.
Tickets £4.00
Available from B/O Tel: 0202 670521

SOUTHAMPTON GAUMONT THEATRE
TUESDAY 28TH JUNE 7.30 P.M.
Tickets £4.00 £3.50
Available from B/O Tel: 0703 29771

nationwide GIG GUIDE

thursday 9th

Bannockburn Tamdhu: **Dagaband**
Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Orphan**
Bradford Manhattan Club: **Xero**
Bristol Dingwalls: **The Truth**
Cardiff Village Gate Club: **Harfoot Brothers**
Chesterfield Aquarius: **Turnstyle (until Saturday)**
Chesterfield Star Inn: **Our Pete & The Wage Slips/Jumping Jeannie & The 4½ Garden Gnomes**
Cholesbury Rose & Crown: **Strange Piano**
Coventry Dog & Trumpet: **The Decorators**
Croydon The Cartoon: **Enroute**
Dartford Flicks: **Matt Fretton**
Folkestone Peter Piper's: **Emotional Play**
Galashiels Three J's Club: **First Priority**
Glasgow Night Moves: **The Armoury Show**
Henley-on-Thames Five Horseshoes Hotel: **School Report**
High Wycome Nag's Head: **Protocol/Dawn Trader**
Hull Dingwalls: **Wilko Johnson & Lew Lewis**
Hull Spiders: **Urban Shakedown**
Leeds Phonographique: **Third Party**
Leeds Warehouse: **Kissing The Pink**
Liverpool The Mayflower: **The Rivals**
London Adlib at The Kensington: **Liaison**
London Battersea The Latchmere: **Duffo**
London Brentford Red Lion: **The Game**
London Brixton Ritzy Cinema (all-nighter): **The Republic/Avant Gardeners/Nocturnal Emission/Hermine/Frank Chickens etc.**
London Brixton The Ace: **Brigandage/Action Pact/Screaming Bongos**
London Brixton The Fridge: **Champion Doug Veitch/Garage/A-Team**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Screaming Jay Hawkins**
London Camden Dublin Castle: **Doctor K's Blues Band**
London Catford Black Horse: **The Wild Eagles**
London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: **The Invisibles**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **High Zierra/Guns For Hire**
London Covent Garden The Canteen: **Eddie 'Cleanhead' Vinson & Trio (until Saturday)**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Eastern Alliance**
London Fulham Greyhound: **Vitale Voice/The Out**
London Fulham King's Head: **Isis**
London Greenwich The Mitre: **303's**
London Hackney Chats Palace: **The Exocettes**
London Harlesden Mean Fiddler: **De Dannan**
London Highgate Jacksons Lane Community Centre: **Ronnie Golden/Jenny Lecoat/Ian Kelly/John Hegley**
London Kennington The Cricketers: **Laverne Brown Band**
London Kensington De Villiers Bar: **Gold Dust Twins**
London Knightsbridge Pizza on the Park: **Dominic Alldis & Francois Reelac (until Saturday)**
London Lee Green Old Tiger's Head: **Dumpy's Rusty Nuts**
London Marquee Club: **Twelfth Night/Larry Miller**
London N.1 Almeida Theatre: **Alterations/Lol Coxhill**
London N.7 The Favourite: **Jan Ponsford Quintet with Jim Dvorak**
London Oxford St. 100 Club: **Abrasive Wheels/Ikon A.D.**
London Putney Half Moon: **Hank Wangford Band**
London Rotherhithe Prince of Orange: **Keith Nichols Paramount Theatre Orchestra**
London Shepherds Bush The Bush Hotel: **Janice Perry/Mark Miwurdz/Foot & Mouth/Akimbo**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Eddie Durham Quintet**
London Stockwell Old Queen's Head: **The Wild**
London Stockwell The Plough: **The Eggsperts**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **Combo Passe**
London Victoria Apollo Theatre: **Dean Martin (until June 19)**
London Victoria The Venue: **Chris Rea**
London Waterloo Royal Victoria: **Freddy's Feetwarmers**
London Woolwich Tramshed: **Zen & The Unknown Colours/Room 13**
Manchester Hacienda Club: **Hey! Elastica**
Manchester The Gallery: **Doctor Filth/Splat!/Knobbit & Run**
Manchester University Union: **New Shoes**
Newcastle Mayfair Ballroom: **China Crisis**
Norwich Tudor Halls: **Del Shannon**
Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: **Colin Staples Breadline/Ray Gunn & The Lasers**
Nottingham Midland Group: **Dagarti/Mario Bayer**
Oldham Queen Elizabeth Hall: **The Drifters**
Penzance Regent Hotel: **The Recessions**
Reading Target Club: **Mungo Jerry**
Redruth Parc Vean Hotel: **New Jubilee Band**
Sheffield Dingwalls: **Mezzoforte**
Sheffield The Hanover: **Vincent Tate & The Innocents/The Fighting Tikkas**
Southport Diamonds Club: **Passion Polka**
Stockport Smugglers: **The Enemy/State Victims**
Stockton Dovecot Arts Centre: **Spirit Level**
Watford Verulam Arms: **The Wise**
Wellingborough Chequers Club: **I.Q.**
Wokingham Angie's: **Jabba**
Wolverhampton The Woodhayes: **Sub Zero**

friday 10th

Aberdeen The Venue: **The Armoury Show**
Barrow Civic Hall: **Nervous Condition/Prospect Zero/Indoor Fireworks etc.**
Bath Pavilion: **23 Skidoo/Ekome**
Birmingham Golden Eagle: **Tony McPhee Band**
Bradford Manhattan Club: **Age Of Change**
Bradford University: **Kissing The Pink**
Bridgwater Arts Centre: **UK Subs**
Brighton Top Rank: **The Boomtown Rats**
Bristol Dingwalls: **Screaming Jay Hawkins**
Bristol Trinity Hall: **The Specimen present The Batcave**
Cambridge Fisher Hall: **Crucial Music/The Mighty Strypes**
Clacton Princes Theatre: **George Melly & The Feetwarmers**
Coventry General Wolfe: **Man**
Coventry Ryton Bridge: **Streetlite**
Croydon The Cartoon: **Basils Ballsup Band**
Derby The Olde Avesbury: **Alistair Russell**
Dudley J.B.'s Club: **Another Dream**
Gateshead Honeysuckle: **The Flakes/The End**
Glasgow Night Moves: **The Smiths**
Grangemouth New Imperial Rock Club: **Chasar**
Hanley The Place: **Talking America**
Harrow The Roxborough: **Dream Cycle 7**
Hastings Rumours Club: **The Playn Jayn**
Hull Dingwalls: **Stampede**
Inverness Ice Rink: **Dagaband**
Leeds Fforde Green Hotel: **Dr. Feelgood**
Liverpool Notre Dame College: **Passion Polka**
Liverpool Royal Court Theatre: **China Crisis**
London Bloomsbury Theatre: **Dave Bitelli's Onward Jazz Quintet/Julio Pereira & Musicians**
London Brentford Red Lion: **Ruthless Blues Band**
London Brixton The Fridge: **The Colahs**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Chris Farlowe/Gonzalez**
London Camden Dublin Castle: **The Electric Bluebirds**
London Camden Musicians Collective: **The House Devils/The Other Man/Rowena Tosh/Bet Lynch**
London Camden Southampton Arms: **Jellyroll Blues Band**
London Chalk Farm Enterprise: **David Tipton**
London Enfield Starlight Rooms: **The Drifters**
London E.C.1 Empress of Russia: **Elton Dean & Friends**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Dick & The Fireman/Hinkley's Heroes**
London Fulham Greyhound: **Hunters & Collectors**
London Fulham King's Head: **The Snorkels**
London Greenwich The Mitre: **Tredegar**
London Hackney Chats Palace: **Floyd Lloyd Seivright/Gene Rondo/Red Cloud/Sweet Distortion**

RICHARD JOBSON

London Hammersmith Clarendon Hotel: **D'Rango Slang/No Sweat**
London Hammersmith Ravenscourt Park Theatre: **Lionel Grigson Quintet**
London Harlesden Mean Fiddler: **Mike Scot Tracey Band**
London Herne Hill Half Moon: **The Lucy Show**
London Highgate The Gatehouse: **Fred Wedlock/Chris Newman**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **Gina & The Tonics**
London Kennington The Cricketers: **The Republic**
London Kentish Town Bull & Gate: **Danny & The NoGoodniks**
London Kentish Town The Falcon: **Dix-Six Band**
London Marquee Club: **Solstice**
London N.4 The Stapleton: **High Roller**
London N.W.3 Fleet Community Education Centre: **The Bop Squad/Kilimanjaro/The FJB**
London Oxford St. 100 Club: **Jo-Ann Kelly Band/Terry Smith Blues Band**
London Peckham Newlands Tavern: **Tokyo**
London Putney Half Moon: **De Dannan**
London Rotherhithe Prince of Orange: **Monty Sunshine Band**
London Soho Pizza Express: **McJazz**
London Stockwell The Plough: **Hershey & The 12 Bars**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **Juice On The Loose**
London Victoria The Venue: **Steve Harley/The Bloomsbury Set**
London Woolwich Thames Polytechnic: **Sexagisma/Hollywood Sex**
London Woolwich Tramshed: **The Flying Pickets/Facing West (until Sunday)**
London W.1 (Bond St) Embassy Club: **Vamoose**
London W.1 (Jermyn St) Maunkberrys: **The London Band**
London W.C.1 New Merlin's Cave: **Bonsai Forest/The Flips**
Loughborough University: **The Truth**
Manchester Apollo Theatre: **Motorhead/Anvil**
Manchester The Gallery: **The Decorators**
Manchester University Union: **The Cherry Boys**
Paisley Technical College: **First Priority**
Penzance Winston's Wine Bar: **Kris Gayle & Trio**
Preston Warehouse: **New Model Army/Joolz**
Retford Porterhouse: **Hey! Elastica**
Southampton Guildhall: **Chris Rea**
Sheffield Dingwalls: **Wilko Johnson & Lew Lewis**
Southampton College: **Separate Energy**
Stourbridge The Mere: **The Statues**
Stourport Severn Manor Hotel: **Mezzoforte**
Totnes Civic Hall: **Black Slate**
Wokingham Angie's: **John Spencer Band**

COMPARED with the hectic activity of the past two months, it's a relatively quiet week — David Bowie has taken himself off to the Continent prior to returning here at the end of June, the aggregate number of gigs has dropped (as is usual in summer), and only two new tours are setting out on the road. But it's only the lull before the storm because, although big-name tours are few and far between at this time of year, the seaon's major open-air events get into full stride next week — and goodness knows there's plenty of them this year!

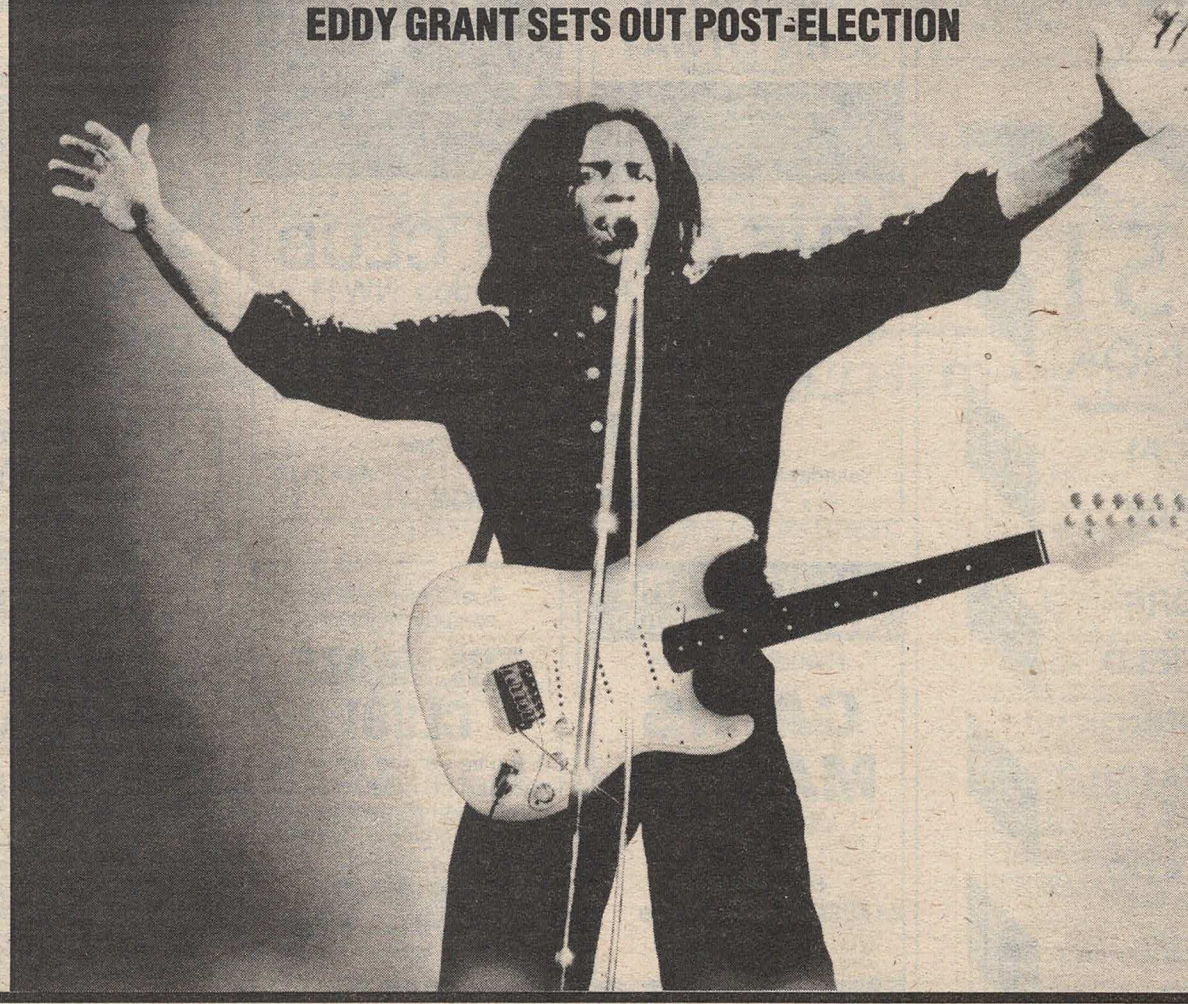
First of the new tours is the long-awaited UK outing by EDDY GRANT, who was originally sheduled to open earlier this week, but then decided to opt out of the build-up to — and aftermath of — the General Election. Or so the story goes. Anyway, he pulled out of three gigs, which he'll now be playing when he returns for a further string of gigs in October. Meanwhile, he picks up his spring tour schedule in Nottingham (Saturday), Liverpool (Sunday) and Dublin (Monday and Tuesday).

Saturday also sees the start of the BAUHAUS tour, which would probably have taken place earlier in the spring if singer Peter Murphy had been fully fit. He hasn't long recovered from a bout of viral pneumonia, and the band have just been playing a string of dates in exotic Eastern venues, combining business with Murphy's convalescence. Now it's back to dear old Blighty to visit even more exotic locations — such as Aylesbury (Saturday), Brighton (Monday), Bristol (Tuesday) and Swansea (Wednesday).

The week also sees Richard Jobson's new band THE ARMOURY SHOW making their debut on the circuit, the highlight coming on Monday when they play London Charing Cross Heaven. Also in the capital, Victoria's The Venue is back in top gear with gigs by CHRIS REA (Thursday), STEVE HARLEY (Friday) and ANY TROUBLE (Wednesday) . . . There's an ANTI-NOWHERE LEAGUE showcase at the Lyceum on Sunday . . . and the near-legendary SCREAMING JAY HAWKINS is in town for dates at Camden Dingwalls (Thursday) and Brixton Ace (Saturday).

The problems at London West End postal sorting office, which caused extensive delays to *NME's* incoming mail, now seem to have resolved themselves and your letters are now arriving on time (well, almost). We're sorry if your gigs were affected and consequently didn't get printed but, of course, the matter was out of our hands. However, you can now send gig details with confidence to NME Gig Guide, 5-7 Carnaby Street, London W1V 1PG — bearing in mind that they must arrive at least ten days before publication date.

EDDY GRANT SETS OUT POST-ELECTION



saturday 11th

Aylesbury Friars: **Bauhaus**
Bangor University: **Dave Kelly Band**
Barrow Public Park (2-7 pm): **Grown Up Strange/Big Among Sheep/Nervous Condition/The Instructions**
Bath Moles: **Matt Fretton**
Blackpool Yellow Submarine: **The Nashville Teens**
Bracknell South Hill Park Arts Centre: **Rod Shearman & Dave Houlden**
Bradfield (nr. Reading) Copyhold Farm: **Twelfth Night**
Brighton Zap Club: **Yorkshire Actors present *Bouncers*/David Rappaport**
Bristol Dingwalls: **Dr. Feelgood**
Chesterfield Top Rank: **Bingo Reg & The Screaming Jeannies/Stuttering Jack & The Heart Attacks**
Chiddingly Six Bells: **English Rogues**
Colne Francs: **Play Dead**
Coventry General Wolfe: **Roddy Radiation & The Tearjerkers**
Croydon The Cartoon: **Freehand**
Croydon The Star: **Larry Miller**
Dudley J.B.'s Club: **Solstice**
Dudley The Arches: **Tony McPhee Band**
Dundee Maryatt Hall: **The Armoury Show**
Dundee University: **Robert Halpern**
Eastbourne Kings Club: **Del Shannon**
Elgin Town Hall: **Dagaband**
Exeter St. George's Hall: **Black Slate**
Folkestone Leas Cliff Hall: **The Boomtown Rats**
Glasgow Strathclyde University: **Bad Brains**
Hanley The Place: **Bitter Suite**
Hastings Rumours Club: **The Piranhas**
High Wycombe Nag's Head: **Doris & The Dots**
Ipswich Albion Mills: **Danserye**
Kendal Brewery Arts Centre: **Spirit Level**
Kinghorn Cuinzie Neuk: **Chasar**
Leeds Fforde Green Hotel: **Man**
London Battersea Arts Centre: **Harvey & The Wallbangers**
London Brentford Red Lion: **Fast Buck**
London Brixton Frontline Theatre: **The Artex Wall**
London Brixton The Ace: **Screaming Jay Hawkins**
London Brixton The Fridge: **The Chevalier Brothers**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Darts/Gina & The Tonics**
London Camden Dublin Castle: **Mickey Jupp Band**
London Camden Electric Ballroom: **Shriekback/Maximum Joy/Urban Shakedown**
London Catford Saxon Tavern: **Tredegar**
London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: **The Invisibles**
London Deptford Albany Empire: **Orchestre Jazira/Ekome**
London Enfield Starlight Rooms: **The Drifters**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Ricky Cool**
London Fulham Greyhound: **The Inmates/Step By Step**
London Fulham King's Head: **Salt**
London Greenwich Park Bandstand: **George Melly & The Feetwarmers**
London Greenwich The Mitre: **The Electric Bluebirds/Tango Grill**
London Hammersmith Bishops Park Summer Theatre: **Lydia D'ustebyn Swing Orchestra**
London Hammersmith Clarendon Hotel: **The Hollywood Killers/The Junkies**
London Harlesden Mean Fiddler: **Tony Griffin & Blueberry Buckle**
London Kennington The Cricketers: **Juice On The Loose**
London Marquee Club: **Praying Mantis**
London Oxford St. 100 Club: **Harlem Jazz & Blues Band/Al Casey Quartet**
London Putney Half Moon: **Home Service**
London Putney Star & Garter: **Jo-Ann Kelly & Pete Emery**
London Rotherhithe Prince of Orange: **New Era Band**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Alvin Roy Band**
London St. Martin's Lane Duke of York's Theatre (2pm) and Brixton Frontline Theatre (10.30pm): **Culture Shock**
London Stockwell Old Queen's Head: **Talkover/Makka**
London Stockwell The Plough: **Harry Beckett Quartet**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **Big Chief**
London Tottenham The Spurs: **The Reactors**
London Woolwich Clockhouse Community Centre: **Spartacus R/Pat Condell/Jenny Lecoat/John Hegley**
London Woolwich Public Hall: **Stutz Bear Cats & Company**
London Woolwich Thames Polytechnic: **The Higsons**
London W.C.1 New Merlin's Cave: **Carol Grimes Band**
Manchester Circle Club: **Major Accident/Action Pact/Uproar**
Manchester Polytechnic: **Kissing The Pink**
Manchester Thompsons Arms: **The Bears From Belle Vue Zoo/Splat!**
Manchester University Union: **Electric Jam**
Newcastle Dingwalls: **Wilko Johnson & Lew Lewis/21 Strangers**
Newcastle Heaton Buffs: **Caffrey**
Nottingham Midland Group: **The Lost Jockey**
Nottingham Royal Concert Hall: **Eddy Grant**
Prestatyn 69 Club: **Passion Polka**
Sheffield Dingwalls: **Humphrey Lyttelton Band**
Sheffield The Hanover: **A Bohemian Situation**
Sheffield The Leadmill: **The Box**
Shildon Civic Hall: **Major Accident**
Southampton Joiners Arms: **Un Deux Twang**
Staines Town Hall: **The Truth**
Washington Biddick Farm Arts Centre: **Brian Cookman**
Wishaw Crown Hotel (lunchtime): **The Pests**
Wokingham Angie's: **Naughty Thoughts/Potentially Disasterous**

sunday 12th

Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Sub Zero**
Bradford Manhattan Club: **Xero**
Bromley The Northover (lunchtime): **Bill Scott & Ian Ellis**
Colne Francs: **Starfighters**
Croydon Fairfield Hall: **Mezzoforte**
Croydon The Cartoon: **Hollywood (lunchtime)/The Drivers (evening)**
Dudley J.B.'s Club: **Willie & The Poorboys**
Dunstable Queensway Hall: **The Truth**
High Wycombe Nag's Head: **The Alligators**

CONTINUES OVER

MORE GIG GUIDE

Bauhaus on the road

Left: PETER MURPHY

Kettering King's Arms (lunchtime): **Dave Johnson Jazz Band & Guests**
Liverpool Royal Court Theatre: **Eddy Grant**
London Battersea Arts Centre (lunchtime): **Bob Taylor's Full Frontal Rhythm Boys**
London Battersea Nag's Head: **Jugular Vein**
London Battersea The Latchmere (lunchtime): **Major Wiley**
London Brentford Red Lion: **Fast Buck (lunchtime)/Rodeo (evening)**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Roy Harper/Shazam/Mick Ralphs/Chris Jagger**
London Camden Dublin Castle: **The Elderly Brothers (lunchtime)/Laverne Brown Band (evening)**
London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: **The Invisibles**
London Finchley Torrington: **Morrissey Mullen**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Little Sister**
London Fulham Greyhound: **Bella Donna/The Repto Sexuals**
London Fulham King's Head: **Shake It To The East**
London Hackney Chats Palace (lunchtime): **Rae James Quintet**
London Hammersmith Clarendon Hotel: **The Nantuck Five**
London Harlesden Mean Fiddler: **De Dannan**
London Kennington The Cricketers: **Juke Jump (lunchtime)/Deva (evening)**
London Marquee Club: **Pendragon**
London N.11 Standard Sports Club (lunchtime): **Young Jazz Big Band**
London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt (lunchtime): **Pete Neighbour Band**
London Oxford St. 100 Club: **Littlejohn's Jazzers**
London Putney Half Moon: **Dave Kelly Band**
London Rotherhithe Prince of Orange: **Buzz Green Jump Band (lunchtime)/Will Haste Quintet (evening)**
London Stockwell The Plough: **Brendon Hoban's South London Jam**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **The Republic**
London Strand Lyceum Ballroom: **Anti-Nowhere League**
London Walthamstow The Chestnut Tree: **Pete Cooper**
London W.1 Portman Hotel (lunchtime): **Gerry Gibbs Quintet**
London W.C.1 New Merlin's Cave: **Dance Hall Style**
London W.C.2 Arts Theatre: **The London Band/Harvey & The Wallbangers**
Maidstone Hazlitt Theatre: **George Melly & The Feetwarmers**
Newquay Central Hotel: **The Winners**
Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: **Dawn Trader**
Oban McTavish Hotel: **Dagaband**
Peterlee New Town Football Club: **The Hurricanes/Side Effect**
Poynton Folk Centre: **Gary & Vera Aspey**
Redcar Coatham Bowl: **Kissing The Pink**
Sheffield The Leadmill: **23 Skidoo/Double Vision/Pete Care/Junk**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Brian Leake Duo**
Sheffield The Leadmill: **23 Skidoo**
South Shields Legion Club: **Caffrey**
Stanmore Middlesex & Herts Country Club: **Riccochet**
Wokingham Angie's: **Doug Faraday (lunchtime)/Illusionz (evening)**

monday 13th

Birmingham Odeon: **Jasper Carrott (until Saturday)**
Bournemouth The Academy: **Mezzoforte**
Brighton Top Rank: **Bauhaus**
Bristol Bridge Inn: **Shantih Shantih**
Bristol Dingwalls: **Stone Lovers/Street Chorus**
Cambridge Sydney Sussex Hall: **The Monochrome Set**
Cambridge Trinity College: **George Melly & The Feetwarmers**
Croydon The Cartoon: **Deliverance**
Derby Telegraph Inn: **Duo Nova**
Dublin Stadium: **Eddy Grant**
Hastings Downtown Saturday: **The Specimen present The Batcave**
Hazel Grove Red Lion: **De Vice**
Liverpool Royal Court Theatre: **Motorhead/Anvil**
Liverpool The Venue Club: **The Outcasts**
London Abbey Wood Harrow Inn: **English Rogues**
London Brentford Red Lion: **The 45's**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Bad Brains**
London Camden Dublin Castle: **King Kleary & His Savage Mooses**
London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: **The Pokadots**
London Charing Cross Heaven: **The Armoury Show**
London Covent Garden The Canteen: **Lee Konitz & Trio (for two weeks)**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Liaison**
London Fulham Greyhound: **Urban Shakedown/Picture Of Dance**
London Greenwich The Mitre: **The Scene/Soleil**
London Hammersmith Clarendon Hotel: **A Bigger Mercedes/Dig Dig Dig**
London Kennington The Cricketers: **Sunwind**
London Knightsbridge Pizza on the Park: **Elaine Delmar/Brian Dee & Guests (until Saturday)**
London Lee Green Old Tiger's Head: **The Wait**
London Marquee Club: **Tank**
London N.W.2 The Castle: **Wes McGhee & Friends**
London Oxford St. 100 Club: **Pete Thomas Quintet/Spirit Level**
London Putney Half Moon: **Vin Garbutt**
London Rotherhithe Prince of Orange: **Frog Island Band**
London Stockwell Old Queen's Head: **Baby 'n' The Monsters**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **Poor Boys**
London Woolwich Tramshed: **New Albany Band/Billy Adams Jump Band**
London W.1 (Maddox St) Gillray's Bar: **Fred Rickshaw's Hot Goolies**
London W.1 (Brewer St) Boulevard Theatre: **Eddie & Sunshine**
London W.C.1 New Merlin's Cave: **Spring Heeled Jack**
Middlesbrough The Albert: **Joe's Bar Five**
Newcastle Corner House Hotel: **Ray Stubbs R&B All Stars**
Newcastle Dingwalls: **The Gymslips/Red Lorry Yellow Lorry**
Nottingham Rock City: **Midnight Oil**
Portsmouth Cumberland Tavern: **X.W.F.**
Swinton Bee Hive Hotel: **Rockin Horse**

tuesday 14th

Birmingham (Edgbaston) Portland Club: **Sub Zero**
Bristol Dingwalls: **Roy Harper**
Bristol Locarno: **Bauhaus**
Croydon The Cartoon: **Remacadiz**
Croydon Fairfield Hall: **John Williams & Friends**
Dublin Stadium: **Eddy Grant**
Gt. Yarmouth St. George's Art Centre: **George Melly & The Feetwarmers**
Hickstead Cinderella's: **The Specimen present The Batcave**
Ilford Oscar's Club: **Trilogy**
Leeds Beckett's Park: **Shake Appeal**
Leeds Parkers Wine Bar: **Xero**
Liverpool Pyramid Club: **The Brazier Brothers**
Liverpool State Rooms: **Kissing The Pink**
London Adlib at The Kensington: **The Walking Floors/The Tempest**
London Battersea The Latchmere: **Alan Francis**
London Brentford Red Lion: **Juice On The Loose**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Tenpole Tudor**
London Camden Dublin Castle: **Jay Stapley's Chiswick Flyovers**
London Canning Town The Balmoral: **The Wrectangles**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **The Game**
London Fulham Greyhound: **Throwing Stones/G.I. Orange**
London Greenwich The Mitre: **Hot House/Red Brick Houses**
London Hammersmith Clarendon Hotel: **Bourbonese Qualk/Nocturnal Emissions**
London Hampstead New End Theatre: **Jeb Million (also Wednesday)**
London Hornsey King's Head: **Main Avenue Jazzband**
London Kennington The Cricketers: **S.F.X.**
London Marquee Club: **Stray**
London Oxford St. 100 Club: **Subhumans**
London Putney Half Moon: **Morrissey Mullen**
London Rotherhithe Prince of Orange: **Don Weller/Dave Suttle Trio**
London Soho Pizza Express: **All-Star Jazzband**
London Tottenham-Court Rd. Bullet Club: **Taming The Outback**
London Woolwich Tramshed: **The Kinetics/Presence**
London W.1 (Jermyn St) Maunkberrys: **Richard Green & The Next Step**
London W.C.1 New Merlin's Cave: **The Electric Bluebirds**
Newcastle Corner House Hotel: **Willie Payne Quintet**
Preston Guildhall: **Motorhead/Anvil**
Richmond (Yorks) Terrace House Hotel: **Raider**
Sheffield The Hanover: **Bob Gilpin's Inheritance**

wednesday 15th

Blackburn King George's Hall: **Blancmange**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Born Loser**
Bristol Dingwalls: **Winston Reedy**
Chippenham Goldiggers: **Mezzoforte**
Dundee Caird Hall: **Motorhead/Anvil**
Felixstowe Spa Pavilion: **George Melly & The Feetwarmers**
Hanley The Vine: **The Artex Wall**
Hazel Grove Red Lion: **Unexpected Guest**
Hull Dingwalls: **Unity**
Keele University: **Kissing The Pink**
Leeds Brannigans: **The Gymslips/The Membranes**
Leeds Pack Horse Hotel: **Xero**
Leeds Warehouse: **Hunters And Collectors**
London Battersea Arts Centre: **Shannakey**
London Battersea The Latchmere: **Wilma Williams & The Combo**
London Brentford Red Lion: **Little Sister**
London Brixton Frontline Theatre: **Cafe Cabaret**
London Brixton The Ace: **Richie Havens**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Mary Wells/The Marvelettes**
London Camden Dublin Castle: **The Swamp Creatures**
London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: **The Invisibles**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **The Hollywood Killers**
London Fulham Greyhound: **Shoc Corridor/Drunk On Cake**
London Fulham King's head: **Basils Ballsup Band**
London Hammersmith Clarendon Hotel: **Foreign Flags/Cut Out Shapes**
London Highgate Jacksons Lane Community Centre: **Stoned Dates with Gail Williams**
London Kennington The Cricketers: **Steve Waller Band**
London Marquee Club: **Mama's Boys**
London Oxford St. 100 Club: **Ken Colyer Band**
London Putney Half Moon: **Bob Kerr's Whoopee Band**
London Rotherhithe Prince of Orange: **Pete Allen Band**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Bert DeKort (until Saturday)**
London Southgate Cherry Tree: **Big Chief**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **The Neapolitans**
London Tufnell Park Boston Arms: **Bitelli's Onward Internationals**
London Upstairs at Ronnie Scott's: **Menage A Trois**
London Victoria The Venue: **Any Trouble**
London Woolwich Tramshed: **Straw Dogs/Second House**
London W.C.1 New Merlin's Cave: **Mark Hewins Group**
New Romney The Seahorse: **3 Parts Human**
Nottingham Rock City: **Fun Boy Three**
Reading Hexagon Theatre: **John Williams & Friends**
Scarborough Taboo Club: **Shark Taboo**
Sheffield Dingwalls: **The Angelic Upstarts**
Sheffield The Leadmill: **Madison Blues Band**
Stafford North Staffs Polytechnic: **John Otway**
Swansea Top Rank: **Bauhaus**
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Thursday 16th June
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Friday 17th June
HUNTERS & COLLECTORS
Wednesday 22nd June
CURTIS MAYFIELD
Thursday 23rd June
SET THE TONE
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Friday 17th June	CLUB NIGHT	£3.00
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Saturday 25th June	CLUB NIGHT	£3.00
Wednesday 29th June	MIDNIGHT OIL	£3.20
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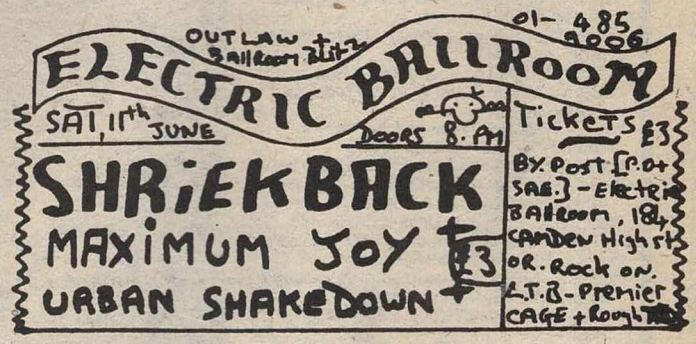

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Sunday 12th June £1.00
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+ Stax Bodene and the Horizontals
+ Tango Grill
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SOLEIL + The Scene
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DE DANNAN
+ TARBOLTON
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THUR – JUNE 16th
COVENTRY DOG & TRUMPET
FRI – JUNE 17th
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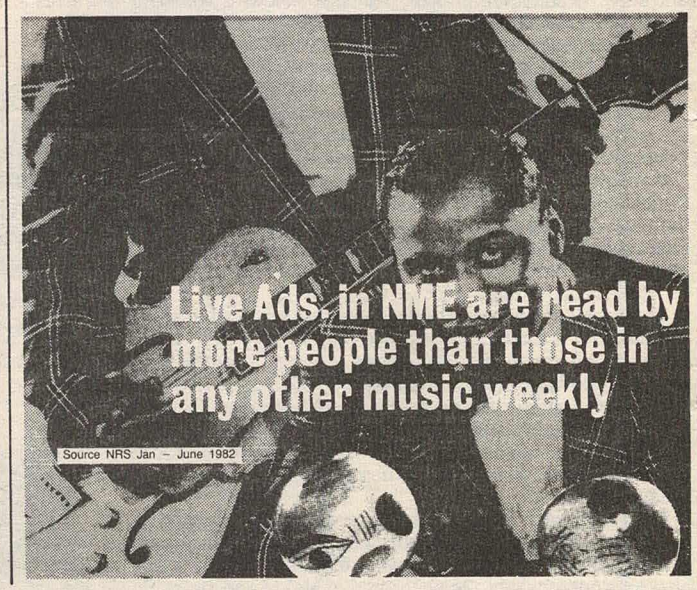

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LONDON

THUR 9	SCREAMING JAY HAWKINS
FRI 10	CHRIS FARLOWE
SAT 11	DARTS
SUN 12	ROY HARPER SHAZAM
MON 13	BAD BRAINS
TUES 14	TENPOLE TUDOR
WED 15	MARY WELLS & THE MARVELETTES
THUR 16	ORCHESTRE JAZIRA
FRI 17	THE PIRATES

HULL

THUR 16	KISSING THE PINK
FRI 17	ROY HARPER
SAT 18	DARTS
	— COMING SOON —
SAT 25	DOCTOR JOHN

BRISTOL
The Pithay, All Saints St. City Centre, Bristol.
Tel. 0272 294312

THUR 9	THE TRUTH
FRI 10	SCREAMING JAY HAWKINS
SAT 11	Dr. FEELGOOD
TUE 14	ROY HARPER
THUR 16	GOD'S ARMY
FRI 17	WILKO JOHNSON & LEW LEWIS
SAT 18	CHASE THE FADE
FRI 24	MEZZOFORTE TOKYO OLYMPICS

NEWCASTLE
Waterloo St. City Centre, Newcastle Upon Tyne.
Tel. 0632 324156

THUR 9	BAD BRAINS
FRI 10	CAFFREY ROUGH JUSTICE
SAT 11	WILKO JOHNSON & LEW LEWIS
MON 13	THE GYMSLIPS
TUE 14	HEY ELASTICA!
THUR 16	UNITY
FRI 17	NICO
SAT 18	ROY HARPER
	— COMING SOON —
MON 20	DOCTOR JOHN

SHEFFIELD
Unit 3, Furnival House, Furnival St. Sheffield.
Tel. 0742 21807

THUR 9	MEZZOFORTE TOKYO OLYMPICS
FRI 10	WILKO JOHNSON & LEW LEWIS
SAT 11	HUMPHREY LYTTLETON
WED 15	ANGELIC UPSTARTS
THUR 16	SCREAMING LORD SUTCH & THE SAVAGES
FRI 17	PANZER
SAT 18	TERRY LIGHTFOOT

HULL
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Tel. 0482 20048

THUR 9	WILKO JOHNSON & LEW LEWIS
FRI 10	STAMPEDE
SAT 11	SEE LOCAL ADS
MON 13	HEY ELASTICA!

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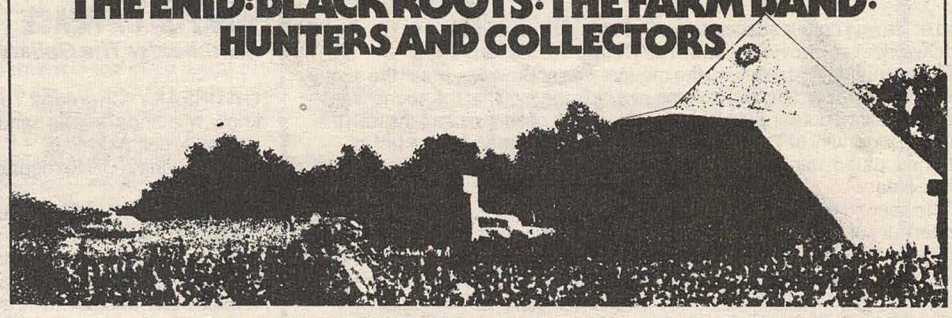

Tickets:
On the gate: FRI. SAT. SUN. **£14.00**. SAT. SUN. **£10.00.** SUN. **£5.00.**
Three-day advance tickets at **£12.00** each are available to personal callers from the following outlets:-

London: C.N.D. Bookshop, 227 Seven Sisters Rd.
London: Branches of London Theatre Bookings.
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LIVE

DAVID BOWIE

Wembley Arena

STRIDING FORWARD without a swagger, without any pouting or preening, comes David Bowie. He's lean, bronzed and flaxen haired, carrying himself with the confidence and sophisticated *elan* of a matinee idol. Although none of the audience can actually see into his eyes, you know that if they could they'd find their own childlike wonder and anticipation reflected in those wide shimmering pools. His mouth is circled with the trace of a smile, a smile that says to one and all "Tonight, tonight we'll have it all again, old friends. I'll take you and you'll take me — we'll ride out those crazy memories, the spacey, shattered dreams, and celebrate that we've come through it all, that we've come this far and still look and feel this good."

At the end of the stage flank he stands before the mikestand, and the cheers from the adoring mass reach new heights of adulation; he bows and says "Thank you *so* much". Nothing more, he's almost humble in his brevity. But, like all accomplished actors/performers, Bowie knows the value of balancing small points of etiquette with a grandiose gesture. He sidesteps and kicks an inflatable globe, which had been thrown around the stage by his backing singers (who we'll call The Dotty Duo) during 'Ashes To Ashes', into the crowd. "Take better care of it," he smirks as it sails over the mass to be bobbed back and forth for the rest of the set.

He grabs an acoustic guitar and fires the band into 'Young Americans'. *"Do you remember your President Reagan?..."* the first night of the Serious Moonlight Tour at Wembley was into its final blazing straight with the 10 piece band playing fully detailed, finger popping electrotech disco funk-crunch and it was the positive summoning of resources we were always led to believe it would be, though there had been several hiccoughs along the way.

Serious Moonlight, with its basic 'greatest hits' format and Levi's sponsorship, is a catch-all megabuck enterprise but has a vigour and freshness far greater than the Stones' repugnant parody. Unlike many of his peers, Bowie grows into maturity — this is due in no small part to his adaptation of a crooner's persona around the time of 'Station To Station'. He is often called this generation's Frank Sinatra and I guess, given the strange fragmented path his career has taken (an institution that's covered virtually every surge of activity in pop music), he is the same sort of reassuring survivor.

The first of two hour-long sets however does little to back up that hypothesis. The opening salvo of 'Jean Genie' and the aptly titled 'Rock 'n' Roll Suicide' are atrocious — down to the acoustics and sound mainly, but atrocious nonetheless. Going for immediate cut and thrust, Bowie and his crew play too loud and too fast; the squash court sound ricochets prevailed until a genuinely uplifting 'Life On Mars'. But for the audience the theatrical presentation was fair compensation.

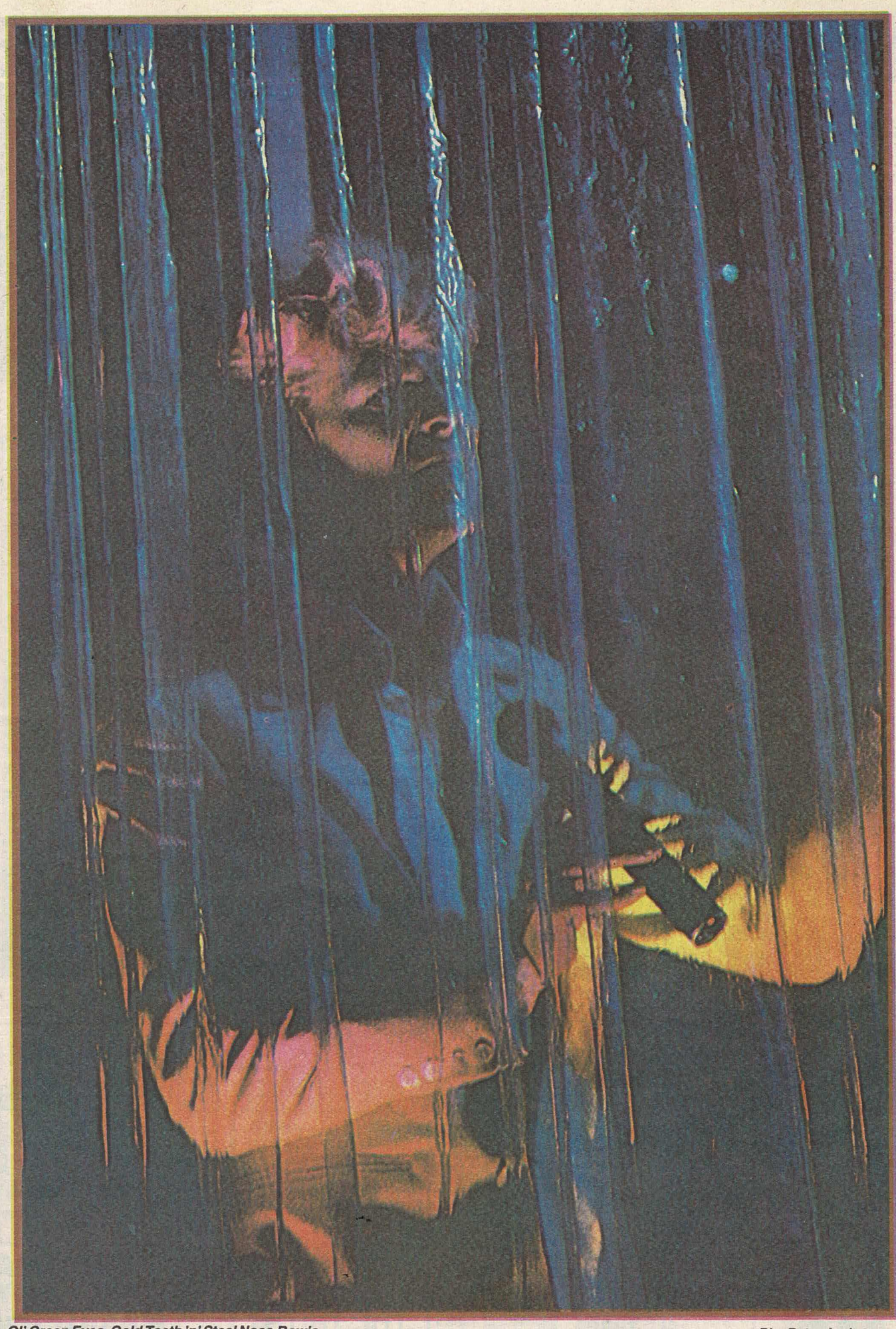
The band were decked out in international costumes, presenting the sort of life and colour associated with Culture Club, and the clockwork/silent movie antics of The Dotty Duo — alternatively complementing and mocking the movements of Bowie — recall the scatty animation of Madness. But nothing can hide the fact that the sound was not the massive integration it should be — high calibre musicians with the flair and ingenuity of Tony Thompson or Carlos Alomar are wasted in parched, dated, minor chiv-rock pieces like 'Rebel Rebel' or 'White Light White Heat'.

The second half was much more musically cohesive, taking the searing, molten fury of 'Cat People' and wedding it to a super sleek funk that allows the group full flourish. The theatrics and Bowie's own performance (faultless throughout) merge into the whole and, at its best, it is a sonic, soaring tour de force. There are still lapses — the hammy bathos of the *Hamlet* cameo on the inferior 'Cracked Actor' and the dowdy 'Jean Genie' requiem in the encore — but, for the most part, Bowie comes into his own, transcending his tacky past and singing with a passion I'd never have associated with the man (though to call him "the finest white singer alive" is pushing it a bit, Charlie).

'Young Americans' was the highlight, while the stabbing and spurting star-struck innuendoes of 'Fame' and the peppy 'TVC 15' took the momentum to a satisfying close. Overall though it had been a patchy performance. I'd like to have seen him after he'd mastered the Wembley sound problem (if such a feat is possible) but I have a feeling my reservations would still stand — the value of much of Bowie's older material escapes me and it sounds dated in today's environment.

However, that would be to miss the point of the whole thing. Serious Moonlight serves its purpose because it presents David Bowie in fine shape — singing, dancing. giving his all for two solid hours. Still *the* face, still looking the epitome of whatever it's ever been worth being the epitome of. For the fans, that alone was vindication enough.

Gavin Martin



Ol' Green Eyes, Gold Teeth 'n' Steel Nose Bowie — *Pic: Peter Anderson*

Him again — *Pic: Peter Anderson*

WEAPON OF PEACE

Manchester The Gallery

OH DREARY! Oh dreary! You know, Midlands reggae band — visions of dull, plodding, pease-pudding UB40 reggae wash.

There are, in this sad world, few pleasures that compete with that of being genuinely surprised by a band. I'm thrilled to report that Weapon Of Peace took me by the feet and danced away my preconceptions. Playing with the same exuberance and irresistible charm of The Beat, Weapon Of Peace managed to add edge where The Beat tend to melt into sloppy MOR. They're younger, harder and hungry. Their inspiration comes from very real anger and political awareness and exposes what passes as white funk/soul for the flabby dross that it is.

Their material seems to be progressing toward a distinctive dance fusion, with more than a nod in the direction of contemporary US funk. Which is a problem, since at the moment it is their very 'English' approach to funk that makes Weapon Of Peace exceptional. I'd hate to see them discard it for a softer dumbo-dance option.

Three numbers into the set and the audience were won over by their unique blend of funk, reggae, pop and soul, which is surprisingly effective and defiantly BLACK. Most exponents of said fusion blanding out into a white culture vacuum.

The bitter-sweet 'Destiny' highlights Weapon Of Peace at their best, an uncompromisingly HARD wedge that drives into the cranial cavity whilst activating the feet at the same time. They also are fortunate to have a frontman who is charismatic, sexual and a pain in the arse. Destined for great heights — he also possesses a good voice.

Go out there and catch Weapon Of Peace while they're still fresh and vital; engage your brain in a little footwork for a change. Men! it can be done. I swear I just seen it.

Liz Neer

DOCTOR AND THE MEDICS

London 100 Club

NOW THAT the psychedelic revival is well and truly kaput, any group within that field who are half as wackily interesting as the type made out stand a fair chance of objective appraisal. Thus we can see, creating a stir and building a sturdy following, Doctor And the Medics — led by the man who, by opening the infamous freak-out parlour The Clinic, started the whole damn mess off in the first place.

Anyway, as the good Doc says, psychedelic is yesterday's thing and trash/ garage is the sort of stuff that today's going, going, gone kids want to groove to. And who can blame them.

Forget the acid and pass along the aspirin and coke and just listen to the Medics' first number which gives the uneducated a potted history of those garbage sounds. In this case it's on 45; the zealously backcombed and tousle haired Doctor raps, in a gloriously annoying false LA accent, between snips of classics from The Kingsmen, The Sweet and The Cramps. Bliss.

Yes kids, it's more of a joyful immersion *in*, rather than simply a tribute *to* or pastiche *of* i.e.this time for 'real'.

The rest of their wonderful set is made up from bits and bobs of a trashful past, familiar fun chords and licks are punctuated by suitable cover versions. And full credit for some inventive and different choices including a surprisingly powerful celebration of Hawkwind's 'Silver Machine' and a very sing-a-long cover of 'These Boots Were Made For Walking'.

As they say in the song, when the sun goes down and the moon comes up, and you're feeling a bit like a teenage goo-goo muck, well, what else can you do but sing, dance and generally revel along with Doctor And The Medics.

Richard North

PORKY PALMER

A CHEAPER KIND OF MEAT

CHINA CRISIS

Manchester Ritz

IT WAS, to say the least, a static performance. Nobody moved, especially China Crisis. Rooted to the spot, they went through tracks *from the album,* which was the main, obvious plug of the evening. Even during the so-called 'funky' number, everybody was stock still, except the bearded men behind the mixing desk. Ironically the venue is normally a disco.

China Crisis are a nonchalant bunch of lads — smoking cigarettes as they walked on stage, chatting amiably to each other between and during numbers, and still chatting when they walked off. Their songs are full of vague, fanciful fragments drawn from a sensitive imagination. These images — generally amounting to little more than the elaboration of a twee title — proved to be the focus for most of the audience reaction. And so a song like 'Red Sails', another *from the album* and really a sort of lazy modern-day reworking of 'Red Sails In The Sunset', got the anticipatory applause of an imminent revelation.

Hardly ever waiting to gauge how the audience reacted after each song finished, the group consolidated on what people expected a song to be like when announced. The centre of the set was of course taken up by the singles, or rather by *announcing* the singles. "You'll remember this one..."

And that was that. It cost people £3.50 to see them and the group didn't stay on stage for more than an hour. They'd done one encore, and that was a repeat of something we'd seen earlier on. "Wasn't long, was it?" somebody in front of me said, quite happily, as the lights went up.

China Crisis want to be blue, delicate, with a classical styling, rather like a piece of old Wedgewood. They succeeded in being precious and impractical. And they only seem to want to come out of the cabinet on special occasions.

Bob Dickinson

ROBERT PALMER

London Lyceum

AS DUSK falls slowly over London, two blonde men in their 30s run a Remington around their rich, suntanned features and take stock of their famous reflections.

Robert Palmer breathes deeply and threads an expensive dark leather belt through immaculately pressed white linen trousers. Reaching for a well tailored short jacket with padded shoulders, he allows himself a self-congratulatory smirk that he's reached the last night of his British tour and still lives to tell the tale.

David Bowie just grins. His body never looked so good; and while hordes of moody Europeans talked fashionably about their music representing pure sex, he went off and *did* it — in minutes, on film, in the street, on the beach in the most inspiring rock video for ages.

Bowie's show is well under way at Wembley while Robert Palmer stands waiting in the wings as Spike Milligan sings 'Thank Heavens For Little Girls'; I can't think why this seems so insidiously perverted . . .

Whatever his faults, Mr Palmer is accutely aware of his own limitations and has paced his performance accordingly, he rarely moves from the one spot. Furthermore, his movements are severely limited by his two hard and fast stage rules 1) Don't turn your back on the audience, and 2) Don't smile too much. Because from the side and the back he resembles a waddling duck, and smiling makes him look like Elton John. His winning formula of laid-back, lilting melodies works perfectly well until he starts forgetting those rules and breaks sweat. The jacket comes off and the myth crumbles.

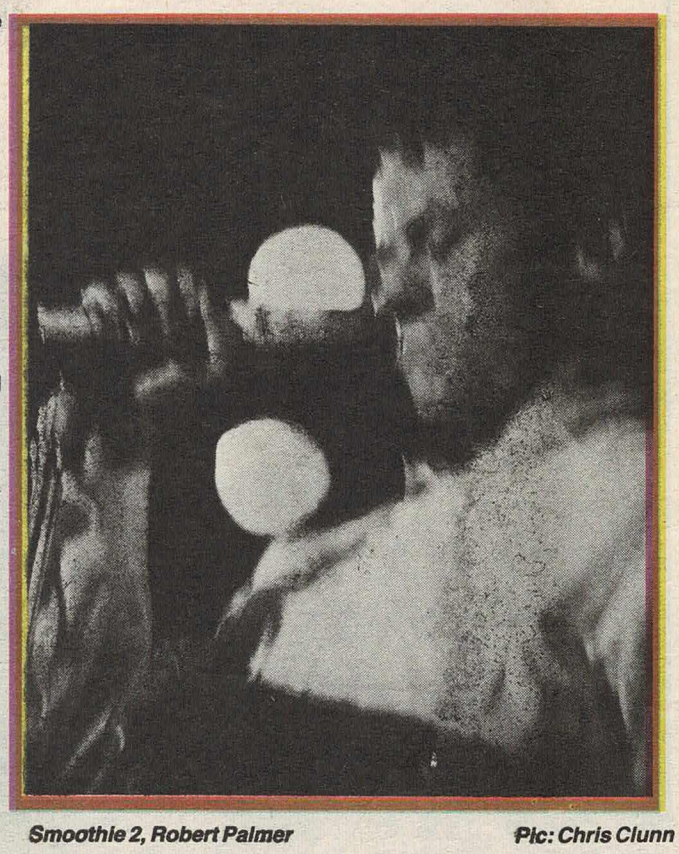
You see, when Kool And The Gang vocalist James Taylor glides to the front of a stage smiling beautifully, and sings *"You can have it (take my heart) If you want it (come on darling)..."* it sounds like the kind of wonderful offer that no girl in her right mind could refuse. From Robert Palmer's lips these words assume the kind of going-cheap appeal of meat in the supermarket well passed its best: You can have it if you want it.

The most enthusiastic applause comes from all the little Robert Palmers in the audience. Some guys have all the luck, and it could be you! — given a smart white suit, styled hair and some West Coast sunshine.

The one piece of Californian culture most obviously missing from his routine is the F-Plan Diet.

Over at Wembley Bowie keeps swinging, as Robert Palmer collapses into his dressing room and loosens his belt with a sigh of relief.

Kirsty McNeill



Smoothie 2, Robert Palmer ***Pic: Chris Clunn***

» PUPPY LOVE IN THE PLASMA-GLOW

SWIZZ!

KAJAGOOGOO cadge a teen audience by dressing up techno-rock as sweetmeat pop. RICHARD COOK feels cheated.

KAJAGOOGOO

Hammersmith Odeon

AS PHENOMENA go, Kajagoogoo seem like the nastiest end of a train that starts in Boy George's inspirational and *self-sufficient* glamour and ends in the carnivorous, protuberant teeth of Kaja's bass player, a man with the most unappealing stage presence I can remember colliding with.

If Culture Club are a glittering, mysterious bazaar and Duran Duran a smart, anaesthetised shopping mall, Kajagoogoo are a Hampstead jumble sale — upmarket cast-offs slack around the vitals.

In their smelly, plastered show they display the kind of integrity and rapport one normally associates with a rutting buffalo. There's something disgusting about men with palpably no ideas or personality TALKING DOWN to an audience ready to slaver over their every gesture. Although such adulation has been the froth on pop business since Beatlemania it has seldom been expended on such a whimpering and utterly heartless group as this one. Mark E. Smith has summed up the situation as well as anyone: "If I were fourteen or fifteen I'd feel swizzed."

Kajagoogoo are a swizz because they are so ignorantly, ignobly competent. They play loudly enough to paper over an execution so dull it could derive from any dribbling support group, and an occasional ker-pow from the keyboards or guitar betrays their real desire: to play techno-rock. They are men who keep secretly prized copies of 'Yessongs' at home.

This supine competence suits their songs admirably because this is the flattest, doziest, most lacklustre monotony to masquerade as a set of pop songs. 'Ooh To Be Ah', 'White Feathers' and 'The Hand' ("This one's about how machines are designed to fit the hand" — which is about the most boring topic for a song I can possible imagine) are too flimsy to shake a stick at, much less bother with a handclap or even a secret gyration. Only 'Too Shy', spitefully kept as a single encore, has anything of the sweetmeat hook about it. It is performed with such blundering joviality that it resembles being force-fed with gobstoppers.

These are rotten people. They *cheat*, all the time and with a bad grace. They sing songs about living together and jetset girls to impoverished young people who get a measly show for the money they've saved (not even a decent lights spectacle), and who don't know what an awful time life has in wait for them. Kajagoogoo are candy-stealers of the worst kind. We don't want to work, they grin, which suggests they could be in tune with the future; but they want lots of money for their clothes and their hair, and if the work ethic stops for the rest of us too they wouldn't get it any more.

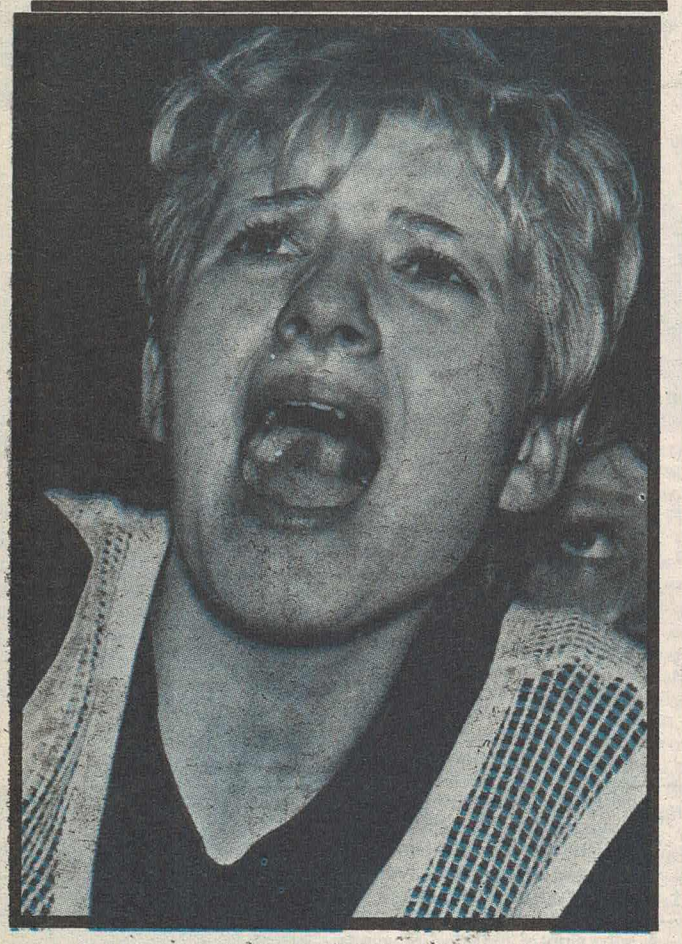
Maybe, in the end, the joke will be on them. After a while I turn my attention from the group to their audience. It is the youngest crowd I can recall being in, and their unlined faces look cherubic in the plasma-glow of the stage lights. But these followers have technological liberation in their hands. They all seem to have cameras and cassette recorders with them, and they are piratically clicking at every cherished profile in between their screams. They will have their booty. They will pick Kajagoogoo to the bone, and the flesh will be dry and cold.

After 'Too Shy' I slip through the multitude, down to the exit...and there outside are scores of parents, arms patiently folded, family saloons nearby, waiting to take their charges home.

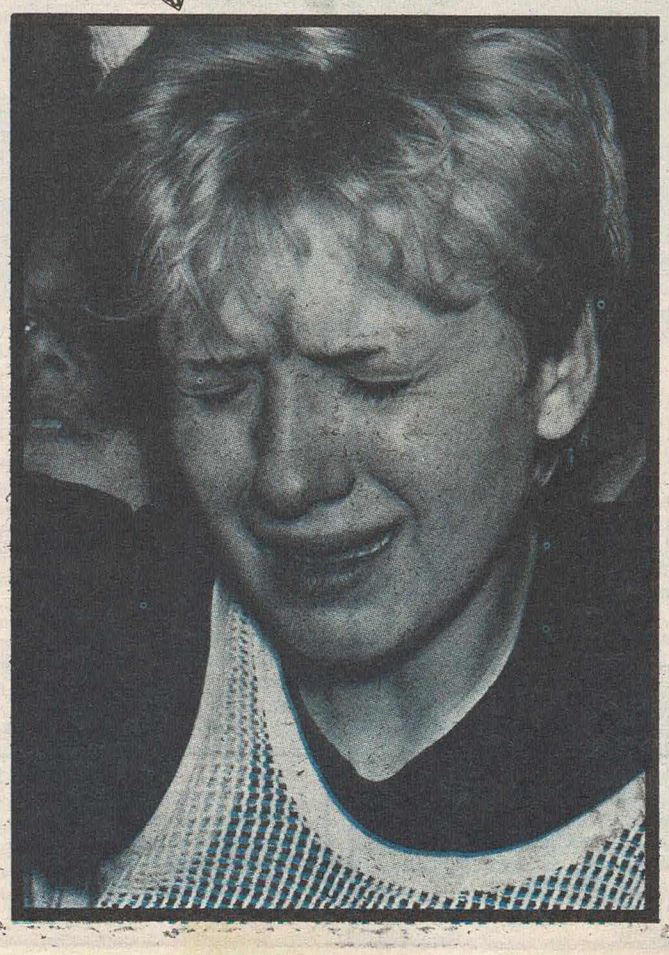
Richard Cook

KajaGooGoo

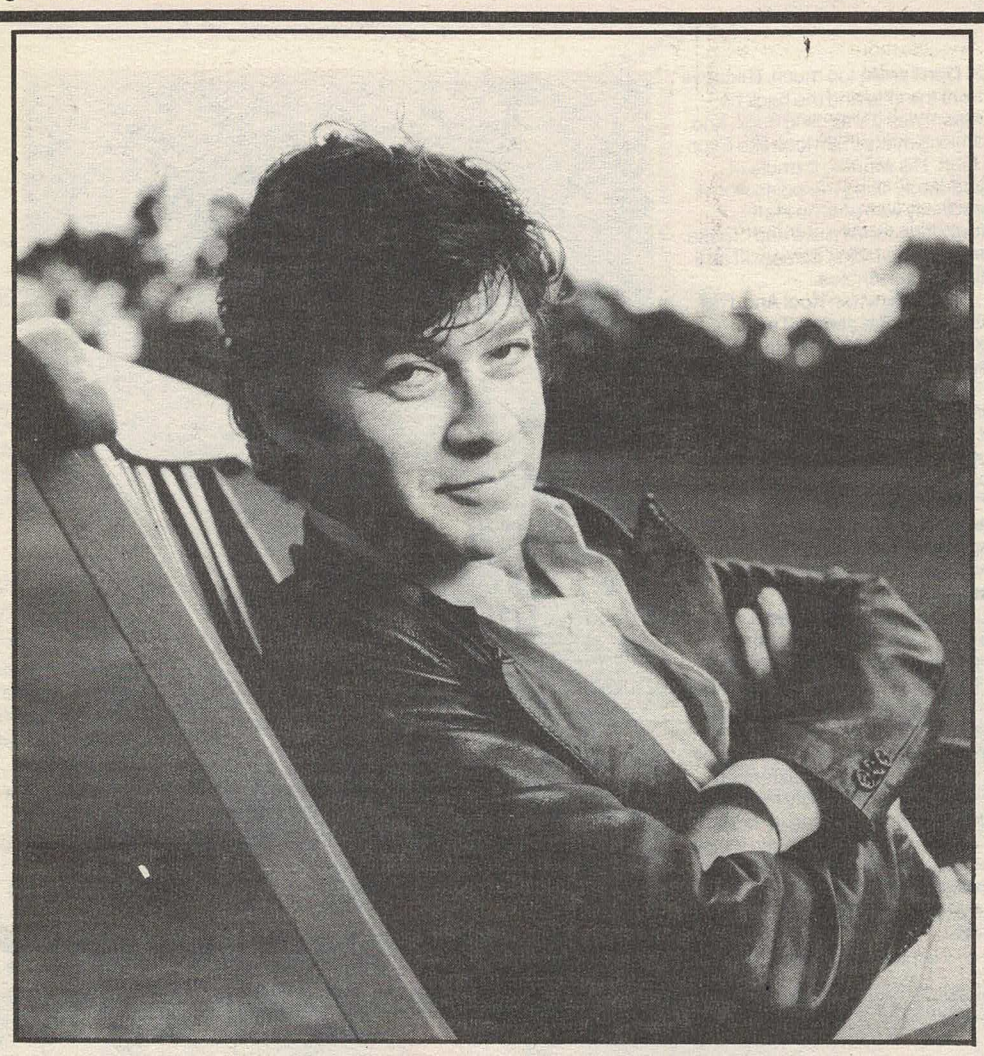
Plasma-Glow pics: Kevin Cummins



One little Gooey under the spell of Limahl's eyes, lured by soft complexions and a hard marketing campaign.



Kaja play Hammersmith — the man from NME sees a measly show, and the young pups think they've seen heaven.



ROBBIE

FROM PAGE 21

It's a fictional story. I would plan to play the lead should the film be made. It's set in contemporary America, but it isn't at all autobiographical. I don't know what to tell you about it because the story is very complex. It isn't about a guy and a girl and they meet by the river and she drowns and he can't pull his life together. It's too involved to really describe. We're just finishing it up now and haven't gotten to the stage of presenting it to anybody yet.

What sort of characters are you interested in playing on screen?

Anti-hero types I suppose, characters who are not likeable. There's more of a challenge in making that work.

Were you pleased with how *Carny* came out?

I was pretty pleased with it under the circumstances. There were things that bothered me about it, but maybe it's that way with everything. I thought it was a piece of Americana that should be done. It's all Magic Mountains and Disneylands now, and the travelling carnival is a dying breed. The carnival world has always mystified me. I always wondered, what do they do behind those tents? And isn't this an odd bunch of creeps!

Does acting call for skills similar to those required to play rock'n'roll?

Not really. When you're just a few feet away from a Panavision camera and there's a crew of 30 people standing around being real quiet, it's *very* intimidating — more so than walking out in front of a live audience because it's closer and more intimate. If you were used to performing music it might take some of that edge off, but if it was your first time in that type of situation you'd probably just die.

A lot of people have trouble making the transition into film because they make them for the wrong reasons. Usually they just want to see themselves on the screen. I was lucky and it just sort of fell in my lap. After *The Last Waltz* I was deluged with scripts. I was living at Scorsese's house then and there were stacks of scripts everywhere. He thought the whole thing was very funny and felt totally responsible for this change in my life because I'd never even thought about acting before. Of course, most of the scripts I was getting at that point were pretty worthless. Most of them were about screwed up rock stars overdosing on drugs, and that was the one thing I was determined not to do.

What criteria did you have in mind in putting together the soundtrack for *King Of Comedy*?

It was to be just source music, subliminal, like in life. You go into a restaurant, it's what's playing in the background, you're on the street and you hear it coming out of an apartment or a car radio. Marty got some flack along the lines that he and were being indulgent with the soundtrack and just using music that we liked, and that it had nothing to do with anything else. And it was true! But what were we supposed to do? Use music that we didn't like?

Who are your favourite composers of film music?

Nino Rota, Morricone, Alex North. Alex North was the best American film composer there ever was. He did *Streetcar Named Desire* — one of the greatest scores bar none — *Viva Zapata*, *Carny*. I did the source music in *Carny*, but North did the underscoring.

Exactly what is it about Scorcese's work that appeals to you?

I like people who take chances and there's a real edge to his movies. Nothing is ever just wonderful. I'm not big on movies where life is just wonderful and marvellous all the time. His movies are just very curious. I think he's easily the best American film maker that there is.

And, he has an extraordinary knowledge of music, from obscure New York punk to street corner vocal groups. He's been into new music since the very beginning of the punk thing, and he sends me tapes that are completely outside of anything I've ever heard. He really loves music and that's basically why he wants to do these music films. He's offended by the way he sees music being handled on film, and he wants to see it done right.

Did you find watching *King Of Comedy* to be an uncomfortable experience?

A little bit, but I saw it a lot so that discomfort kind of went away, that shocked response of, God, this guy doesn't deserve anything! He's desperate to be famous, but he doesn't want to pay any dues! That's what Von Morrison said when he saw the film: It's unfair what this guy wants! He didn't pay his dues!

***King Of Comedy* has been criticised on the grounds that it's going to trigger exactly the sort of incident that it depicts. Do you think that's a possibility?**

I don't think so. I think that the John Hinkley incident was a very off-the-wall, fluky kind of thing, and to say that it happened because of Martin Scorsese's irresponsibility in dealing with the human race is unfair. I mean, if we have to live our lives so carefully that we can't . . . Marty and DeNiro discussed this before they made *King Of Comedy*. They said here we go again, people are going to be saying these things about us. So what are we gonna do? Do we go on with what we do, or stay home? Does this mean we have to stay home from Now on?

What effect should a movie hope to have?

There are many effects that work. *Scanners* is supposed to affect you one way and something else is supposed to take place with a Rossellini film.

Is a movie that tries to change the culture in a positive way more valuable than a film like *Scanners* whose sole intent is to function as a financially profitable form of escape?

I don't think so. I don't think people go to the movies to be taught something. Most people go to be entertained and if you can get that value out of it and it's also interesting, then that's a score. But basically Joe Blow doesn't want to know. I want it violent or hot, entertain me, scare me, make me laugh. That might not be our personal opinion, but I think that's what most people want.

WHAT was the first film you can recall having had an impact on you?

Lots of movies scared me or made me laugh, but when I saw movies like *Stagecoach* there was something about the way the shots were put together that struck me in an unusual way. It wasn't just positioning a camera and recording what was going on. There was something else, something more happening. I'd see movies like that and I'd think, gee, this is really quite beautiful.

Having been away from Canada for almost two decades, do you now have mythical memories of that place, as you once had of America?

No. Time or distance isn't the thing. It's mystery, and where you grow up isn't mysterious to you. I had these feelings about the United States because I grew up wondering what was over on the other side of the hill. What's across those lakes? Those big lakes.

Jayne Casey *Pic: Penny Potter*

LIVE

PINK INDUSTRY

Liverpool Mr Pickwicks

LIFE, SOMEONE said, is an island of ecstacy in an ocean of ennui — and with their debut LP 'Low Technology' currently basking in small-scale success, Pink Industry are keen to try on some new, skimpy bathing cozzies.

Slinking cross-stage at Mr Pickwicks (the newly established playground for Liverpool's young, musically minded bore-geoisie) comes the mysterious, dark, bespectacled figure of shopfloor chanteuse Jayne Casey. Her stage return after two years in the wilderspool was never likely to embrace anything revolutionary; vinyl-pose would be nearer the mark. But to prove she still has a sense of humour, Casey's opening bars sounded like a pigeon with a poker up its arse, and it took a burst of self-conscious laughter midway through the first number to put the balls into her voice.

Rich and simple, Pink Industry is the precarious marriage of rough and smooth, ugly and beautiful. A sound that picks its nose and squeezes its spots in public, but comes home all warm and seductive.

The set was disappointingly short and, unlike their music, Jayne Casey looked frighteningly unapproachable. But then she's a style fetishist with a dirty whip; a closet sadist with a cleverly concealed weapon of pleasure. And by the end of the performance I considered myself well and truly spanked.

Billy Mann

VICIOUS PINK PHENOMENA

Manchester Hacienda

JUST AROUND the corner from The Hacienda there used to be a club called Scruples — a meeting place for dodgy-looking taxi-drivers ("Is Des in yet?") and host to an anonymous trail of acts billed as 'Exotic Dancers'. The sort of place where Vicious Pink Phenomena would mix 'n' match perfectly.

Vicious Pink Phenomena are not so much performers as exhibits — as in Stuffed Coots, 1975 — and to make things worse, they suffer from sawdust deficiency. A sorry, sagging spectacle.

One half of the phenomena is a futurist Liberace type who apparently dealt with the navigation of tapes and synthesiser. To his left was a shop-window dummy with a wig on. His partner was a saucy, leggy woman dressed to please geriatric leather fetishists, mini and high heels, any colour you like as long as it's black. "I'm not your kind of girl," she sang, quite unnecessarily.

They failed to be a kitschy parody of porn, they failed to be fun, they were cheap and two-bit. Frankly, dears, they flopped. It was like a bad 'turn' at The Wheeltappers and Shunters Club. A dire cover of Dusty's 'Spooky', a song with the word 'fetish' in it and their celebrated rendition of 'Je T'Aime', a performance that recaptured all the sexy secrecy of the last Manchester United single. The turn climaxed with Master Liberace politely assualting the dummy. As someone remarked, it's got to last a whole tour.

Cath Carroll

THE SECRET SEVEN

Manchester Hacienda

THE ARTHUR Askey of pop returns. Those of you who remember prototype popsters The Distractions will also remember the scorching voice of frontman Mike Finney — a curiosity in the world of pop-hairdressers, and a man on the receiving end of more odious comparisons than I care to recall.

Last year looked to be, as they say, THE BIG ONE for Manchester's Secret Seven — looking for the fame and fortune which The Distractions surely deserved, they linked hands with other unmentionables in the 'Gang Show' of pop hams. Nearly a year later, same venue. The Secret Seven limp back sans hit single but clutching a gen-u-ine recording contract with Bronze — the company that brought to your ears Uriah Heep.

As cloying coy as the name suggests, The Secret Seven never managed to raise above rather ineffectual good-time pop-rock. 'Hold Onto Love' was played twice ("This is the single...") and generally lolled around pathetically, imprisoned in some Dollar pop gap video nightmare. Still plugging away at last year's thing with the desperation of a band only too aware that this time they must 'make it'.

It's their implicit, passive belief in POP (capital 'p') which is so distressing to watch. As we all know it merely rots your teeth and leaves you senile.

The whole thing is an insult to both audience and Finney's fine, soulful voice, The Secret Seven being remarkable but only for their complete *lack* of anything approaching 'SOUL', but their unique ability to look like a bunch of tedious civil servants with silly hats on.

Oh...they were FUN, a right laugh. But it rings a little hollow. 1983 should demand so much more than a band. And I don't think we'll see it from The Secret Seven.

Liz Neer

MINK DE VILLE

London The Venue

IF (TO paraphrase X) the world's a mess and it's all in a kiss, you can bet that smacker belongs to Willy de Ville. Along with many folks wearing 'I've been to Big Sur' T-shirts — the first English pre-ppies I've ever seen, I think — I arrived ready to give Mink deVille the benefit of many doubts but his 55-minute delay in deigning to appear dampened my interest considerably. Eventually the de Ville visage floated into view, a grin of mighty dental decay hovering gruesomely above tailoring (magenta shirt, skinny black tie, rosary, hankie for nose-wiping and gold lamé cummerbund) that looked like he's slept in it all the way over *el* Atlantic.

The coke rap went on awhile with expansive embarrassment ("We've had an hour to tell our *own* jokes" grumbled the guy next to me) but when Willy finally launched into over-operatic, croaking travesties of once-worthwhile material — 'Cadillac Walk' f'rinstance — it was alarmingly obvious just how UGLY de Ville has allowed pharmacological pursuits to render his voice.

Tonight, when he does manage to stop throwing glases, babbling and mumbling about Customs men with rubber gloves, long enough to render a few of his sweeter numbers, it's just a creepy con; a stoned loser regarding his audience with undisguised (and unfocussed) contempt. When he used to *usher* wife Toots onstage, she looked like the perfect '50s complement to his fiction of street romance; this time round she's equally bedraggled — and sulky Cruella de Ville more than Mrs Mink.

Forget up town '63 or even under the Boardwalk; see ya down at 53rd and 3rd, Willy. The sorry sight of impacted intestines staring you in the face from within *Shaft*-skinny drainpipes ain't worth *nobody's* £4.20.

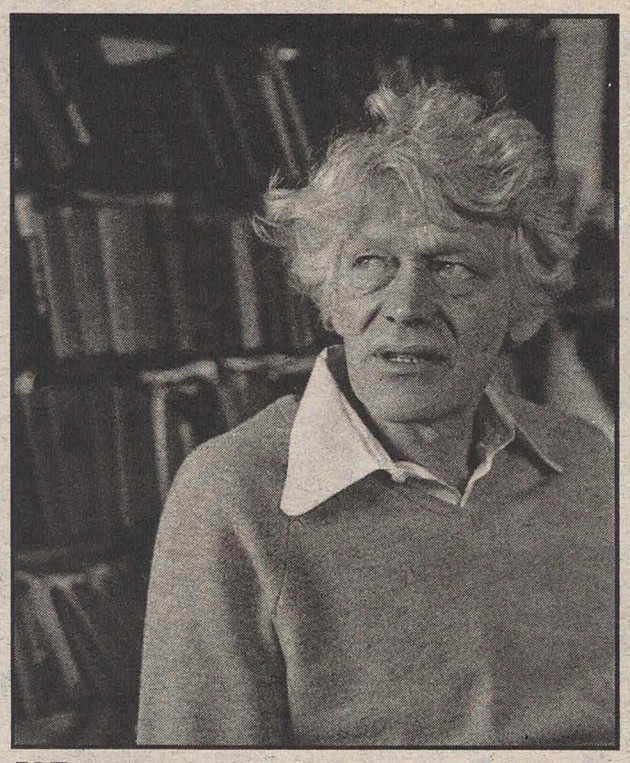
Cynthia Rose

Skinny Willy Pic: Leon Morris

PLUTONIUM BLONDES

"The British people must take a decision on June 9 which will affect, in the most literal sense, their lives and the lives of their children and of their children's children, if these are to have any lives at all. Yet we are not being serious about it."

E.P. Thompson is a historian, who has devoted his life/time to working for peace, since his pamphlet *Protest And Survive* gave more than a slogan to CND three years ago. Now he has written a sequel, *The Defence Of Britain* a personal and passionate pamphlet written in anger inspired by today's election.



E P Thompson — inspired with anger
Pic Jean Bernard Sohiez

PUTTING A CROSS AGAINST CRUISE

E.P. THOMPSON is a man to trust; an activist without a lust for power, and as he says in his pamphlet, a healthy "disrespect for politics". How blessed the British people would be if a man as honourable would partake in the sordid political charade. As it is, we're lumbered with three main parties ranging from the wishy-washy wobbly to the lethal.

He loves William Blake, our own prophet, poet and sage, and he loves Great Britain with a lyricism and intensity rare in an academic. "I know all the dangers of national feeling, and I know more than most (since I am an historian) about Britain's imperial sins. Yet I cannot agree that the history of this island has been, in every way, a disgraceful one; nor that there is nothing in it that is worth defending." (*The Defence of Britain)*

E.P. is concerned with our traditional liberty and rightly so when you see how Thatcher's police are cracking down on peaceful protesters. The right to demonstrate peacefully is a human necessity we have the luxury of taking for granted. We'd miss it if we didn't have it, that's for sure.

"We may, truly be coming to a point of final choice. If we miss the bus this time around, there may not be another . . . what we are making a choice between is also two kinds of Britain: a Britain which is independent and still has some influence and respect in the world, and a Britain which is becoming little more than a servile NATO security state . . ."

Although we've been bombarded with 'information' about this election till we've had to turn off the telly in sheer self-defence, what is this information really worth? As E.P. points out, "this election has been confiscated by the media and is played according to its rules . . . The media themselves decide what are the 'election issues' and they do this by blowing up whatever is trivial, searching out 'colour' and 'personalities' . . . bludgeoning day after day with meaningless opinion polls, shoddily put together and based on illiterate or irrelevant 'yes/no' questions which refuse electors the chance to express alternatives, complexities, hesitations or doubts."

As I write, we're still facing the choice the election presents us with and every *NME* reader has a stake in the outcome, and the ability to actively influence the outcome.

"We've got to put a cross against Cruise", says Thompson. "If that lot get back everyone is going to get screwed and pushed about in a way they've never dreamed of. I don't see curfews and a fascist society, but I see people stopped and searched in the streets with the powers of the new proposed police bill. Those who've got the guts to protest, particularly about peace, will be bugged and surveyed.

It's a choice between two Britains, the old nationalist imperialists and the Britain which was the first to establish certain freedoms and rights, like a free press and the jury system, trade unions and co-operatives were invented here, and they've been helpful to the world."

Well, the choice is ours. Vote.

'The Defence of Britain' by E.P. Thompson available mail order 65p (£1.00 for two copies) from: European Nuclear Disarmament, 227 Seven Sisters Road, London N4 2DA.

Vivien Goldman

Clint Eastwood and General Saint say "Beware . . .Beware" of the nuclear arms race.

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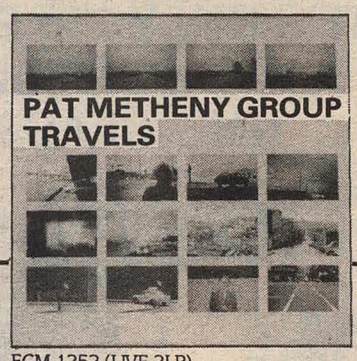

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Following the Hammersmith Odeon sell-out concert in March 83 Pat Metheny Group present a stunning new album.
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record NEWS

STEVIE NICKS of Fleetwood Mac releases a new solo album titled 'The Wild Heart' through WEA International on June 17 — it consists of ten tracks, and Tom Petty makes a guest appearance. A single culled from the LP, called 'Stand Back', is due out on June 24.

THE RAMONES' new single, issued by Sire on June 17, is their version of The Chamber Brothers' classic 'Time Has Come Today'. It's taken from their new album 'Subterranean Jungle', as is the seven-inch B-side 'Psychotherapy'. The 12-inch B-side features three of the group's best known tracks — 'Sheena Is A Punk Rocker', 'Teenage Lobotomy' and 'Rock'n'Roll Radio'.

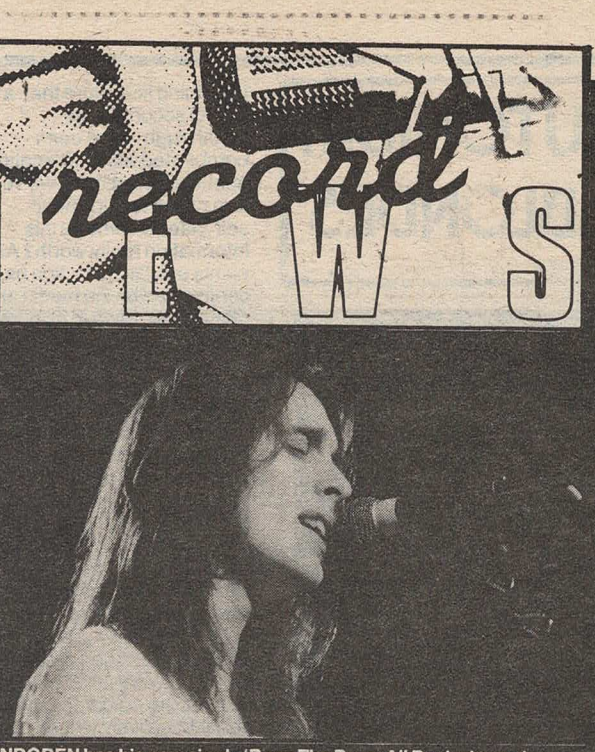
JAMES BROWN has his new single 'Bring It On!' issued in the UK this week. It's the title track from his new album, released on a small American indie label and the subject of a recent favourable *NME* review. The single now appears in Britain on the Sonet label (through PRT), and they will shortly be following it with the LP.

THE JAM's two albums 'Sound Affects' and 'The Gift' are reissued by Polydor this month in double-pack cassette form, selling for the price of one. Also featured in the "Two Cassettes For The Price Of One" series are Jimi Hendrix ('Crash Landing' and 'Midnight Lightning') and Eric Clapton ('461 Ocean Boulevard' and 'Another Ticket').

EYELESS IN GAZA release the fifth album 'Rust Red September' this month, along with a single in both 7" and 12" forms titled 'New Risen'. They're on the Cherry Red label, as are the singles 'Sharp Tongue' by THE PASSAGE and 'Penelope Tree' by FELT.

YELLOWMAN, due to make his debut UK appearances in July, has a new 12-inch single out this week on Greensleeves Records (through Spartan and Jetstar) — and it rejoices in the title of 'Zungguzungguguzung-guzeng', which probably means that not many DJs will attempt to play it! An album with the same mouthful (sorry, title) follows on June 30.

ENDGAMES, the Glasgow-based six-piece outfit, have signed a long-term deal with Virgin. The initial outcome of this agreement is the single 'Waiting For Another Chance'/'Universe', released this weekend in both 7" and 12", the latter featuring dance mixes. The band are now working on their debut album.



TOD RUNDGREN has his new single 'Bang The Drum All Day' released on June 17 by Lamborghini Records (through PRT), marking the start of a licensing deal between the new UK company and America's Bearsville Records. It's taken from his new self-composed and self-produced solo are under way for a short UK visit in the near future, combining promotion with a few live dates.

GENESIS release a live track 'Firth of Fifth' in a limited edition flexi-disc with the current issue of the Genesis magazine — it was recorded in Nassau in 1981. For details, send a stamped addressed envelope to Genesis Information, P.O. Box 107, London N6 5RU.

ANNETTE PEACOCK has an album out this month called 'Been In The Streets Too Long', containing unreleased tracks covering the period 1974-83. Among musicians featured are Bill Bruford and Chris Spedding. It's available through IMS, the import branch of Polygram.

DONNA SUMMER's new single, issued by Mercury this weekend, is the title track from her new album 'She Works Hard For The Money'. The 12-inch format features an extended version coupled with an instrumental version. B-side of the seven-incher is 'I Do Believe (I Fell In Love)'.

KISSING THE PINK follow up their recent hit 'Last Film' with a new single titled 'Love Lasts Forever', taken from their current album 'Naked' and issued by Magnet this weekend. It was produced by Peter Walsh, who's recently been working with Simple Minds and Peter Gabriel.

BILLY CONNOLLY has a new single issued on Polydor this weekend, with an album following in July, and both get full marks for title originality. The single is 'You Take My Photograph (I Break Your Face)', and the LP is titled 'A Change Is As Good As Arrest'.

HEAVEN 17 have a new single out on June 17 on Virgin, as the follow-up to their recent hit 'Temptation' — titled 'Come Live With Me', it's taken from their album 'The Luxury Gap'. It's coupled with 'Let's All Make A Bomb', with an extra track 'Song With No Name' on the 12-inch format, and both these B-side numbers are re-worked versions of songs which originally appeared on the 'Penthouse & Pavement' LP.

TAPPER ZUKIE has a new album released this week called 'Earth Running' on his own Mobiliser Music label, distributed by Jet Star and Rough Trade. It features seven tracks — all composed, arranged and produced by Zukie — two of which were recently released as edited seven-inch versions, 'One More Chance' and 'Sensimelia'. He'll be playing a few UK dates in the near future, details to follow shortly.

CABARET VOLTAIRE's first material to be released via Some Bizzare's licensing deal with Virgin is due next month — the seven-inch single 'Fascination' and the 12-inch single 'Crack Down' are issued in early July, with the album 'The Crackdown' scheduled for late July... Virgin are also releasing the HOWARD DEVOTO single 'Rainy Season' and album 'Jerky Version Of The Dream' on June 24 and July 22 respectively.

CLARE's altered image

ALTERED IMAGES release their album 'Bite' on Epic Records on June 17, and it's said to mark a significant change in musical direction — partly attributed to joint producers Mike Chapman and Tony Visconti, and partly to the band's recent line-up changes. The LP shows a new maturity and a strong sense of adventure, we're told — an altered image, you might say.

NAKED EYES are the duo from Bath whose single 'Always Something There To Remind Me' was issued by EMI last September, with little or no effect in the UK. But it has suddenly become a smash hit in the States, where it's achieved a higher chart placing than either the Dionne Warwick or Sandie Shaw versions — so EMI are reissuing it here next Monday (13), when it will also be available as a 12-inch American disco remix.

GRAND PRIX, who've just completed a major UK tour with Iron Maiden, release their debut album for Chrysalis this week — a ten-track self-penned set titled 'Samurai'. Plans are in hand for their own headlining tour in the near future.

GARY MOORE's live album 'Rockin' Every Night', recorded in Japan during his band's recent tour here, is being imported into the UK by Virgin in bulk. It is now generally available at about £9.50, which is slightly cheaper than the average Japanese import.

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BOWIE IS BACK!!

In the pages of the current issue of STARZONE (issue 7) you'll discover that there's much more to David Bowie than red shoes.
In an extensive tour retrospective, we look back on the past concert performances as far back as 1966 at the Marquee, with never-before-seen photographs from that period and many more from concerts right up to the present.
Kenneth Pitt talks about his book on Bowie in an exclusive interview, coupled with previously un-published photographs from the early days, plus your chance to win a personally inscribed copy of the book from Ken Pitt.
Also, there's a feature on Bowie's recent trip to Australia, with photos of the making of the 'Let's Dance' video.
Reviews of 'The Hunger', the new album plus lots more. With full colour cover this is an issue not to be missed.
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PO Box 225, Watford Herts. WD1 7QG
Back issues 4, 5 & 6 also available at same price per issue...
Good luck on the tour, David!

VIRNA LINDT, the Swedish voice-over girl, has a new single released via The Compact Organization this week — it is 'Intelligence'/'Pillow Talk', also available in 12-inch form with an extra track. She is also featured, this time singing, on the upcoming Disques Du Crepuscule compilation 'Moving Soundtracks' — along with New Order and Cabaret Voltaire, among others. She has recently been collaborating with Swedish director Ingmar Bergman on his last film *Fanny And Alexander*.

Marillion reprise

OWING TO a printing fault, the *Record News* item on Marillion in last week's issue was blurred and largely unreadable in some copies of *NME*. For those of you who wondered what it was all about, we repeat the essence of the story:

MARILLION release their new single 'Garden Party' on EMI this week — it's taken from their hit album 'Script For A Jester's Tear', though the B-side 'Margaret' is previously unissued. The seven-incher features edited versions of both songs, while the 12-incher contains the full-length A-side coupled with a 13-minute live version of 'Margaret' — plus an extra live track titled 'Charting The Single'. In the summer, they'll be releasing an hour-long live video filmed at their recent Hammersmith Odeon concerts. Drummer Mick Pointer has now left the band, and has been replaced by Andy Ward, a founder member of Camel.

● **Son Of Jah** has a new 12-inch single out on the Natty Congo label (through Jet Star and Ruff Lion), 'Memories & Melodies' coupled with the dub 'Melodious Version'. Son Of Jah (alias Trevor Bow) is now back in the UK, after spending a few months recording in Jamaica.

Police cancel all leave

THE POLICE release their fifth album — titled 'Synchronicity', as previously reported — on the A&M label on June 17. It was recorded in Montserrat, with production credits going to Hugh Padgham and the group themselves. The ten tracks featured are **Synchronicity 1, Walking In Your Footsteps, O My God, Mother, Miss Gradenko, Synchronicity 2, Every Breath You Take, King Of Pain, Wrapped Around Your Finger** and **Tea In The Sahara** — and of these 'Mother' was written by Andy Summers, 'Miss Gradenko' by Stuart Copeland and the remainder by Sting. The group begin their massive world tour in America next month, arriving in Europe in the autumn, with British dates scheduled for the pre-Christmas period (details to be announced shortly) — and visits to Australia and Japan early in 1984.

Return of John Cale

JOHN CALE returns to the UK to play a one-off at London Victoria The Venue on Tuesday, July 5 (tickets on sale now priced £4.50). This time he'll be fronting a new band, of which the line-up is Cale (piano and guitar), David Lichtenstein (drums), David Young (guitar) and Andy Heermans (bass).

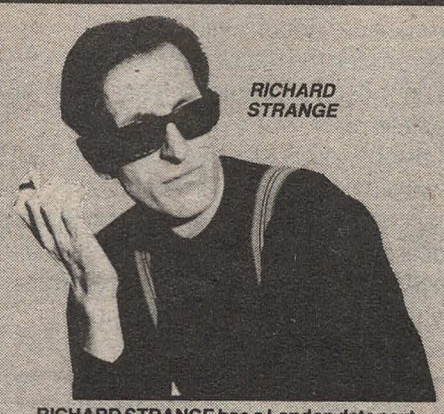
NICO is the star attraction when Manchester Library Theatre opens its doors to contemporary music for the first time — she appears there on June 15 and 16, and she's invited John Cooper Clarke to be her special guest on both dates. She also plays Newcastle Dingwalls on June 17.

ECHO & THE BUNNYMEN tickets for their Royal Albert Hall concerts on July 18 and 19 could be invalid — if you buy them from any source other than the RAH, legitimate ticket agencies or mail order. A quantity were stolen last week, and the numbers of these are on record — so don't be tempted to buy any at cut price.

THE EUROPEANS play London Central Polytechnic (tomorrow, Friday), Wokingham Angie's (Saturday), Coventry Dog & Trumpet (June 16), Dudley J.B.'s (17) and Nottingham Trent Polytechnic (18), in preparation for a full-scale tour through July. Their new single 'AEIOU' is released by A&M at the end of this month, to be followed by their album 'AYM'.

CURTIS MAYFIELD has changed the venue for his Birmingham date on June 23, which forms part of his UK tour, reported last week — he now plays the Powerhouse instead of the Carlton Ballroom... But DR. JOHN has cancelled his British tour (including Glastonbury), as he is understood to be seriously ill.

KISSING THE PINK will not be appearing at Guildford Civic Hall (July 6) or London Lyceum (7). We are asked to stress this because certain advertisements have stated, due to a printing error, that the group would be playing those dates. They will be headlining a major London show in July, but details haven't yet been finalised.



RICHARD STRANGE

RICHARD STRANGE has a London date next Monday (13), when he'll present the show with which he recently toured North America — also featuring dancer Rene Eyre, The Event Group and three-piece Zulu group Shikisha. It's at The Latchmere in Battersea — admission £3, or £2 for students or the unemployed — and he will continue to present shows at that venue on subsequent Mondays.

THE MONOCHROME SET have added a further string of dates, as they continue to promote their new album 'Volume, Contrast, Brilliance' — at Cambridge Sydney Sussex Hall (June 13), Nottingham University (17), Retford Porterhouse (18), Liverpool Venue Club (19), Durham University (20) and London Bond St. Embassy Club (27).

GOTHIQUE, the five-piece band who specialise in the fusion of rock and classical forms, are undertaking a two-month tour. Gigs so far set are Harlow Square One (tomorrow, Friday), Ilford Greengate (June 15), Dunstable Wheatsheaf (22), Luton Cottars (23), St. Albans Horn of Plenty (25), Toddington The Angel (July 1), Aylesbury New Zealand Club (2), Hertford Woolpack (9) and London Dingwalls (15).

BLANCMANGE are playing two dates next week, in the respective home towns of the two members — Blackburn King George's Hall (June 15) and Aylesbury Friars (16). These will be their only shows in the foreseeable future, as they go into the studio later this month to start work on their second album, tentatively titled 'Dancing Round Our Handbags'.

FUNBOY THREE, announced last week for a date at Manchester Hacienda Club on June 16, will now also be appearing at Nottingham Rock City on June 15 (tickets £4). These two gigs precede their Glastonbury Festival spot on June 19, and they will be their final British dates this year.

THE BOX play Sheffield The Leadmill this Saturday (11), supported by Hula and Junk. And 23 Skidoo are at the same venue on Sunday (12) with Test Department and The Total Institution. Both these shows are presented by a new Sheffield arts co-operative called Manifesto.

SEX GANG CHILDREN are playing a three-night stint at London Marquee on August 4, 5 and 6, as the latest booking in the club's 25th anniversary season. Also newly set are Canadian band Anvil, currently on tour with Motorhead, who headline there on July 7.

TONY McPHEE BAND continue gigging at Birmingham Golden Eagle (tomorrow, Friday), Dudley The Arches (Saturday), London Putney Star & Garter (June 18), Stonehenge Festival (19), Reading Target Club (23), London Fulham Kings Head (24), Birmingham Swan (28), Maidenhead Bell (July 1), Coventry General Wolfe (8) and London Putney Half Moon (10).

THE COCTEAU TWINS pulled out of the final leg of their European tour with Orchestral Manoeuvres In The Dark, and have also cancelled their headliner at London Brixton The Ace tonight (Thursday), because they are suffering from nervous and physical exhaustion. They are now going home to Scotland to work on a new album.

YES-MEN REUNITE FOR LP, CONCERTS

FORMER members of Yes are currently working on a new album, some 2½ years after the break-up of that group, and will be touring Europe and the States in the autumn to coincide with the LP's release.

Those involved are Jon Anderson (vocals), Chris Squire (bass and vocals), Trevor Rabin (guitar, keyboards and vocals) and Alan White (drums) — and they've been joined in the studio by original Yes keyboards man Tony Kaye, though it's not yet clear if he will be going on the road with the others. The LP is being produced by Trevor Horn, himself a former Yes member.

They started work on the project under the group name of Cinema, but it now seems likely that they will revert to the name Yes, though apparently former Yes manager Brian Lane is contesting their right to do this — he is now managing Asia, whose line-up includes two other ex-Yes men.

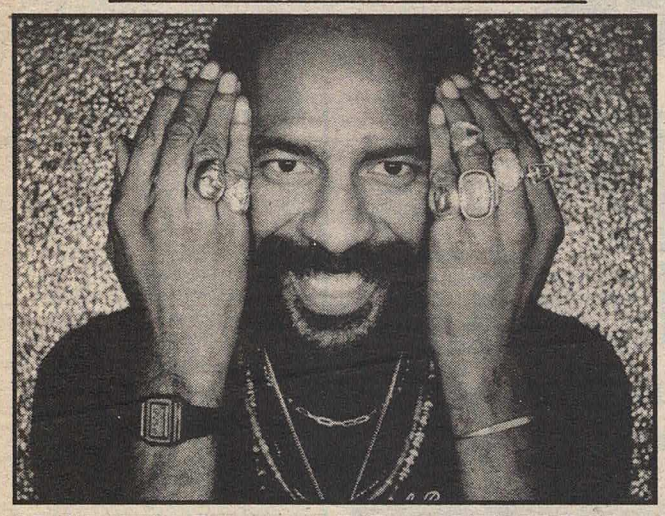
Up-date on Stonehenge

STONEHENGE FESTIVAL now intends to concentrate most of its big guns into the June 20-22 period. That's because it immediately follows the adjacent Glastonbury CND Festival, and some of the artists from that event will be coming along to Stonehenge, so ensuring a star-studded three days. Among those in action will be The Impossible Dreamers, The Nomadniks, Ekome, Poison Girls, Benjamin Zephaniah, Here & Now and The Case (June 20); Nuclear Regulatory Commission, Carol Grimes, Solstice and the Arizona Smoke Revue (21); and Artful Dodgers, Urban Shakedown and Orchestre Jazira (22) — plus, of course, the acts from Glastonbury. There will still be music over the June 17-19 period, mainly from smaller bands.

Poison Girls to headline 'Fools' cabaret package

POISON GIRLS are taking their *Cabaret Of Fools* on tour, and they'll be accompanied on all dates by guests Akimbo, Benjamin Zephaniah and Tony Allen. The package appears at London's ICA Theatre on June 26 as part of that venue's *Radical Bingo* season — and other dates are at Brighton Polytechnic (June 17), London Brixton The Ace (18), Stonehenge Festival (20), Bristol Dingwalls (22), Birmingham Mermaid Hotel (23), Manchester Morrisseys (24), Bradford College (25), Newcastle Dingwalls (27), Sheffield Leadmill (30) and Hull Dingwalls (July 2).

To coincide with this outing, the band have a new single released by Illuminated Records on June 17, coupling 'One Good Reason' and 'Cinnamon Gardens'. Their current line-up comprises Vi Subversa (vocals and guitar), Richard Famous (guitar), Chris Grace (fretless bass), Lance D'Boyle (drums and percussion) and new member Cynth Ethnics (synthesisers).



HAVENS' UK CONNEXION

RICHIE HAVENS begins a short UK tour this weekend in support of his new single 'Death At An Early Age'. He plays Cardiff St. David's Hall (this Saturday), Bristol Dingwalls (Sunday), London Bond St. Embassy Club (June 13), London Brixton The Ace (15), Liverpool Royal Court (16), Bradford University (17), Hull City Hall (18) and Newcastle Theatre (19). One or two other dates have still to be confirmed.

The new single is on Connexion Records, a label part-owned by Havens and based in Newcastle. It's been lifted from his upcoming album 'Common Ground', which is due out in the autumn at the same time as another single called 'Dear John' — Havens' tribute to his close friend John Lennon.

Higsons hit the road

THE HIGSONS, who recently headlined at London's Electric Ballroom, set out this weekend on a summer jaunt. The first leg of their tour comprises 13 dates — at London Woolwich Thames Polytechnic (this Saturday), Cambridge Clare College (June 13), Cambridge Emmanuel College (14), Liverpool Venue Club (15), Derby Lonsdale College (16), Colchester Wood Sports Centre (17), Oxford St. Anthony's College (18), Birmingham Tower Ballroom (20), Nottingham Rock City (21), Basingstoke Martine's (22), Leeds Charles Morris Hall (23), Leicester Digby Hall (24) and Southampton La Sainte Union College (25). Details of the second leg of the tour will follow shortly.

Twins join Bowie gig

THE THOMPSON TWINS were this week confirmed for another guest spot in a major open-air concert, this time in David Bowie's show at Edinburgh Murrayfield Stadium on June 28, when the bill is completed by Icehouse. As reported last week, in Bowie's outdoor shows at Milton Keynes (July 1-3), The Beat and Icehouse are the guests. It was also announced in our last issue that The Thompsons would be one of the guest acts in Peter Gabriel's concert at the Crystal Palace Football Ground in South London on July 9 — the other guest spot being the farewell UK appearance by The Undertones.

tour NEWS

Damned showcase

THE DAMNED, your actual prototype punk group, are to play another major London showcase — this time at the Hammersmith Palais on July 10. It's been set up partly to recompense those who were disappointed recently, when the band played a sell-out concert at The Ace in Brixton, and over 1000 people were turned away. Rest of the bill comprises Lords Of The New Church, Blood & Roses and Le Mat — tickets are £3.50, and the promoters are Head Music. The Damned, having now parted company with Bronze, are currently negotiating a new record deal — and when it's finalised, they have a batch of material all ready for release.

● Killing Joke's show at Hammersmith Palais on July 31, reported last week, also has a £3.50 admission — not £4.50, as announced.

MANILOW; AUGUST 27?

BARRY MANILOW's massive open-air concert at Blenheim Palace in Oxfordshire, plans for which were revealed by *NME* last week, was on the point of being confirmed as we closed for press — for Saturday, August 27. The event was still not definite at the weekend — final discussions were taking place between the palace administrators and the promoters, and Manilow himself was not prepared to sign a contract until the venue was certain. But it looked as though negotiations were coming to a head on Monday, with an official announcement expected this week, and tickets have already been printed — in the form of small sourvenir brochures, complete with map showing how to get to the site.

Setting the tone, shiftin' the air

SET THE TONE, the Glasgow band who've already made an appreciable impact with their singles 'Dance Sucker' and 'Rap Your Love', are playing a string of dance-club dates to coincide with the release of their debut Island album 'Shiftin' Air Affair'.

The tour, not surprisingly billed as 'Shiftin Air Live', takes in Aberdeen The Venue (June 16), Arbroath Smokies (17), Edinburgh Outer Limits (18), Liverpool State Rooms (20), Sheffield Limit (21), Leeds Warehouse (22), Manchester Hacienda (23), Colchester Embassy Suite (26), London Charing Cross Heaven (27), Hastings Downtown Saturdays (29), Dartford Flicks (30), Hickstead Cinderella's (July 1), Bolton Dance Factory (2) and Glasgow Mayfair (3).

Poetry cabaret event

APPLES AND SNAKES, the organisation renowned for its poetry cabaret, is staging a two-night event on July 1 and 2 at London Kennington Oval's Surrey Banqueting Suite. It's billed as "The Old Reptilians Dance And No Dinner", and those featured are Joolz, Slade The Leveller, Jenny Lecoat, Little Dave, Markus Jahn, Pete Murry and Son Of Man (July 1); Little Brother, Spartacus R, Kevin Coyne, Belinda Blanchard, Chris Cardale, Emile Sercombe and The Czechs (July 2). Tickets are £2.50 nightly (or £1.50 concessions), and for a two-night ticket it's £4.50 (or £2.50 concessions). Both nights run from 8.30pm to 1am, and there's a late bar. Enquiries to 01-699 5265.

So why not, Minott?

SUGAR MINOTT, who should have been touring Britain right now, appears to have blown out his commitments here. The reggae star, whose dates were announced two weeks ago, simply failed to turn up in this country. The promoter told *NME* that he had managed to contact Minott, who merely stated blandly that he wasn't coming, and offered no explanation whatever. At press-time, efforts were being made to re-schedule some of his gigs for the end of this month — but under the circumstances, you'd be wise to check before going along to any advertised Minott show.

Capital festival extra

CAPITAL announce further additions to their five-week Music Festival starting later this month. Yellowman has already sold out his three 2000-capacity concerts at London Edmonton Picketts Lock, and has now added a fourth show there on July 6. Fats Domino's concert at the Royal Festival Hall on July 18 will also feature Jay McShann and Jimmy Witherspoon — and at the same venue on July 19, the Wynton Marsalis Quintet will also be playing in the concert by Herbie Hancock's VSOP II.

● Alexei Sayle is the latest addition to the Glastonbury Festival bill (June 17-19).

Devoto sounds stilled

HOWARD DEVOTO is not touring Britain this week — despite what you may have seen if, in a moment of mental aberration, you happened to read another music paper last week. What happened is that, three weeks beforehand, Virgin Records announced a Devoto tour schedule — then withdrew it 24 hours later, before details could be printed, because Devoto had decided to delay his outing for a few weeks. Just why *Sounds* revived the non-existent tour last week is a mystery — though we can tell you that Devoto dates are currently being lined up for the near future.

BRIXTON VENUE BACK IN ACTION

Fair Deal rocking again — now it's The Academy

BRIXTON'S Fair Deal Theatre in South London is back in action again, now re-named The Academy, after remaining "dark" for more than nine months. At present it is being used solely for rehearsal purposes, but it will be back in full swing in September, and a string of major concerts is promised for the autumn.

The 5000-capacity venue, originally the Astoria Cinema, opened as the Fair Deal at the beginning of last year — but, due to a succession of unforeseen circumstances, it steadily lost money. In early autumn, the lease-holding company went into liquidation and manager Alan Briggs absconded, allegedly taking a considerable sum of money.

Since then, local business man and master builder Philip U-Ming has been trying to take over the venue, and his discussions with the owners (Watneys the brewers) have finally come to fruition — he took control two weeks ago.

Mrs U-Ming told *NME:* "We can't open The Academy to the public until September, because the place was left in a shocking state by Mr. Briggs, and a great deal of refurbishment is necessary — besides which, we want to make some improvements of our own. But when we do open, there will be regular concerts and a disco every night — plus a pool hall, which will also feature The Golden Cue competition, which Watneys are sponsoring".

Even during its Fair Deal days, the venue was acknowledged as having some of the best rehearsal facilities in the country, and these are now operative again at The Academy. Among acts who have rehearsed there during the past fortnight, or have booked sessions in the coming weeks, are Iron Maiden, The Thompson Twins, Motorhead, and Genesis.

The Academy also offers live-in accommodation for crews (up to 16 people) and their own canteen. Bookings may be made on 01-274 1525.

Reading hang-up

THE LINE-UP for this year's Reading Festival (August 26-28) is not now being announced this week, as was expected. This is because the proposed headliner for the Sunday night, Jeff Beck and his band, withdrew at short notice — and the promoters are still negotiating an alternative.

Footing the bill

X MAL DEUTSCHLAND, widely tipped as one of the hottest prospects of the moment, have another London headliner on July 7 when they play the Klub Foot — which is now operating again on an occasional basis at the Clarendon Hotel in Hammersmith — and they're supported by James King & The Lone Wolves. Tickets are £2.50.

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CARLISLE: Pink Panther Records	PLYMOUTH: Virgin Records
CHESTER: Penny Lane Records	POOLE: Setchfields
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DERBY: R. E. Cords	PRESTON: Guild Hall B/O
EDINBURGH: Playhouse Theatre B/O	READING: Lazer Recordscords
GLASGOW: Apollo Theatre	SHEFFIELD: Virgin Records
GLOUCESTER: Leisure Centre	SOUTHAMPTON: Virgin Records
GOOLE: Peter Hall Music Shop	SUNDERLAND: Spinning Disk
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IPSWICH: Gaumont Theatre	SWINDON: Kempster & Sons c Shop
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Tickets from agents £10.50 subject to booking fee.

Tickets are also available by post from :-
Wooltare Limited, PO Box 123, Walsall. WS5 4QQ.
Enclose Postal Orders or Cheques made payable to Wooltare Limited and S.A.E.
Tickets are £10.50 advance £12.00 on the day.
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PRINT

WHEN THE WIND BLOWS
by Raymond Briggs *(Penguin, £1.95)*

OVER OUR DEAD BODIES: WOMEN AGAINST THE BOMB
edited by Dorothy Thompson *(Virago, £2.95)*

BOOMTIME FOR THATCHER

GRAHAM LOCK looks at two bestsellers about nuclear war and concludes that the only thing more frightening than Thatcher's attacks on this country is her defence of it: if you want to stay alive, VOTE LABOUR

'WAR IS peace' goes the Party's slogan in Orwell's *1984*. With Thatcher now claiming the Tories are *peace*makers, that particular example of doublethink has turned up seven months early.

In fact, the Tory response to the peace movement is pure *1984*: war, they say, is *more* likely if we *remove* the missiles! So they co-opt a genuine fear and twist it for their own ends until the truth is totally reversed and disarmament equals danger. There are also dark hints of treason and Moscow gold — be careful, woolly-hatted peaceniks, BIG SISTER IS WATCHING *YOU*.

Thatcher's gung-ho attitude to defence is the most alarming of her many insanities. There seems to be little doubt that she sank the Belgrano to scupper peace plans and promote a war that not only saved her face — after the Tories had bungled the affair, and in effect, invited invasion — but also salvaged her standing in the opinion polls (just 15 months ago she was Britain's most *un*popular Prime Minister ever) and, er, torpedoed the SDP/Liberal Alliance which was ploughing full steam ahead into the Tory vote.

Nor does her behaviour since the Falklands war give much joy to peacelovers. She's a *multi*-lateral disarmer but a *uni*lateral armer. Today Belgrano, tomorrow the world!

Thatcher is the spirit of NF — No Future. She is obsessed with the past, on her 'Victorian values' which are really no more than the dour platitudes of a smalltown grocer's daughter growing up in the '20s and '30s — an inflexible, mean-minded petty-bourgeois notion of 'respectability' that masquerades as moral conviction. Really, she is corrupt to the core, a true capitalist. She could have *prevented* a Falklands war by using economic sanctions against Argentina, but profits come before lives. Now she sells them arms to use against British soldiers. Thatcher's mind must be a steel snare whose jaws snap shut on every caring or compassionate feeling that strays in.

She plans to destroy the Welfare State, to run down the Health Service and the railways, to eat away civil liberties, harass black people and cripple the Trade Unions, to raise unemployment to four or five million, to cut back on housing and education, to stamp out local government and deal what is probably a mortal blow to democracy. In short, more of what she's been doing for the last four years.

The union-jackboots are on the march, and it's a race to see if Britain will end up a Police State or a US arms dump. Dying the death of a thousand cuts or going up in smoke when they drop the big one.

The one prospect bleaker than Thatcher attacking this country is Thatcher defending it. I know people who are *convinced* that if Thatcher wins the election, we'll all be dead within five years. The logic of that feeling leads to assassination, a dubious last resort. But for the less pessimistic of us, there *are* signs of hope — at Greenham Common, in the peace camps, in CND and END, in the women's movement, in West Germany's Green Party.

This is where the radical alternatives can now be found. And unless Labour can rid itself of its right-wing careerist thugs and rediscover the courage of a red-blooded socialism, parliamentary politics will wither and die. Already they have been compromised by too many years of politicians' lies, opportunism and power games, by election campaigns conducted by advertising agencies, by state secrecy and the cynical manipulation of public opinion. Truth is not just the first casualty of war, it's also the first casualty of a parliamentary career. A Thatcher victory will finish it off, and possibly the rest of us too.

When The Wind Blows is a (literally) graphic account of the *slow* way you can die after a nuclear attack, by radiation sickness. Raymond Briggs' highly-praised cartoon, now available in paperback, follows the last days of a retired couple who struggle to understand "the international situation" and the government's pathetic *Protect And Survive* instructions, then try to cope with life after the Bomb. When the milk and newspapers mysteriously fail to arrive, the radio has gone dead, funny blotches break out all over their skin, and they feel sick and dizzy and...well, you can guess.

Briggs' use of colour for the pre and post-war scenes has a desperate eloquence, and his humour and matter-of-factness make *When The Wind Blows* all the more chilling.

People complain that there have been too many anti-nuke books recently, that there's a danger of literary overkill. But works as unusual as Briggs' or as wide-ranging as *Over Our Dead Bodies* are invaluable assets in persuading people that nuclear deterrence means nuclear death.

Over Our Dead Bodies is a collection of essays by "women against the bomb", each of whom takes a different perspective on nuclear matters. They range from Ann Pettitt's paralysing catalogue of likely post-war horrors to Connie Mansueto's expose of arms race origins in *US inter-service rivalry* (!) and Angela Carter's brilliant polemic on living in the shadow of Hiroshima.

brilliant polemic on living in the shadow of Hiroshima.

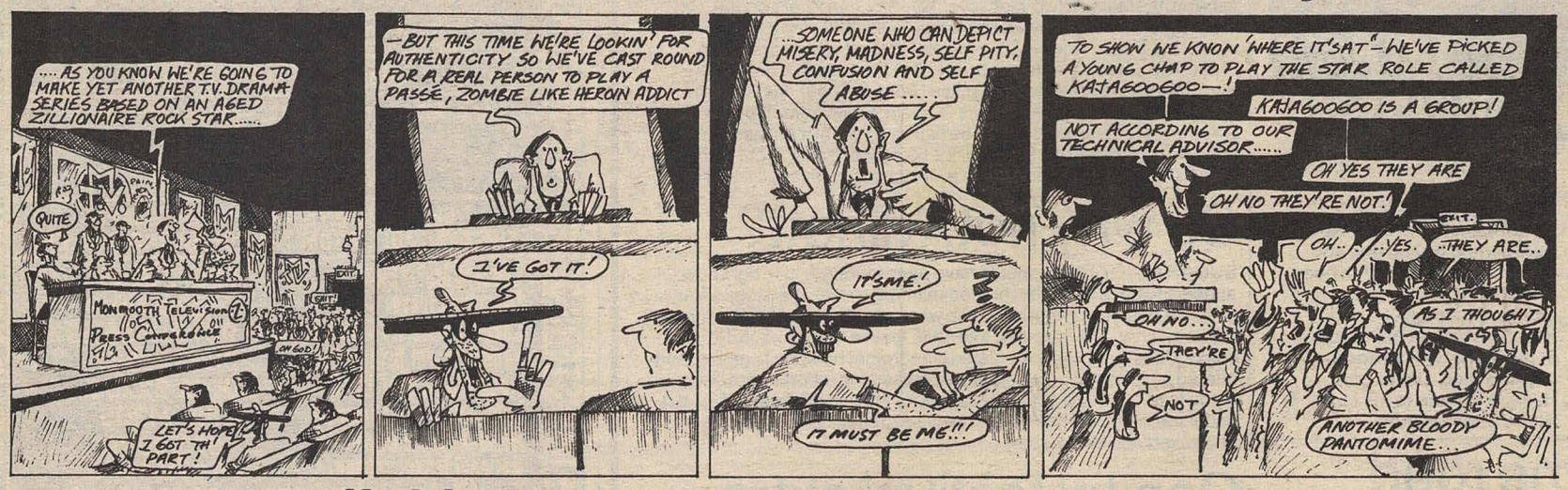
The strength of the book is in its variety and in its writers' determination to fight back. And if, as they say and as the evidence suggests, violence, from splatter movies to holocaust, is a perverse pleasure, and largely a *male* pleasure, then it's about time men started to fight back too, and let go of their continual nit-picking whinges about feminism.

Both Angela Carter and Salman Rushdie — in his excellent anti-Thatcher tirade in a recent *Guardian* — resort finally to Dylan Thomas' *"Rage, rage against the dying of the light"*. Today, if you want to stay alive, you can vote Labour. But if Thatcher wins, if our arguments are ignored, our emotions overridden, our morals scorned, then anger *will* be the last line — that rage all that stands between us and the likely end of the world.

I just hope we aren't too bloody 'British' to use it. Because the only boom we'll ever see under Thatcher is the one in the Randy Newman song, *"Boom goes London, and boom Paree"*...

Illustrations from **When The Wind Blows** *by Raymond Briggs.*

the lone groover — benyon


....AS YOU KNOW WE'RE GOING TO MAKE YET ANOTHER T.V. DRAMA-SERIES BASED ON AN AGED ZILLIONAIRE ROCK STAR.....
QUITE
MONMOUTH TELEVISION
PRESS CONFERENCE
OH GOD!
EXIT
LET'S HOPE I GOT TH PART!
-BUT THIS TIME WE'RE LOOKIN' FOR AUTHENTICITY SO WE'VE CAST ROUND FOR A REAL PERSON TO PLAY A PASSÉ, ZOMBIE LIKE HEROIN ADDICT
I'VE GOT IT!
...SOMEONE WHO CAN DEPICT MISERY, MADNESS, SELF PITY, CONFUSION AND SELF ABUSE.....
IT'S ME!
IT MUST BE ME!!!
TO SHOW WE KNOW 'WHERE IT'S AT' - WE'VE PICKED A YOUNG CHAP TO PLAY THE STAR ROLE CALLED KAJAGOOGOO -!
KAJAGOOGOO IS A GROUP!
NOT ACCORDING TO OUR TECHNICAL ADVISOR.....
OH YES THEY ARE
OH NO THEY'RE NOT!
EXIT.
OH.. ..YES. THEY ARE..
OH NO..
THEY'RE
NOT
AS I THOUGHT
ANOTHER BLOODY PANTOMIME...

note oilskin base — lowry

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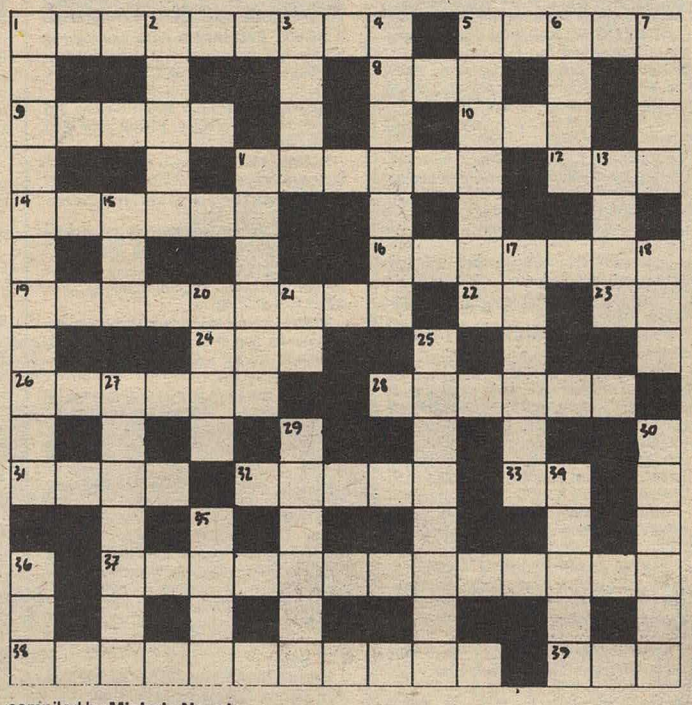

compiled by **Michele Noach**

CLUES ACROSS

1. Bowie claims his part of the Hong Kong lease (5,4)
5. In relation to Julie and the Stones only women let it (5)
8. An unlikely Aussie house (3)
9. Love is a trap for Joy (5)
10. Commercials, no catch (3)
11. From who to Mao, more Stern than Sylvian (6)
12. See 14A
14 + 12A. A Coasters borrowing for a West End musical. Don't come back (6,3)
16. Where *'Slaughter House 5'* happened. Think bull in china shop (7)
19. Lots of 999 singles, I believe (9)
22. Martin's, Louis and Exupery (2)
23. First half of Passage single, chromosome wise (2)
24. I, son of Roy, see something missing despite these shades (3)
26. According to Dan (c/o *The Naked Lunch*), you just can't buy it (6)
28 and 4D. This U.S. outfit lent a member to the film *'Subway Riders'*, a sax player if that makes it any easier (6,7)
31. Lou's is blue (4)
32. The bourgeoisie have a discreet way on film (5)
33. What 21 down is, because he is what he plays (1,1)
37. Land ahead for Ms Thorne (1,7,5)
38. Those creatures take a lunge but . . . (4,3,4)
39. And now a poem. *Pinski and blue/And it rhymes/With you.* (3)

CLUES DOWN

1. Please stop that Modern Romance (5,6)
2. Night time supervision for Mr Isaacs (5)
3. Enter the valley with Jobson and Co. (4)
4. See 28A.
5. These four blokes, came from somewhere up north, did fairly well in the '60s. There's only three now, though (7)
6. Carradine and the Commodores take things simply, and admit to being simple (4)
7. No *Face*-type puns about Malcolm's terribly worthy rock. Not even a mention of the Marx brothers (4)
11. Madness get possessive about their young lady (2,4)
13. As in Harvey, as in sensational (4)
15. I'm sure it's just a wilde rumour that she's in the Mikado (3)
17. 'Get ——', what a witty ditty from Mick and the Coke Joke boys (6)
18. Ex-fashionable word prefixing everything, now the election (3)
20. King/Porter (4)
21. Such important initials are these that Monsieur Fripp EVEN played the corresponding notes on 'Scary Monsters'. Gosh (1,1)
25. The Molesters' man, often picked on in lyrics (8)
27. Sixties New York band that received acclaim in the UK after their 'Groovin'' single reached the Top 5 in '67 (7)
29. Matt Johnson overdoes the definite article (3,3)
30. They caught up with Malcolm on this one. Tsk, tsk boy (6)
34. Nearly the Netherlands, but not quite a millionaire. There, squeezed a clue out of that one (5)
35. Where Clint keeps his dollars (4)
36. The truthful toothpaste ambition in Costello (3)

LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS

ACROSS: 1. Poison Girls, 10 + 7A. Billy Currie, 11. Owen, 12. Love Song, 13. Dai, 14. Orange, 16. Calvert, 17. I Am A Rock, 18 + 29D. My Old Piano, 22. Green, 23. Ink, 25. Goons, 27. Linx, 28. Shape, 31 + 26A. Klark Kent, 33. Heat, 34. Styx, 39. Thompson Twins, 40. Cook, 44. Danse Society

DOWN: 1. Public Image Limited, 2. I-Level, 3. Otis Redding, 4. Glen Tilbrook, 5. R 'n' B, 6. Soldier Talk, 7. Cry Boy Cry, 8 + 43A. Rhoda Dakar, 9. Ice, 13. Dammers, 15 + 20A. Girls Talk, 19. One Inch Rock, 20. Ten, 23 + 38D. It's My Life, 24 + 21A. Bye Bye Baby, 30. Harper, 32. Ashton, 35. Tesco, 36. XTC, 37. Food, 41. One, 42. Kay.

NEXT WEEK IN NME

WHAM!

Riddle: how do bad boys make good? By being interviewed by our very own PAOLO HEWITT and photographed by ANTON CORBIJN. Brit Soul — does it exist?

THE RESIDENTS

An eyeball to eyeball confrontation with the enigmatic Residents. From America, BARNEY HOSKYNS previews the stage show the group are about to present in England and tries to explain their bizarre reputation. In bloodshot colour.

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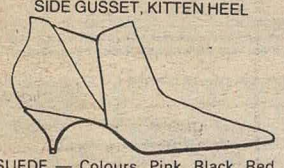

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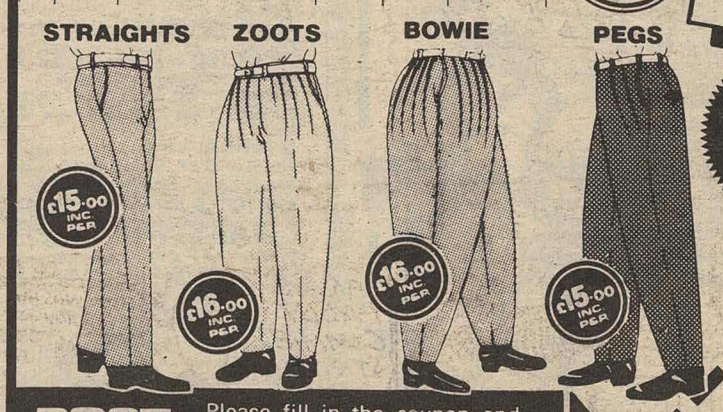

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BOWIE SWAP 2/7 for 3/7. 021-706 9248 6p.m. to 7p.m.

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NO PERSONAL CALLERS PLEASE + NO CASH · · THANKS!

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ALL LP's, singles, & cassettes (pre-recorded or used blanks) bought or exchanged. 1p - £2.50 each paid (more for RARITIES & VIDEOS). ***ALL*** accepted in ***ANY*** condition — absolutely ***NONE*** refused! Bring ***ANY*** quantity to:

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ALL SHOPS OPEN 10-8 ***EVERY*** DAY OF THE YEAR FOR MANY 1000s OF CHEAP USED/UNUSED RECORD, TAPE & VIDEO BARGAINS (WHOLESALE DISCOUNTS AVAILABLE). ***RARITIES*** ARE BOUGHT, SOLD, EXCHANGED ***UPSTAIRS*** AT NOTTING HILL GATE, W11.

Adrians

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Have you paid us a visit yet? Wickford is only 40 mins direct from Liverpool St Station. Open. Mon-Sat 9-6, Sunday 10am-1pm

THIS WEEK'S NEW FASHIONS

7" THE IMPOSTOR (E. COSTELLO) Pills & Soap/Pills & Soap (E) 1.50
(Note:– This record is already deleted!!!)
7" SEX PISTOLS Anarchy in the U.K./No Fun (P) 1.40
7" SPECIMEN Returning from journey (Bat shaped) (P&P for 12") 1.99
7" HAYSI FANTAYZEE Sister Friction (wraparound poster pic) 1.50
7" TRUTH Confusion/Love a go live/From heart live + 1 (dble) (P) 1.50
7" FIRST LIGHT Explain the Reasons (Clear Vinyl) 1.50
12" HAYSI Sister Friction (remix)/J. Jivs/The Beast (P) 2.50
12" MINI L.P. H. LEAGUE Fascination (E)/M. Man/H. Times/Love you too much/Remind me of gold/Fascination (improv) (I) (P) 5.49
12" YAZOO Nobody's diary/Situation (re-recorded remix) (P) (Numbered very Limited Edition) 2.30
12" TOTO Won't hold you back/Hold line/99/Elenore (P) 2.25
12" SEX PISTOLS Anarchy in the U.K./No Fun (P) 2.25
L.P. CRASS Yes Sir, I Will 2.75
12" J. PRIEST Tyrant/R. Rolla/Genocide (5.47) (White Vinyl) (P) 2.35
12" KAJAGOOGOO Hang on now (E)/Introduction + 1 (+ Poster) (P) 2.25
7" KATE BUSH Suspended in Gaffa/Dreamtime (I) (P) (Back in each) 2.25
12" HEAVEN 17 Live so fast (6.01)/Temptation + 1 (I) 4.99
12" ROD STEWART Baby Jane/R. Nowloving wrong live (+ poster) (P) 2.25
7" HANUKAH ROCKS (Blue v. Star shaped) (P&P for 12") (I) 5.99
12" CULTURE CLUB Time/White boys (E)/Afraid of me (E)/Really want to hurt (E) (Large Picture Label) (Jap I + lyric insert) 8.99
12" MAIN T. POSSEE Fickle (E) (WELLER's Respond label) 1.99
12" DEVO Dr. Detroit (6.00)/Luv-Luv + 1(I) (P) 4.99
12" HALL/OATES Family Man (E)/Manaster (E) (P) 4.99
L.P. DURAN (with Is there something) (I) 8.99
L.P. P. FLOYD Works (10 track hits with 'Embryo') (I) 7.99
12" NEW ORDER ceremony (orig. mix and pic) (+ flexi) (back in) 2.25
12" NICK HEYWARD Take that situation (2 mixes)/Cafe 1.50
7" CLASH Should I cool (Jap. I) (Diff. P) 2.99
7" BLANCMANGE On ceiling/Waves (Jap. I) (Diff. P) 2.99
7" ULTRAVOX Hymn/Movement (Jap. I) (Diff. P) 2.99
7" A.B.C. Poison arrow (Jap. I) (P) 2.99
7" FUN BOY THREE Tunnel of love/Lunacy (Jap. I) (Diff. P) 2.99
7" A.T.F. Kommissar/Shadows (Jap. I) (Diff. P) 2.99
7" PAT BENATAR Little too late/Fight about the TIMES 2.99
7" AGNETHA/T. LEDIN N. again/For the fun (Jap. I) (Diff. P) 2.99
7" S. BALLET Communication (Jap. I) (Diff. P) 2.99
7" K. WILDE View bridge/Take me tonight (Jap. I) (Diff. P) 2.99
7" B. W. WOW Wanna hold me (Jap. I) (P) 2.99
NOTE ALL JAP. IMPORTS EXCELLENT PRESSINGS AND LYRICS.
12" Z.Z. TOP Gimme your loving/Jesus + 2 (P) 2.25
12" DEAD OR ALIVE Misty circles (2 mixes) + 1 (P) 2.25
12" BLACKFOOT Send me an angel (E)/D. Fool/W. Well 2.25
12" TONY ASHTON Resurrection shuffle (5.27 mix) + 2 ..... 2.50
12" MARI WILSON Wonderfull (E)/Maybe wrong/One day (P) 1.99
12" D. EDMUNDS Information/What have I got (P) 2.35
12" ORANGE JUICE Flesh of my flesh (E)/L. John (E) (+ pic)..... 1.99
CASSETTE ABRASIVE WHEELS live (only 2,000 pressed) (Numbered ltd. edit.) (8 tracks & more) (P) 3.99
12" TWISTED SISTER Kids are back + 3 live tracks (P) 2.25
12" V.MORRISON Celtic Swing/Rave on/Mr. Thomas (P) 1.99
12" A.IMAGES Bring me closer (E)/Surprise me (P) 2.25
12" TOM TOM CLUB Wordy rappinghood (E) (P) 2.25
12" A.CAMERA Walk out to winter (7.46)/Set the killing (P) 2.25
12" BIG COUNTRY In a big country (2 mixes)/All of us (P) 1.99
12" P. COLLINS Don't care anymore (5.00) + 2 (I) (P) 3.99
12" B.W.WOW Wanna hold/What'a time/B.Phenomena (I) (P) 3.99
7" A.T.F. Starflight/Dancing in the shadows (I) 1.85
7" P. TOWNSEND Bargain/Stony Water (I) (P) 1.85
7" P.COLLINS Cannot believe/Thru these walls (I) 1.85
12" NENA 99 Luftgallons (I) (P) 3.99
12" CHINA CRISIS Tragedy & Mystery/Gold handshake (P) 2.25
12" JAPAN Canton (5.36)/Visions of China (P) 2.25
12" MEATLOAF If you really (Alt. vers)/L.Love/K.Driving (P) 2.25
12" MOTORHEAD I got mine/Turn you round/Tales Glory (P) 1.99
12" D. ASHFORD CAMPBELL Don't fail a track e.p. (P) 1.99
L.P. CHRIS JAGGER (Mick Jagger's brother) (I) (Cut) 2.99
12" S. MINDS I travel (6.14)/N.G.Dreams (6.52)/F.Scene (I) (P) 3.99
12" S. JOHN/PARTS Solo/Candy's Flew/Dollars/Don't stop (P) 2.50
7" MEN AT WORK Overkill (I) (Diff Pic) 1.85
L.P. STRANGLERS Feline (Jap I + lyrics) 11.99
12" TH. CURE Killing an Arab/(I)Still in love (live) (E) (P) 2.99
L.P. STRANGLERS Great Lost (Jap I + lyrics etc) 11.99
L.P. STRANGLERS Great Lost Continued (Jap I + lyrics etc)..... 11.99
L.P. STRANGLERS Feminine (Jap I + lyrics etc) 11.99
7" E. JOHN I'm Still Standing/Love So Cold (I) (P) 1.85
12" RUSH Countdown/N.W.Man/Spirit (live)/An Interview (P) 1.99
12" P.LYNOTT Do not now...Girls/Don't return + 1 & 2 + (P) 2.25
12" KISS Creatures/R&R (Double grooved) (Signatures of band in the vinyl on the 'B' side) 2.25
12" KISS Creatures of night/War machine/R&R (live) (P) 1.99
12" I. MAIDEN Flight of Icarus/I've got fire (I) (P) 3.99
L.P. SMILE Gettin Smile (early group with Brian May + Roger Taylor on QUEEN) (JAP I + lyrics) (Back in) 10.95
12" SAXON Power & Glory/See light live/Denim live (P) 2.50
12" I. MAIDEN Sanctuary/Prowler/Drifter(live)/Got fire(I) (P)..... 3.99
5" SQUEEZE (Yes 5") Another Nail/If I didn't love (I) (P) 0.75
L.P. SQUIRE OFFICIAL FAN CLUB ALBUM..... 4.49

PICTURE DISCS PICTURE DISCS PICTURE DISCS

7" D. JOSEPH Live it up; 7" MEZZOFORTE Rockall; 7" R. PALMER You can have it; 7" M. OLDFIELD M. Shadow; 7" U. HEEP Lonely Nights each 1.50
7" D. ESSEX The Smile; 7" POLICE Every Breath; CHINA CRISIS Tragedy of myster; 7" HEAVEN 17 Temptation; 7" H_2O Dream to Sleep each 1.99
L.P. DIVINE (I) 7.99. L.P. B. MARLEY Confrontation 5.99 L.P. ELURYTHMICS S. Dreams 5.99. L.P. M. JACKSON Thriller 8.49. L.P. SAXON Power & Glory 5.99. L.P. SHAKIN STEVENS Silver Wings (I) 4.95
L.P. BEATLES Timeless 2 (More interviews etc.) (I) 6.99
7" CLIFF RICHARD/SHEILA WALSH Drifting 1.99
7" A. IMAGES Bring me closer; 7" AGNETHA FALSKOG Heat is on; 7" SPEAR OF DESTINY The wheel; 7" WHAM Bad boys..... each 2.25
12" MEATLOAF If you really want to/Lost love/Keep driving 2.50
7" ALTERED IMAGES I could be happy (ltd. offer) ..... only 99p
7" D.VAN DAY Americans; 7" S.BALLET True; 7" E.CLAPTON Shape you're; 7" M.ROMANCE Crazy rhythm ..... each 2.50
L.P. (Unknown Artist) Tribute to Queen (Pic of Queen) (I) 4.99
L.P. FLOCK OF SEAGULLS First album; Listen..... each 5.99
7" MANCHESTER F. TEAM Glory Glory; 7" FUN BOY 3 Our lips; 7" S.BALLET Communication; 7" BEATLES Please Please..... each 2.25
7" FIXX Saved by zero; 7" FLOCK SEAGULLS Nightmares; 7" E.PRESLEY One sided love/Tutti don't care; 7" BELLE STARS S.Memory; 7" ROSE TATTOO Gonna work itself; 7" KIDS FROM FAME Frid. Night; 7" HAYSI Shiny; ..... each 1.50
7" ICEHOUSE St. Cafe; 7" D. GRANT Stop & Go; 7" SAXON Power & Glory; 7" B.TYLER Faster than speed; 7" ULTRAVOX Visions in blue; 7" EURYTHMICS Love is stranger; 7" MADNESS Tommorrows just, Our House, House of Fun, Driving in my car; 7" C. CLUB Church Poison; 7" OMD Telegraph; 7" TRIUMPH World of fantasy; 7" NEW EDITION Candy Girl; 7" FUN BOY 3 Tunnel of love; 7" M.OLDFIELD Mistakes; 7" THE RECORD SPECIALIST OMD Genetic Engineering; 7" ICEHOUSE Hey Little Girl; 7" EURYTHMICS S. Dreams; 7" ULTRAVOX Hymn; 7" H.LEAGUE Mirror Man; 7" RUSH Subdivisions; 7" JAPAN Ghosts; 7" I. MAIDEN Run to hills; 7" F.SEAGULLS Waiting; 7" UFO Time to rock..... each 1.99
7" A. IMAGES Don't talk about love; 7" STRANGLERS E. Female; 7" SQUEEZE Hangover; 7" ABBA Under Attack; 7" BEATLES Love Me Do; 7" CLASH Rock The Casbah; 7" CLASH Should I stay..... each 2.99
7" ABBA One of us; 7" SAMMY HAGAR Piece of my heart ..... each 0.99
7" ADAM ANT Desperate; Friend of Foe; Goody 2; Antrap ..... each 1.99
7" BELLE STARS Sign of the times; Iko Iko; Clapping Song ..... each 1.99
7" TOYAH (1st pic) 1.99 7" TOYAH Ieya/Helium (2nd pic) 1.95
Lots more Pic Discs in our catalogue

PICTURE DISCS WITH UNUSUAL SHAPES (P&P as for 12")

7" COCONUTS Did you have to love me (Coconut shaped) 2.50
7" JoBOXERS Just got lucky (Box shaped) 1.99
7" DEVO Beautiful world (Spaceman helmet shaped) (I) 12.00
7" JOHN MILES Right to sing (Microphone shaped) 2.25
7" B.JAMES HARVEST Just a day away (Butterfly shaped) 2.25
7" FARMERS BOYS Muck it out (Pig shaped) 2.25
7" FAT LARRY Stubborn kind (Fat Larry shaped) 2.50
7" TOTO Rosanna (Gramophone shaped) 2.99
7" VIA MARCONI Serious dancing (Shoes shaped) 2.50
7" BELLE STARS Sweet Memory (Star shaped) 1.99
7" BAD MANNERS That'll do nicely (Buster head shaped) 2.25
7" JULUKA Scatterlings Africa (Africa shaped) 2.50
7" CAVA, CAVA Brother Bright (Painters Palette shaped) 1.99
7" JOBOXERS Boxerbeat (Box shaped) 2.99
Note:— Nearly all odd-shaped records are slightly warped

CULT 45 CULT 45 CULT 45 CULT 45 CULT

12" NEW ORDER Temptation (P) (+ flexi) 2.25
12" CURE Forest (5.53)/Another Journey (Green Vinyl) (I) 4.49
12" U2 Out of control/Stories/Boy Girl (Irish release) 3.99
12" DEVO Jerkin'/Clockwise/Satisfaction/Jocko (P) 2.25
12" PENETRATION Dictate/D. Signs/F. Money + 1 (P) 2.25
12" YAZOO Nobody's Diary/State Farm (P) 2.25
12" CURE Go to bed (7.45)/J. One Kiss (7.18)/Edit (I) (P) 4.99
7" DEVO Dr. Detroit theme/J. BROWN King of soul 1.85
7" ICEHOUSE St. Cafe (I) (Diff pic) 2.25
12" SPEAR OF DESTINY The Wheel/Hop + 3 live (P) 2.25
12" FUTURA 2000 Escapades (with CLASH) (P) 1.40
12" STYLE COUNCIL Money go round/Headstart/Mick's (P) 1.99
12" MAGAZINE Shot both/Goldfinger/Floor/Give me (P) 2.25
7" U2 N.Y.Day/Treasure/Fire/Brick/Day Without (dble 7") (P) 1.99
12" U2 N.Years Day (E) + 3 (P) 2.25
12" J. DIVISION Transmission (P) (+ free flexi) 2.25
12" N. ORDER Ceremony (new mix, new pic) (+ flexi) 2.25
12" U2 S.B. Sunday/N.Y.Day/2 Hearts (I) (P) 4.49
7" U2 Sunday bloody Sunday/Endless sleep (I) (P) 2.25
12" PETE SHELLEY No One (6.38)/If you ask. No one (8.30) (P) 1.50
7" ULTRAVOX Visions in blue (Clear vinyl) (P) 1.50
7" BLUEBELLS Cath (Bell shaped, Blue or Yell v.) (P&P for 12") 1.99
12" RUTS Babylons/West One/Something/Rude Boys (P) 2.25
12" HEAVEN 17 Temptation/Who'll stop/We live at last (P) 2.25
12" NEW ORDER Beach/Blue Monday (J.D. flexi) (P) 2.25
12" U2 2 Hearts (5.40) N.Y.Day/2 Hearts (remix) (P) 2.25
7" U2 2 Hearts/Endless Sleep/N.Y. Day/2 Hearts (dble 7") (P) 1.50

ADRIANS RECORDS HAS BEEN APPOINTED AS AN OFFICIAL STOCKIST OF THE NEW COMPACT DISC

OUR FAIR TRADING POLICY

- ★WE DO NOT ADVERTISE RECORDS BEFORE AVAILABLE
- ★All records are British unless marked import (I) so you know exactly what you're buying
- ★All records sent in strong, top quality protective packaging
- ★We do not issue credit notes (except overseas) or alternatives, unless you ask. If we cannot supply exactly what you require — *We refund your money*

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BOWIE BOWIE BOWIE BOWIE BOWIE BOWIE

7" BOWIE (Lifetimes singles) (Re-issues with original 'B' sides, all with completely or slightly new pics. All new catalogue nos)
1. Drive in Saturday/Round
2. Life on Mars/M.W.S.T.W.
3. R&R Suicide/Quicksand
4. D. Dogs/Holy
5. Knock on Wood/Panic
6. Americans/S. City
7. Fame/Right
8. G. Years/Can you hear
9. T.V.C.15/We are dead
10. S. & Vision/N. Career
11. Be my wife/Sound
12. B. & Beast/Sense
13. Heroes/V2
14. Rebel Rebel/Queen
15. Jean Genie/Ziggy
16. D.J./Repitition
17. John I'm/Hang on
18. S. Oddity/Changes/V.G.
19. Sorrow/Amsterdam
20. B. Glass/Art/Ziggy
1.40 each. Set of 20 = £26 (Free lifetimes hand-out with set)
12" BOWIE China girl/Shake it (remix) (P) 2.25
STARZONE MAGAZINE No. 7 ..... 99p
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7" BOWIE Let's dance (Jap. I + lyrics) (P) 2.99
L.P. BOWIE Let's dance (Splendid Jap. pressing + pic. of Bowie on Jap. price band + extra insert) 11.95
BOWIE CASSINGLE Let's dance (E)/Cat People (P) 1.99
12" BOWIE John I'm (disco(E)(P)(Deleted) 1.99
12" BOWIE Let's dance (7.38)/Cat people (P)(re)recorded 2.25
12" BOWIE 12 Bowie tracks by un-named artist(I) 4.99
BOWIE Pic Discs (Set of 10 in wallet...7")(P&P £2 U.K.) 27.00
If you like Bowie, then you'll like our catalogue. We are known throughout the world as the Bowie specialists.

RARITIES FROM ADRIANS OLD SHOP

7" BLANCMANGE Living on ceiling (same both sides) (US promo) 4.99
7" FRIDA Here we'll stay (same both sides) (US promo) 6.99
7" FLOCK SEAGULLS Wishing (Mono & Stereo) (US promo) 4.99
7" M. McLAREN Buffalo girls/Tred Sq. (US promo) (P) 3.99
12" YOKO ONO My man/Let tears dry (US promo) 8.95
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7" BOWIE Alsbama Song (Wraparound poster only) 1.50
7" BLONDIE Picture This (Yellow Vinyl) (P) 7.50
10" DIRE STRAITS Private Investigations (P) 2.99
7" FOREIGNER Blue Morning, Blue Day (Picture Disc) 4.99
12" HUMAN LEAGUE Empire State Human (P) (British Orig) 8.99
7" E. JOHN Croc. Rock/G. Y.B.R. (Blue vinyl Flexi) (I) (P) 4.99
7" POLICE Message in a bottle (Green vinyl) (P) 3.99
12" RAMONES Rockaway beach + 2 (P) (Orig British) 9.50
7" T. HEADS Take me to the river (British Demo) (P) 3.99
12" JUSTIN HAYWARD Eve of the War (Pic Disc) 15.00
7" N. YOUNG Don't be denied + 2 (One sided British Promo) (P) 5.99

WE HAVE TWO RECORD SHOPS IN WICKFORD
Adrians 'OLD SHOP' is packed with secondhand bargains. Rare promos, cheapies, '50s, '60s R & Roll originals plus many of one-off goodies. OPEN 5 DAYS A WEEK (10-4, Closed Wed) Double your pleasure — visit both shops in one day.

POSTAGE & BEST PACKING 12" or 10" . . . 1=95p, 2=1.30, 3=1.60, 4=£2.10, 5 or more=2.65 . . . 7" up to 4=65p; 5 or more=85p. Cassettes . . . Same as for 7".
OVERSEAS P&P 12" OR 10" . . . 1=2.30, 2 OR 3=£3.15, 4 TO 8=1.05 each, 9 to 20=8.80. 7" . . . 1 or 2=1.15, 3=1.50, 4=£2.10, 5 or more=45p each, 15 or more=£5.30. Cassettes . . . Same as for 7".
SOUTHERN IRELAND Please add 25p for every £1 (on cost of records & postage) to cover rate of exchange.
PLEASE ALLOW 10 DAYS CLEARANCE FOR CHEQUES (Postal orders mean quicker delivery)
ALL RECORDS ARE BRITISH UNLESS MARKED IMPORT (I)
P=Picture Sleeve. E=Extended version

RECORDS TAPES VIDEOS

Adrians VIDEO

36 HIGH ST, WICKFORD, ESSEX
PLEASE STATE CLEARLY VHS OR BETAMAX

NEW RELEASES...IN STOCK NOW

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VIDEO KIDS FROM FAME Live ft. A. Hal (75) 29.95
VIDEO TEARS FOR FEARS Mad world/Change/Pale shelter 10.95
VIDEO BARCLAY JAMES HARVEST Berlin Concert (51) 24.95
VIDEO BLADE Slade in Flame. The film & Music. 39.95
VIDEO PAVAROTTI Live at Albert Hall (60) 24.95
VIDEO JACKIE GENOVA Work that body (Exercises) 29.95
VIDEO JAPAN Oil On Canvas 19.95
VIDEO FLEETWOOD MAC Mirage Tour (80) 24.95
VIDEO STEVIE NICKS Live (58) 19.95

COMING SOON...NOT RELEASED YET
Note: In line with Our Fair Trading Policy we will not offer videos for sale until they are released.
ECHO & BUNNYMEN (Porcupine); STATUS QUO; RUSH; New BLACK SABBATH; BLUE OYSTER CULT; MINK DEVILLE

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VIDEO MONKEES (Dolenz/Jones) Hits (30)(V2) 14.95
VIDEO MARY WILSON & SUPREMES (30)(V2) 14.95

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VIDEO DURAN DURAN 11 track hits including 'Something' (55) 19.95
VIDEO STRANGLERS Collection (Hits) (58) 19.95
VIDEO POLICE Around the World (60) 19.95
VIDEO GENESIS 3 Sides Live (40) 19.95
VIDEO DIRT BAND Tonite (15 tracks) 19.95
VIDEO SOFT CELL Non stop exotic video show (55) 19.95
VIDEO MICHAEL NESMITH Elephant parts (60) 19.95
VIDEO ECHO & BUNNYMEN Shines So Hard Etc (48) 19.95
VIDEO ASHFORD & SIMPSON Live Video (60) 19.95
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VIDEO AMERICA Live Central Park (60) 19.95
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VIDEO E.L.O. Live (60)(V2) 19.95
VIDEO ROBERTA FLACK (Live) (60) 21.95
VIDEO PRESLEY 1968 & 1973 Concerts (106) 29.95
VIDEO No Nukes. Springsteen, C.S.N. Doobies etc (103) 29.95
VIDEO PINK FLOYD Live At Pompeii (59) (New sleeve) (Stereo) 22.95
VIDEO 10 CC Live International Music Show (54) 19.95
VIDEO ADAM & ANTS Prince Charming Review 25.95
VIDEO BLONDIE Eat to the beat. Best of ..... each 29.95
VIDEO ALICE COOPER Strange Case of (71) 29.95
VIDEO DEVO Men Who Make The Music (55) 24.95
VIDEO ELTON JOHN The Fox (40) 24.95
VIDEO GRACE JONES One Woman Show (60) 19.95
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VIDEO KIDS LIKE ME & YOU (3 tracks by JAM, 3 by SHAM, 3 by ULTRAVOX + 4 Others)(Live Reading '78) (V2) 21.95
VIDEO MOTORHEAD Live (30) 24.95
VIDEO VAN MORRISON Hits live (V2) 29.95
VIDEO GARY NUMAN Micromusic (nearly 2 hours) 22.95
VIDEO MIKE OLDFIELD Essential (70) 24.95

MORE CONCERT VIDEOS

VIDEO ABBA The Movie. The film (19 songs) (90) 34.95
VIDEO BEATLES Complete (2 hrs, music & documentary) 37.95
VIDEO TOYAH Good Morning Universe (V2) 39.95
VIDEO TOYAH Live At Rainbow (V2) 39.95
VIDEO ABBA Music Show Vol 1 & 2 (V2) ..... each 39.95
VIDEO IMAGINATION Hits (72) 39.95
VIDEO ALICE COOPER Welcome to my nightmare (84) 39.95
VIDEO DEEP PURPLE California Jam 1974 (V2) 39.95
VIDEO E.L.P. Pictures at an Exhibition (45) 44.95

VIDEO FILMS & SPECIAL INTEREST

VIDEO SEX PISTOLS R & Roll Swindle (The film) 29.95
VIDEO Cat People. The film. Bowie sings title 44.95
VIDEO Pennies From Heaven. The Musical 39.95
VIDEO PINK FLOYD The Wall. The Film (90) 49.95
VIDEO THE EVIL DEAD Notorious horror film 39.95
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VIDEO KIDS ARE ALRIGHT The film with the Who 39.95
VIDEO QUADROPHENIA The film. Music by the Who 39.95
VIDEO NEIL YOUNG Rust Never Sleeps 39.95
VIDEO ROCK GUITAR Guitar tips from SCHENKER, RON WOOD 29.95
VIDEO RUDE BOY The film. Unreleased CLASH music 39.95
VIDEO THE JAZZ SINGER Neil Diamond film 29.95
VIDEO FLASH GORDON The film. Music by Queen 29.95
*Note: FREE poster (approx. 27cm x 38cm) with Rainbow,

GASBAG

ELECTIVE AFFINITIES

Marx was wrong. He assumed that the masses were intelligent enough to understand when they were being exploited. Most of them are not. The readers of the *NME* are probably among the more intelligent of the working class, so don't give me any bullshit about your intelligence.

The 'average' (a word I don't like to use) working class youth likes Duran Duran/D Train/Culture Club and other such crap, buys 'Smash Hits' every fortnight and considers him/herself to be a serious soul/jazz-funker.

If the masses in general were remotely intelligent, we would be a socialist/communist state.
Jim, the world's new Marx, Greenwich.
If the masses in general were remotely intelligent, communism would be a defunct concept. — AG.

THAT'S A BOOK BY GOETHE, STUPID!

With regard to our impending General Election, I have quizzed several of my friends and relatives about their voting intentions. Typical reactions were:
"Why should I vote? Thatcher will win anyway and my one vote won't make any difference!"
and:
"I'm not voting for Labour because Michael Foot is a scruffy get!"

I can only assume that with one half of the proles voting Tory through misguided beliefs and the other half as thick as pigshit, that our great nation will indeed return the Bitch to Number 10 in June.
Fil The Mean.
A country gets the government it deserves. If people would rather act on what the leader-writer of *The Sun* tells them than on the first-hand evidence of their own situation, they deserve no pity. Which is exactly what they'll get. — AG.

OR WAS IT GOGOL? I CAN'T REMEMBER

I buy your paper every week and will be voting Conservative at the next election. A contradiction in terms, you may think. No?

I have felt for some time that it is a shame for a paper with obviously the best writers to take such an obviously 'left' political stance as probably half your readership (and half or more of your subject matter ie groups) don't share your views.

Not all people who believe in Mrs Thatcher and a Nuclear *War* deterrent are rabid Jackboot Stomping Fascists. Some, like me, are caring people concerned with the plight of 'workers' and minority groups, but do *not* see any other road to better their plight than the one offered by the Tory party. Honestly.

Please at least redress the balance or change your name to the *Socialist Musical Express.*
Charles Bateson, Camberwell
I rest my case. — AG.

GOGOL? DIDN'T HE DO *DEAD SOULS?*

I'm really glad of the stir Tim Culley's letter (May 12) on the Monster Raving Loony Party has caused.

You've already had a letter saying 'don't be so silly, vote Labour' and no doubt the Tories and SDP are just finishing writing to you saying exactly the same.

I think anyone who has a real feeling for justice does come down on Labour's side, but the old Labour Party let us down badly (public spending cuts, £1,000 million on Nuclear arms) and why with all the new boys making up today's Labour Party do I feel I'm being patronised by a load of self-righteous bastards?

I think it would do the three political parties no end of good and teach them a lesson they'd never forget if Maggie Thatcher, Roy Jenkins, David Steel and (much as I like him) Michael Foot all lost their seats to the loony party. It'd give our £15,000-a-year MPs a kick up the arse they badly need.

In the words of Dave Dorrell (in reply to Tim Cully's letter): Tim, you're right, you really are right, I'm going to vote Monster Raving Loony too.
Mick Davies, Guildford.
"Defeatism and dreams walk ever hand in hand." Who said that? It may well have been me. Pretty good, eh? — AG.

NAZI WHOREHOUSE? WASN'T THAT A VIDEO NASTY?

So Paul Du Noyer reckons that the sleeve of the New Order LP doesn't say what it is? Not true! Work out the code using the design on the back of the cover and there it is, clear as day. The LP is called 'SEIL DNA NOITPURROC REWOP'.
Tone.
Glad we've got that sorted out. By the way, you ever noticed how 'GOD' spelt backwards is 'DOG'? Makes you think, eh? — AG.

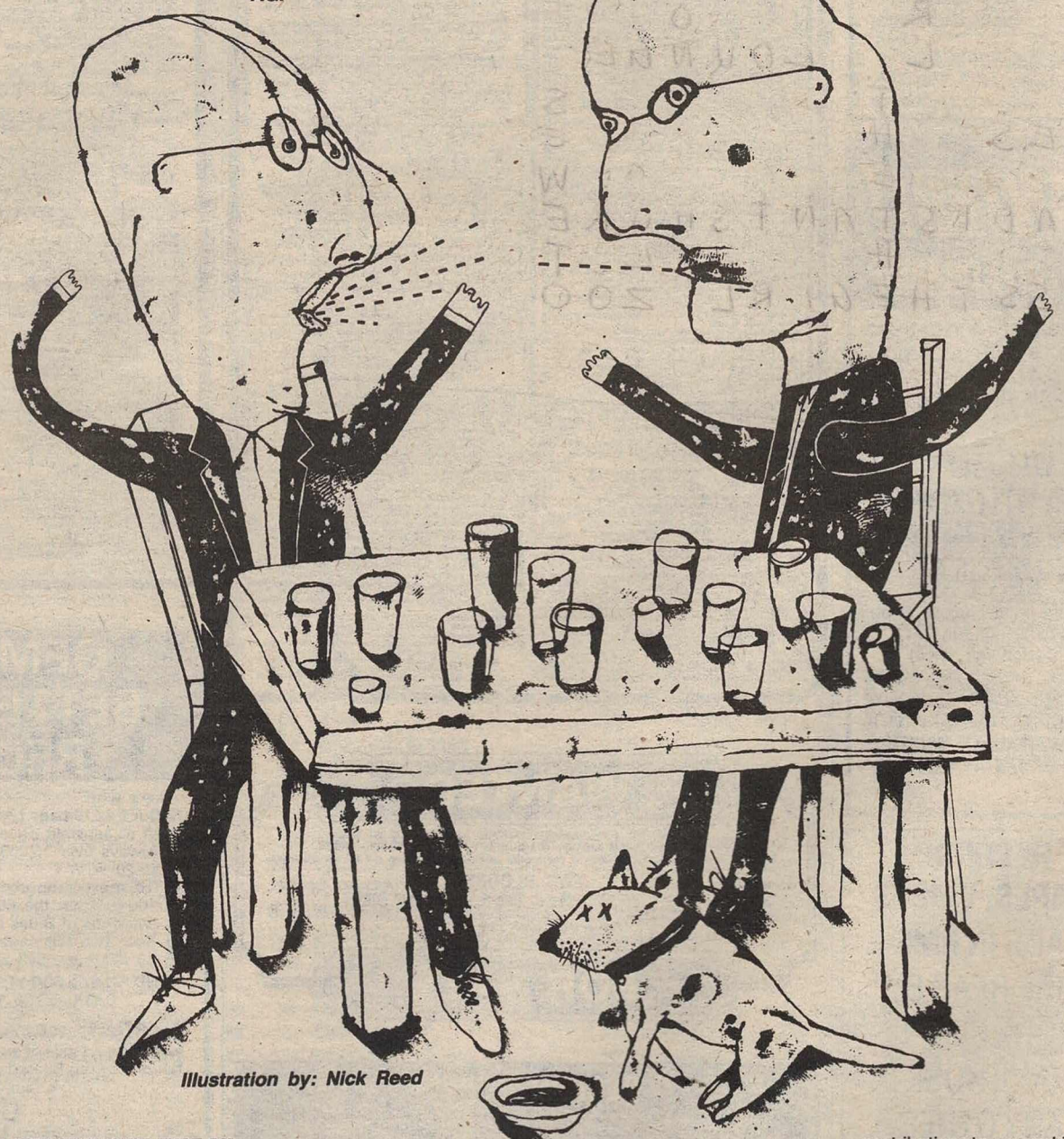


Illustration by: Nick Reed

DEAD SOULS? WASN'T THAT BY JOY DIVISION?

It seems really stupid starting a letter like that.

Well. I'm just a poor baffled reader who needs enlightening. Why can't I understand most of the letters that other *NME* readers send in? They all seem to use big words and talk about politics and how stupid the staff are.

Most of the things I read I have to believe 'cos I don't know any better. If so, is it true that you are all bastards as one reader said. This is very unfortunate and I sympathise deeply. Surely if you got some kind of elderly couple to adopt you all it would make you feel a lot better.
Shirley, Limawadn, Northern Ireland.
You are correct on one point: it does seem *really* stupid starting a letter like that. Almost as stupid as continuing like that. — AG.

JOY DIVISION? WASN'T THAT A NAZI WHOREHOUSE?

When I was a little boy I used to play an album called 'Mind Games' in the company of a pretty bourgeois girl called Lynne, who was undoubtedly vile. Does this mean I am a qualified vile Lynne player? I am desperate.
A Dodo.
No, it means you are suffering from Connolly's Syndrome. You have six weeks to live. Sorry. — AG.

As the Great Debate draws to a close, ANDY GILL finds himself trapped in the corner of the pub with a pile of readers' letters.

VIDEO NASTY? DOESN'T HE RUN THE CLUB DOWN THE ROAD?

The Man at the Manpower Office says that if I get my letters printed in newspapers and magazines, research the subject of Journalism and in general "show interest", he will "stick his neck out for me" and get me a job at our local newspaper.

So . . .
Thomas O'Donnell, Fethard, Co. Tipperary.
For Thomas O'Donnell of Tipperary, opportunity knocks! — AG.

CLUB DOWN THE ROAD? ISN'T THIS ALL GETTING A LITTLE SILLY?

AREN'T THE *NME* film critics taking their time about hip-hopping onto the "Britcrap" bandwagon? It's the latest thing, also known as "New Patriotism", a wave of films either openly celebrating *(Chariots Of Fire),* or passively revelling in the splendour of Olde Englande *(The Missionary, The Draughtsman's Contract,* etc.) Even the unfairly acclaimed *Ghandi,* whatever its primary intentions, tends to linger lovingly on the lawns and in the drawing rooms of stately homes. Ah, the good old days! (And let's not forget *Heat And Dust).*
Simon Witter, London.
Nor *Return Of The Soldier,* for that matter. You're being a bit hard on *The Missionary* and *The Draughtsman's Contract,* though: the former takes the piss out of the church and aristocracy, etc, while the latter weaves a web of intrigue around the patriarchal basis of real estate, thereby making an implicit criticism of the landed gentry and their pals. At least, that's what I *think* it does. — AG.

WELL, WE'VE GOT TO JOLLY UP THE CROSSHEADS SOMEHOW

What a gobshite X. Moore turns out to be! A frantic rant because Willy Russell said the written word didn't mean much in working class culture.

Because to be honest it doesn't — and nor for that matter does the spoken word in its dramatic form: check the audience of *Blood Brothers* or go to the Liverpool Everyman, where good working class sentiments/content are listened to and applauded by, for the most part, the cultivated bourgeoisie. This is why Bleasdale wouldn't let the BBC screen *Black Stuff* on a Friday night — because the people he wanted to watch it would be out on the ale.

Certainly there are good working class poets/playwrights/novelists: but Willy Russell's point is that their audience is not predominantly proletarian.

What does X Moore offer instead? Geordie poet Tom Pickard — yeah, he's all the rage round here; public libraries — your average dolite (unfortunately) won't have seen the inside of one for a long, long time, if ever; "back copies of the *NME*" — well I must say it's not the first thing I would have put at the top of a list of major contributions to our working class culture; some series of plays at Soho Poly — what? X Moore must have been a long time in the south and it's affected his brain because, although I've never been to Soho Polytechnic, I very much doubt whether it's the centre of proletarian culture and I don't see how it can be. It sounds like a bunch of students with good intentions, which is a very different thing altogether.

Which leaves us with the lyrics to a Jam album (written work? surely 'The Gift' is a collection of *songs*) — and we all know what Jam fans are like.

Working class culture is what? The match, brown mixed, Foster and Allen (or Chas and Dave down south most probably). I don't say it should be like that, but that's the way it is. X Moore and Willy Russell are both trying to change that, which is great, so am I. But there's a long way to go yet, and when we get there, we'll all be socialists. But I don't see how the cause is furthered by clagging off *Educating Rita* only to advocate Soho Polytechnic and a London pop music paper.
Michael, Liverpool.
PS: Julie Burchill is a dickhead too. Remember when she said that *What The Papers Say* — a Granada programme — had never been screened outside London. "The crass arrogance of the ignorant" indeed.

X. Moore: If you ever set foot in the real world, somewhere like Liverpool or any other city outside of London, you will find there is more to life than the "Soho Poly Theatre", or "the lyrics of 'The Gift' LP" or, ha ha, "Tony Parsons on Blondie".

In Liverpool we'll give you more than a cultural cosh. Come and find out for yourself X. Moore. Or are you scaredy-kid?
Rita, Working Class.

SO WHAT'S WRONG WITH 'SHOCK' AND 'HORROR'?

Is X. Moore never going to grow up? The manner of that Willy Russell diatribe last week just leaves me embarrassed and depressed, and I'm on his side, 'The Gift' indeed! If it's to be anything, socialism is love, not ill-informed posturing bile. You see the problem; X has got me at it now. Let's just mention the work put out by the members of the federaton of worker writers and community publishers, and venture a bet that Willy Russell and his pals in Liverpool have not been unsupportive of local writers' groups there.
Kinks fan, Watford.
'Gobshite X', 'Dickhead Burchill' . . . that's what I love about placid liberals. They always talk so dirty come election time. Howsabout some of you scousers take a tip from the right side of the Pennines and direct a cultural cosh at Trevor Jones and pals. As Dennis Skinner so cutely put it: People who live in glass houses shouldn't come the hard case. — X 'Kick Out The Liberals' Moore.
Girls! Girls! Put down those hockey sticks! — AG.

OKAY, HERE GOES: SHOCK!

When will the *Real* significance of African music be articulated within the realms of the popular media? Apart from the occasional — albeit excellent — reportage your journal has offered on this new (old!) wave, the energy, joy, and force of this music has been largely ignored by the press, TV and especially radio.

Come on *NME,* bang the table — other European rags have celebrated the new rhythms sweeping London and Paris (over a dozen clubs committed to music from the dark continent).
Marc Butler, Hartlepool.
Ah, the phrase "Come on *NME!* Haven't seen that since the mid-'70s. Fair warms the cockles. — AG.

THAT WORKED QUITE WELL. LET'S TRY ANOTHER . . .

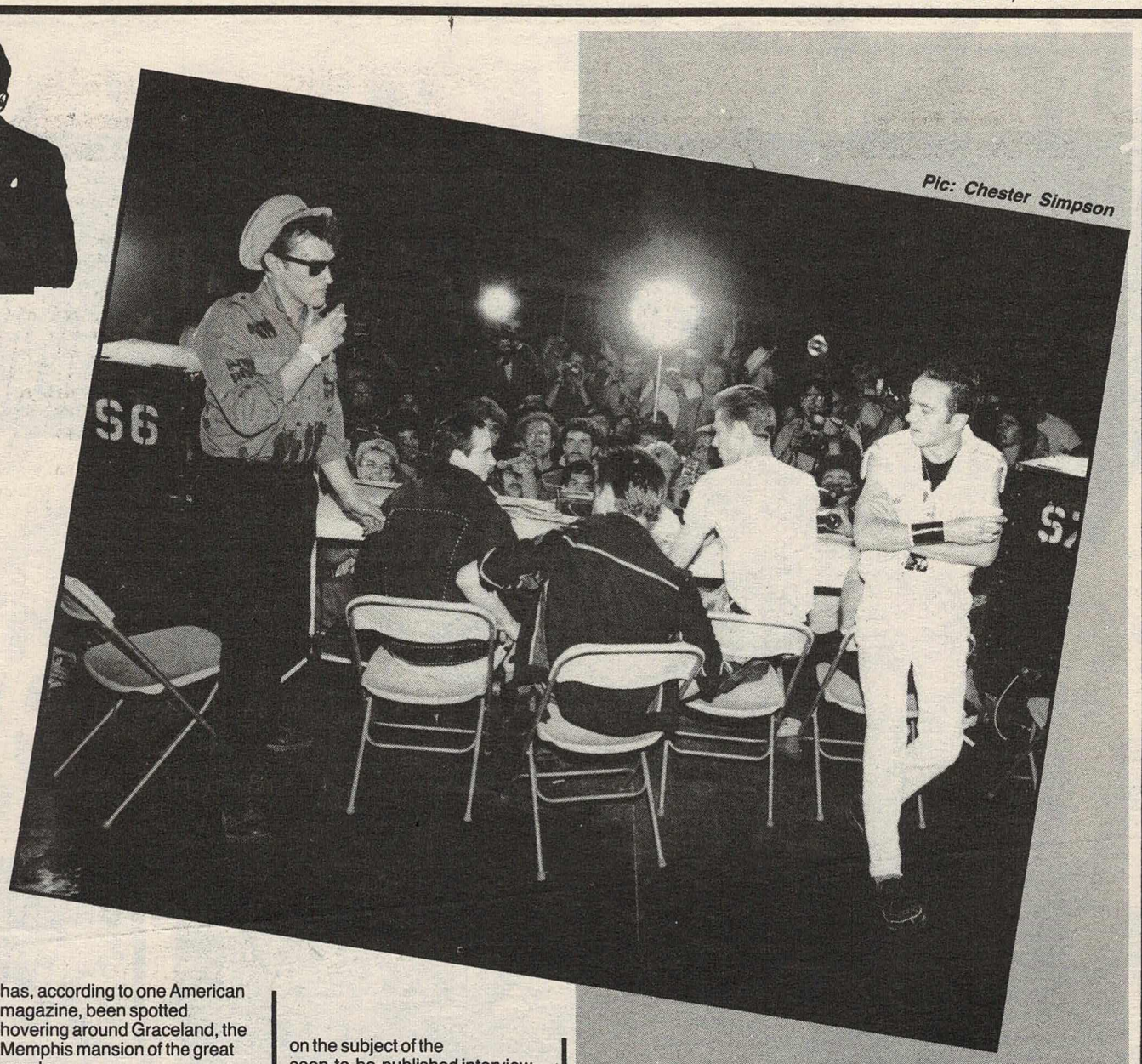
After reading the last edition of *Gasbag* can I be the first to remind John Connolly that eight-year-olds can't vote.
Steve, Runcorn.
Oh, I suppose so. — AG.

HORROR!

Could Gasbagger William 'Benji' Falkner remind me which *novels* I wrote, because I honestly can't remember.
Friedrich Nietzsche, das Irrenhaus, das Vaterland.
Nietzsche? Didn't he do the screenplays for *Ubermensch I, II* and *III?* — AG.
That's quite enough of that, thank you. We've tried that technique, and it doesn't work half as well as 'Shock!' or 'Horror!'. — The Crossheads. Now hang on just a goldarn minute! We think it's about time you Crossheads got your act together. After all, you get the chance to spout off in BIG BLOCK CAPITALS while we have to make do with miserable lower-case type, and all you can come up with is a series of crummy puns. Besides which, the space at the end of the letter is *ours!* One more word from you and we strike! — The Union of Ed's Comments and Associated Invective. THIGHS! — The Crossheads. Right! That's it. Everybody out! — UECAI.

Write to: Gasbag, *NME,* 5-7 Carnaby Street, LONDON W1V 1PG

t-zers



Pic: Chester Simpson

Seriously, what we see here is that peculiar phenomenon the rock band with injured dignity. Arriving at a festival on America's West Coast, The Clash discovered that they were being payed a rather low rate compared to the other two headlining acts of the three day event.

While David Bowie and Van Halen were set to make off with a reported 1½ million dollars, Joe and the boys were expected to play for the paltry sum of £50,000. To make it worse, while Van Halen lounged around in a semi-mansion, The Clash were provided with nothing but a small trailer. Tough, huh?

"We are a band of the people," an irate Kosmo Vinyl told the hastily assembled press conference — thus making the hacks wonder why, in that case, they were making this bid for big bucks and mansions? But no, The Clash stay true to their beliefs. In fact, they said that if promoter Steve Wozniak were to give them the million and a half, they would donate some of it to charity. Nice guys!

And what happened? They played.

LOOK, this is nae joke, this is a serious plight an' that. I didnae know whit ah wuz gettin' meself intae when I decided tae sneak off into this peaceful derelict building for a kip.

Perhaps I ought tae start from the beginning. Me and ma brother Davey an' 'at, we thought we'd come down tae London for this fitba match. Y'know, England and Scotland, an' 'at. So us an' the rest of the West Kilbride crew we set aff, good an' early, got there in time for opening time and there we wuz, havin' a drink, havin' a laugh, throwin' bottles at the skinheeds.

So the time's gettin' on, an' 'at, and not to put too fine a pint . . . that's point, I mean, the heavy's beginnin' to hit the old brain . . . and this fine upstanding frame you see before you is havin' extreme difficulty maintainin' an upright position. So this was when I was thinkin' if I wuz gonna stay awake as far as the second half an' 'at, it might no be a bad idea to catch a bit of sleep.

Trouble is Carnaby Street, as well as not being paved with gold (actually if y're interested, it's a sort of dirty orange plastic stuff) is not exactly lined with comfortable snoozing venues. So I wuz just about tae forget the whole thing and settle for a doorway when this door in question it just swings open. "Nae borra," I thinks and brass necks it in there.

Better still, when I get tae the third floor, I discovers this disused office; at least it *looks* like it's disused. I mean, there's typewriters and desks in it, an' 'at, but orra people are given' it snore, y'know? *Sleepin'* an 'at. Which struck your hero as being most fortunate, seein' as how that's what I wuz thinkin' on doin' meself.

So I just finds meself a vacant desk, crawls under it and that's it, I'm away. Then I wakes up with a start, hearin' the old familiar sound of cans a poppin'. For a moment I wiz thinkin' I wiz at the match an' 'at. "Whitsa score?" I sez. Then I realises I'm still at this office, it's midnight, I've missed the match, I've missed the last train, an' 'at, an' worse still, these punters have woken up and they're *evil*. I can tell ya — blood red eyes, faces make *the Evil Dead* look like *The Sound of Music,* an' drinking habits that make the West Kilbride branch of the Rangers Supporters club look like The Salvation Army. And jeez, are they batterin' at they typewriters.

Ah mean this wiz bad enuff, then this guy claimin' tae be a Stewart, (tryin' tae pull rank on me) manacles me tae this desk next to these three dot lookin' things. Then whallop! He drops half a ton of scribbled bits of gossip on the desk. Rancid? I'll tell yas, a tinker' truss would smell sweet in comparison. "Get on with it," he sez and lurches aff. So I've got no choice. I've got to collaborate on this damn **T-Zers** column and they wilnae allow me to write them in a Scottish accent. It's cultural imperialism, that's wit it is...

So this week's dotti/scottie coalition column comes to you packed with the biggest names. **Elvis! The Beatles! The Rolling Stones!** yes, it's let's resort to the boring old farts because nobody else is doing anything week!

So, the first bit of big news about big people (and, barring **Cyril Smith,** they don't come any bigger) concerns . . . the ghost of **Elvis Presley!** (cue chorus of groans and disrespectful belches).

Anyway, the ghost of the corpulent one of rock and roll has, according to one American magazine, been spotted hovering around Graceland, the Memphis mansion of the great guzzler.

"The ghost of Elvis began appearing almost weekly shortly after the mansion was opened to the public," an *insider* has been quoted as saying. I suppose that's one way to keep the necrophilia burning.

What will happen next, the dots wonder. Will the big El begin to make guest appearances at selected grease joints as the incarnation of the ultimate cheeseburger singing 'Ketchup Me Tender'? Will **Ray Lowry** make an offer for the animated film rights of this column? . . .

The dots would love to answer these questions, but to be honest we're too busy pondering on the ultimate poser of the modern age. Whose noble behind will plonk itself on the vacant **Clash** drum seat? Could it belong to the mysterious chappie from the classified column of *Village Voice* who proclaims "Joe Strummer I'm Your Drummer"? And was the advert in question placed by current Bob Dylan/Carly Simon session man **Sly Dunbar** who, we hear, has expressed interest in the post?

Also interested in the band who totally misinterpreted the term Sun rockers is erstwhile Mr Christianity **Bob Dylan** himself, who has apparently dedicated one track of his new opus to our boyz . . .

Meanwhile great gross out of our time **Bette Midler** has been expressing a sometime interest in Mr Dylan. "We had a couple of fast feels in the front seat of his Cadillac," quoth Ms Midler, admirably eschewing the normal wait till he's dead and make more money out of it approach . . .

If you think that one qualifies for the **Marilyn Monroe/Arthur Miller** odd couple of the decade award read on and be further amazed. Otherwise qualify as a smartarse and throw yourself out of the nearest window . . .

Who was that masked man who interrupted the predictably marvey line-up at the 25th Anniversary bash of Motown? After performances by the big **M. Jackson** and bros, **Marvin Gaye, The Supremes, Smokey & The Miracles** etc. who should turn up to dance with **Diana** 'Isn't she wonderful for her age' **Ross** but **Adam** 'Who he?' **Ant**. Mind blowing, huh? Alright suit yourselves . . .

Other unlikely encounter of the week: **Julie Burchill** and homosexual mag *Him.* "Explosive stuff!" said our Joolz on the subject of the soon-to-be-published interview.

Meanwhile, today's pop idols **Culture Club** are planning to emulate the celluloid masterpieces of **The Beatles** with a film of their own. Pear shaped ecology freak **Boy George** is also planning to make a **Richard Jobson** style plunge into the realms of the literati. he's writing a book dimbo! . . .

Talking of appropriate reasons for voting for crummy parties the dots can't help recalling the words of one particular young anarchist approached in the *NME* election vox-pop. "I'm voting Conservative," the one who shall be nameless pronounced, "because I hate everything." You can't argue with that . . .

Meanwhile the dots moral for the week "When I hear the words, 'I'm not going to vote because . . .' I reach for my super-powered flame thrower.' And a Dots Up Against The Wall Award for ex-sportsmen of the people goes jointly to Charlie Nicholas and John Conteh, both of whom apparently attended the pre-election Tory function at Wembley...

Kitsch heroine of early evening Channel 4 viewers **Lucille Ball** is planning to make a return to television. Apparently Ms Ball was lured back by the promise of a series of programmes on her pet fascinations — psychic phenomenon and life after death. Wow!

DID YOU hear the one about the four girls that beat up nine Swedish sailors? Multi-racial British reggae band **Amazulu** came in for some rough treatment on a ferry crossing from Sweden to Finland. The band and their road manager were drinking in a bar when they noticed they were coming in for some less than friendly looks from the Swedish crew.

Later, when they moved to the dance area, they claim they were molested by a number of hefty sailors, pushed around, kicked, punched, tear gassed and eventually booted into the hold.

"I just couldn't believe it was happening," Sharon of the band told *NME*, "it was like something out of *Roots*."

After eight hours in what they described as less than congenial conditions, the girls and male drummer Nardo were thinking of law suits as they were hustled off the boat in Finland. To their amazement, though, they found themselves delivered into the hands of the Finnish police and charged with various degrees of assault.

"It's ridiculous," Sharon commented. "Even if we had been capable of taking on these huge sailors we would never have stood a chance against all the passengers who joined in against us. One passenger even took it on himself to liberate these two Alsation dogs and set them on us.

"There's no doubt about it," she continued, "it was a racist attack."

After all this, the girls were locked in a man's prison for three days before the intervention of the British consul secured their release. They now have to return to Finland on August 4 to defend the case . . .

Boy George's cousin on the other hand has obviously been indulging in far more rock and roll wise pursuits. Cuz **Mick O'Dowd** was apprehended in Spain allegedly in possession of two pounds of cocaine. That's a stash about the size of a bag of sugar, or enough to have even the biggest tooter's nose drop off and crawl away in submission . . .

After last week's revelations about **The Hacienda,** the club that doesn't know the date of its own birthday, the dots feel they may have a clue to the mystery of the Manchester malaise in the experiences of *NME* hacks **David Dorrell** and **Don Watson.** The answer, we venture to suggest, lies in the potent qualities of the club's cocktails.

After imbibing rather too many of the evil brews on a visit to the hard bitter northern venue, our lilly livered 'No one told us cocktails were passé' pair were seen doing the pale-faced dash through the city. When asked for a comment on their misbehaviour our men on the spot leaning over the fence could only gush forth, "Woraaaghsplatptuiptui". *(Sounds like their normal response to anything you ask them — Ed.) . . .*

Peter Murphy, currently on tour with **Bauhaus** in Europe, is — according to reports — still no well, man. Our beloved **Maxell** man is having difficulty recovering from his bout of double pneumonia . . .

Our man outside Wembley Arena reports that tickets for the **Big DB** were changing hands at particularly exorbitant rates, he managed to flog his lot at £140 a pair (oops), while at the first Birmingham date on Sunday punters were so busy chasing touts for their ton o'time tickets that the organisers actually had difficulty selling about 50 returns from the gate at standard prices.

Mr Bowie's visit was also big business for tape manufacturers, who excelled themselves by selling tapes of Thursday night's wowie to the Saturday night crowd . . .

Incidentally, after making his performances on the beach so appallingly public, Davie has moved on to performing indecent acts with a blow-up model of the world. Each to his own . . .

Perhaps after Thursday, he might just want to blow up 'Great' Britain. Me? I'm off to where it's safe — Scotland. Now, where's that phoney Scots accent I started off with? I'm sure I left it in a brown paper bag . . .

Yeuk!

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